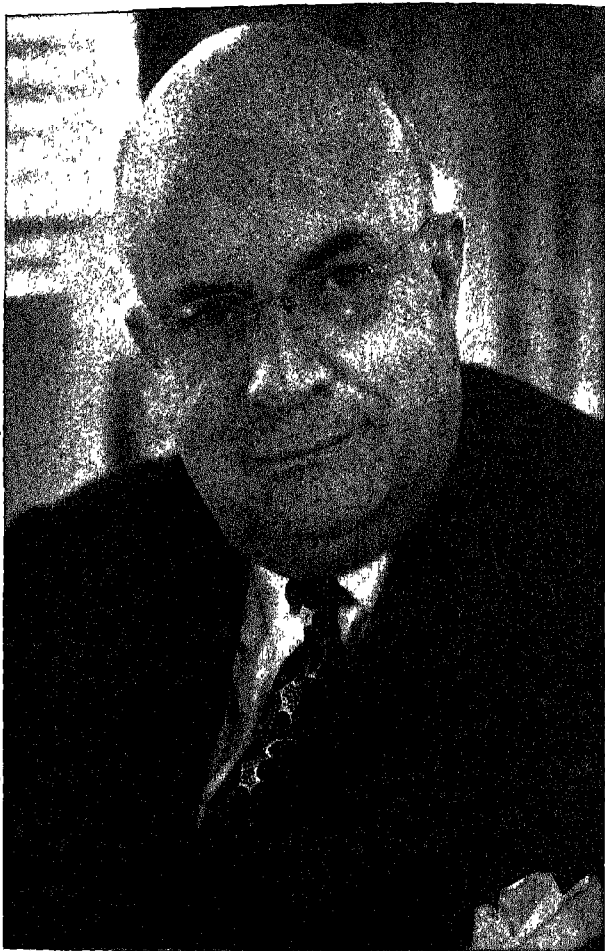


id
 I will work hard, not
 live up to the best that is in me.
 I will blot out of my life the
 failures that come through wast-
 ed hours, and write into it the
 achievements that come through
 time well spent.





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Son of poor parents, he went to work at age 11 to become world renowned as builder of ships, dams, bridges, and as a leading American industrialist. Among firms he directs are Consolidated Builders, Kaiser-Fraser Corporation (automobiles), Permanente Steamship Co., Columbia Construction Co., Henry J. Kaiser Co.

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Grateful acknowledgment is made of the valuable service rendered by the many manufacturers and specialists in office and factory methods, whose cooperation has made it possible to include in these volumes suitable illustrations of the latest equipment for office use. Acknowledgment is also made to those financial, mercantile, and manufacturing concerns who have supplied illustrations of offices, factories, and shops, typical of the commercial and industrial life of America.

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FOREWORD

MODERN business places a high premium on the trained man. Of the thousands who knock each year at the portals of our commercial enterprises, the applicant with a backlog of sound training is in greatest demand.

On the job, he has a better chance for promotion than the untrained worker, because his preparation gives him a knowledge of the broad fundamentals of successful business operation.

The road to executive leadership and success in business begins with good training. All commercial and business enterprises, large and small, are governed by certain basic principles. Today's businessman must analyze his problems with intelligence and knowledge, based on an intimate understanding of these fundamentals. He must have a grasp of the whole operation of a business as well as the inter-relation of its parts.

How does he come into possession of such knowledge? Eventually by experience, yes. But he seldom gets the chance to acquire that experience without previous preparation. Such preparation can come either through study or apprenticeship, but usually it is a combination of both.

However, the great growth of business and industry, reaching new heights of expansion during World War II, has made for further specialization in the duties of business executives and subordinates. Thus it has become impossible to get apprentice experience in the numerous departments of an organization without spending long years.

Modern methods of business training have evolved sound and tested short cuts to executive leadership and business independence. A carefully planned program of study offers effective means of acquiring such training.

In the past, the man who desired to acquire this knowledge found himself wasting valuable time. For one thing, good reading material was so scattered that blind selection of textbooks was unavoidable. As a result, much duplication of

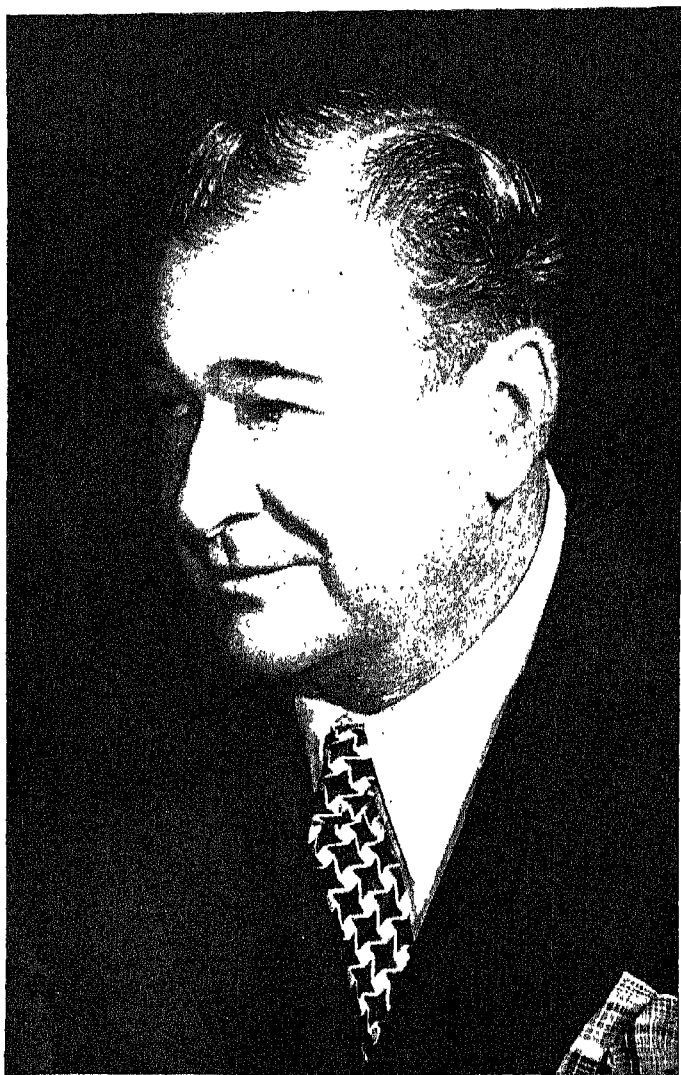
reading and important omissions gave him too much of some subjects and too little of others.

In order to offer in co-ordinated, organized form, a complete series on training for business leadership, the American Technical Society prepared this set on Practical Business Administration. Through eight editions and numerous re-printings, we have revised and added to the original texts to meet the specific needs of today's business trainee and executive.

The present set combines the collective judgment of outstanding authorities with their accumulated years of practical experience in specialized fields. Thousands already have found this set to be their first step toward successful business careers.

Prepared primarily for those who engage in independent home study, these books have been written at the college level for high-school graduates who aspire to executive positions. The style of writing is simple and readable; the lesson contents clear and comprehensive.

The businessman hard pressed for time, the fact-seeking citizen wanting the know-how of business, and the student for whom this set has been prepared primarily—all find in these books a wide range of practical knowledge and a wealth of factual material about the world of business.



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Courtesy of Dale Carnegie Institute

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Courtesy of Congress of Industrial Organizations

Prologue

HELLO THERE!

It's nice of you to take me in. Now, if you don't mind, we'll sit over there an hour or two and talk about your future. Yes, we'll put our heads together, and see if we can find out why some men get ahead in business and others lag behind. *Maybe that will help you to get what you want out of this tough old world.* I have some ideas for you all right, if you'll open your mind and listen. Some men won't do that, you know. Men like "Breezer" Banks—you'll be meeting him later in this book.

But first, let me light my pipe. Thanks, old-timer—seems I'm always out of matches. There! That's good.

I guess you wonder who I am, and what right I have to think I might be able to give you a few pointers. Well, the name is Frailey. No, not Irish—the first over were Pennsylvania Dutch. The initials are "L. E." but just call me "Cy." I didn't like the name my parents gave me—so I took a new one, short and simple. A lot of folks around the country call me "Cy"—I hope you will, too.

And I do think I can point out some of the highways that lead to success—some of the places where you might bog down. You see, I've been in business a long, long time. I've watched thousands of men—young and old—in their struggle to become a "somebody." I've seen some go up, and

some go down. Naturally, I ought to know some of the reasons *why*.

But hold your horses. Don't get the wrong idea about me, or what I am going to say. I'm not here to tell you what you "should" or "should not" do. That's up to you, my friend. It's *your* life, and none of my business what you make of it. Don't worry. I'm not an old coot who likes to *preach*—or talk about himself.

No, we'll just sit here and chat about Whangdoodles and Whiffenpoufs . . . Platypussers and goatfeathers . . . bugs in the bonnet . . . and dat ol' Buttons dog. About Billy B. Van, who put the aroma of the pine trees in toilet soap . . . Sam Vining, who cleaned brass cuspidors . . . old Chief Paw-Paw . . . and Big Tim from Texas!

But shucks! You'll meet them all, as we go along together in this book. As the colored elevator boy told me down in North Carolina, "dey won't spoil." So settle down, easy and comfortable. I won't be staying long. Okeh! Now let's turn over to the next page and see what's there.

And thanks again for listening. I promise not to let you down.

L. E. "CY" FRAILEY

The Fellow in Your Mirror

THIS MORNING, when you shaved, you saw in the mirror the face of your best pal. He's the fellow you have to live with, whether you like it or not. In fact, all that you accomplish in this world will depend on him. He may lead you to poverty or to wealth; to fame or to disrepute. Some day, you may stand with him on high peaks of glory or, some day, you may wallow with him in the mud of mediocrity.

Perhaps you have been a little "snooty" with that fellow in your mirror. You have seen so much of him that he's just the same as not there. Of course, his face is not the same from day to day, but the changes are so gradual you haven't noticed them. Maybe other people pay more attention to the fellow than you do. Maybe they form opinions of him that would surprise you. It could be.

Come, now! Here's a question to ask of yourself: What *do* other people see in the face of that fellow in your mirror?

Is it the face of a man "on the way up"—alert, persistent, eager to improve his station in life, or is it the smug and complacent face of one content to plod along on the same level? What about his eyes? Are they bright or listless? And his mouth? Is it firm and friendly, or do the corners droop like the tail of a discouraged pup?

You know, it would be a sensible idea to *study* that face



Shake your fist at him.

the next time you shave. If you don't like what you see—if the fellow has been selling you short—put your razor down and *give him the devil*. After all, he's "your man," and it is *your* future at stake. You can't afford to let him be lazy, or shiftless, or indifferent. He and you have a job to do, and the time is short.

Shake your fist at him. Stick out your tongue. Make him angry. Tell him what he *must* do. Don't let him talk back.

TEN YEARS FROM NOW—WHAT THEN?

Now, because we are going to travel through this book together, and be friends, let me ask you a question. If you could see in that mirror of yours the face of the man you are *going to be ten years from now*, what would it be like?

Have you ever tried to do that? Ten years ahead? Twenty? Thirty? Oh, of course, age will take its toll. A little more gray hair! A few more wrinkles around the eyes! That sagging of the chin muscles! Calling cards of Father Time! But it isn't these physical changes that matter. There's nothing much you can do about them. To be sure, if the wrinkles worry you too much, you can get a face-lift, as do elderly actors who insist upon playing juvenile parts.

But what about the mental—the spiritual—aspects of your man in the mirror ten, twenty years hence? Will he look like one who has just managed to exist, or will he reflect that poise and confidence which all successful men seem to possess? Go ahead. Project yourself into the future. What *do* you see?

Does it seem too difficult? Is my question too stiff? No, not really, for the answer is there in your own mind right now. What you *will* be depends on what you *want* to be, and how seriously you are determined to pay the price. The

deciding factor is your own mental attitude—whether or not you can take the punishment that goes with success. What you want, you *can get*. No human being of average intelligence is denied the opportunity to progress. Only the morons are excepted, and those who would rather piddle than push.

Well, what *do* you want to make of yourself? Knowing that is the first necessity in a planned career. You can't just say, "I want to be a success." That's a generality. It means nothing. No, specifically, *what* do you want, and how *high* do you mean to go? Is advertising your chosen field? All right—what's your goal? Chief copy writer in five years! Advertising manager in ten years! Vice-president in charge of promotion and sales in fifteen years! Don't you see? The steps you mean to take, and a time schedule for their accomplishment! Success for you—"this way up!"

Maybe by now you wonder who am I to be asking all these personal questions. Maybe you think I am nosey. Now, let's get straight about that before we go any further together. Right you are. It's none of my business what you do with your life. It's nobody's business but *yours*.

Furthermore, there is no preaching in this book. It simply happens that I am older than you are. I have walked through some of the fire we will talk about. I know some of the obstacles to be cleared. I have seen a lot of young men fail and a lot of young men succeed. I know *why*. I have seen middle-aged men, the plodders, suddenly catch fire, and then rise rapidly to great achievements. I know *why*. All I hope to do is to pass along to you some of these experiences that will be helpful. If you will accept them with an open mind, that's fine. If your mind is closed, then you are a fried oyster—you are not going to succeed anyway.

But you alone are master of your own destiny. It's yours to choose the way that you intend to go. Nobody can do that *for* you. You alone must decide what it will take to bring you happiness. But once that goal is reached, you will reach out for another. You will either do that or begin to slip backward, for the completely satisfied man is mentally dead. He is *through*.

To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way,
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro;
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

—JOHN OXENHAM

High way . . . low way . . . the misty flats! Where are you walking now? If it isn't the "high way," it still *can* be. And even age is no barrier! There's a man in Toronto over eighty who heads his own profitable business. Until seventy, he had done only clerical work. When asked why he gave up this work to shoot for himself, he replied, "Well, I finally decided there was no future on that job." Maybe that is an extreme example, but my own father started a successful printing business after he had been "retired" by another company at the age of sixty—and he is still going strong at seventy-seven.

WHEN CAN YOU CALL YOURSELF A SUCCESS?

What is this thing we all fight for—Success? In a broad sense, I suppose it is satisfying a want—reaching an objec-

tive. Thus, the hungry tramp who persuades a good housewife to give him a meal has succeeded in satisfying his hunger. When you courted your wife, and she finally said "yes," you were successful. Or, when you won a golf tournament, or finished first in the mile run for "old Eli." Success, you see, is a word that covers a lot of ground. Even the gangster who robs a bank without being caught could be called successful, although we do not applaud either his ability or his goal.

But the common concept of "Success" goes far beyond one human act, or the reaching of a temporary objective. We think of it in terms of a whole life—how well a man uses his talents, and how worth while the result of his efforts. Hence, a very good definition may be, "A man is a success when he has put his own particular set of abilities to the best possible use."

If you accept this definition, it means that you must diligently examine your own abilities, select the highest form of human endeavor to which they may be applied, and then work hard and honestly to get the *most possible out of them*. Thus the man who lacks the education or mental attributes to be a successful lawyer, doctor, or business man may still win the esteem of his fellow men if he succeeds in making good shoes, in building dependable houses, or in protecting you and others as the policeman in your district.

We can't all be bell sheep in the flock. There are all kinds of necessary work to be done in our world. For every executive in business there must be many others to carry through his decisions, to see that the work is done as he directs. A school must have janitors as well as teachers. Not every lawyer can serve as a Supreme Court Judge, not every doctor can be a brain specialist. The social organism is

like a game of chess—pawns with their job to do, knights with their job to do, and the same for all the other pieces.

Success, then, depends first on getting into that kind of human endeavor for which you are best fitted, and then, second, on doing *well* what you are supposed to do. The reward, of course, will vary according to the difficulty of your job, and the valuation placed by society on your services. But no man need hang his head among his fellow men if he makes the best possible use of his abilities.

You agree with that, don't you? All right, then a man is *not* a success when he plods through life on a lower road than he *could* have traveled, when he uses only part, or none at all, of his highest potential abilities. To be a book-keeper all your working days, when you *could have been* a leader in your company, to turn your back on social or civic service that you *could* render, to know that you *could* write a book and never do it, to accept security on some menial job because you are *afraid to dare and do* the better thing for which you are qualified—then are you *not* a success. You have flouted the power God gave you—you walk the “low way” when your destiny was the “high way.” You have failed to be what you *could* have been.

It chanced upon a winter's night,
Safe sheltered from the weather;
The board was spread for only one,
Yet four men dined together.

There sat the man I *meant* to be,
In glory spurred and bootied,
And close beside him to the right,
The man I am reputed.

The man I think myself to be,
A seat was occupying,
Hard by the man I really am,
Who to hold his own was trying.

And though beneath one roof we met,
None called his fellow brother;
No sign of recognition passed—
They knew not one another!

I do not know the author of that poem, but it was published in a company magazine called the *Kalends*. It puts a finger on a problem most of us face in our struggle for success. The man "I really am" is seldom the man "I think myself to be"—we do not recognize the extent of our potential power, or in the pressure of humdrum existence, we let our early ambitions fade into nothingness—we never become the man "I meant to be." Sometimes, too, in our selfish exaltation of our Ego, we fail to see ourselves as others see us—the man "I am reputed."

WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR?

In deciding what you mean to accomplish in this world, it is obviously foolish to bark at the moon. Certainly, you can set your ceiling high, for as Emerson said, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?" Puny objectives are for pigmies. But we all do have limitations beyond which it is useless to launch out. Many a man has failed in life because he shot at the wrong target, because his potential abilities did not *fit* his ambitions. When you fall into this trap, you go no place. You are like an old Irishman I once encountered on a county poor farm.

This old fellow for many years had diligently walked in a small circle on that farm. He really worked hard at his job, and his cheerful face registered no discouragement. Finally, I said to him, "Where are you going, my friend?" And he replied, with nary a pause in his brisk pace, "I'm walking to Ireland."

Walking to Ireland! Around and around he went—many



"I'm walking to Ireland."

an hour foolishly spent! Poor old man. He thought he could make it, and he never faltered. You couldn't blame him, because his sick mind was filled with an obsession. Even if it couldn't be satisfied, he was happy. But you look with less tolerance on the human being of *sane* mind who just as foolishly tries to succeed in a field where the cards are stacked against him. Around and around these folks go, too, but unlike the old Irishman, they can't possibly be happy. They are trying to do what can't be done. They become bitter. They cannot understand why they "work so hard and don't get any breaks."

It is a tragic thing to hitch your wagon to the wrong star.

So what *are* you good for? That's a sixty-four-dollar question. Answer it correctly, and you will surely be "*on the way up*." Answer it incorrectly, and you, too, may spend your life "walking to Ireland." It's the old, old problem of not getting the round peg in the square hole. When you want *what you can have*, then you are truly pointed toward that success which your whole being craves. The goal you have selected may be far, far up the road, but you can get there. *Use your abilities where they count the most*. Then nothing can stop you.

Ten years of my working life were spent with the Ralston Purina Company, St. Louis, makers of Purina Chows. It was an organization of hard-working, ambitious young men who knew where they were going, and how they meant to get there. There was very little wasted motion in that company. The executives tried hard to find out what every worker could *best do*. We were placed in the most advantageous spot, and it was our own fault if we did not make the most of the opportunity.

The executive to whom I reported was a modest, self-made man. He talked very little about himself, but one day I caught him off guard. He told me of his boyhood days in Kentucky; how he was able to go to school only a few weeks each year, and how his formal education stopped in the eighth grade; how it seemed to be his destiny that he must remain in the hills, and work on the farm, just like his "Pappy" had done.

"But I was always restless," he told me. "Even as a youngster I didn't feel satisfied. I made up my mind that some day I would work in a big city, that I would have a job where I could solve problems, where I could manage other men. I used to lie on my back in the grass behind our cabin, and dream of the time when I would have a job like the one I now hold in this company. I was plagued with the longing to be a business executive, although I didn't know then what 'executive' meant. Finally, when I was sixteen, I left home and headed for the city. I was just an ignorant boy from the hills, but I knew definitely *what I wanted*. And I dared to go after it!"

And there, I think, you have one important difference between the big men and the peewees. Big men know what they "are good for." They *dare* to go after it. The shortest distance between two points is a straight line. How can you expect to succeed without a definite objective? Once you know *what* you want, you can then walk straight toward it. You brush aside distractions that might hold you back. Your goal is established—you burn to get there. Then, and then only, you are on "the way up."

SAM SENDS ME NAILS

When you know what you want—what you can and *will* do—somehow your work takes on a new perspective. The

difference is like driving across country by "hunch," or by using a map with the best route indicated for you. Occasionally, you may get off the course, have to make some detours, but there on the map is your *route*, and any time during the journey you know pretty well how far you have gone, and the way ahead is still marked. It's fun, too, to watch the guide-posts and the route markers, because they are visible proof that you are *proceeding as planned*.

In the same way, there are "markers" for you as you fight your way toward some business objective. They strengthen your purpose, and renew your confidence. Some of them may be quite tangible—such as increases in salary, promotions, or the praise of your superiors. Other markers are just symbols of progress that you use to "keep score"—such as the nails I got from Sam.

My first contact with Sam was a letter received in St. Louis about ten years ago. He was floundering in a sea of indecision, and for some reason thought I might pull him out. Sam had talked to the fellow in his mirror many times. He knew that he wanted to be an advertising man, and he had checked his abilities for that kind of work. He knew he could paint pictures with words, that his mind was full of promotional ideas, like a straying dog is full of fleas. Of course, when Sam first wrote to me I didn't know whether he *really* had those abilities, or was just talking through his hat. But, later, I found out that he had made no mistake in deciding what he could best do. He had plenty of stuff on the ball, and he proved it beyond question when his chance came to pitch.

But Sam, when he first wrote to me, was working on a routine job as far removed from advertising as the sun is

far from the moon. On a small salary, he was taking care of himself and his mother, but the denial of his urge to write was bitter as gall to his soul. So he wanted to know, "How can I get out of this rut? Who will give me an advertising job in Chicago, so I can do what I want to do, without any harm to mother?"

I think you would have told Sam exactly what I did—"nothing risked, nothing gained." There comes a time when any man must choose the safe, secure way or *dare to give up that security* for just the chance to prove he is capable of greater responsibilities. So I told Sam, first, to be sure he was right in thinking he could write advertising copy; that if he had no fear about that point, then he should let neither hell nor high water keep him from daring the great adventure.

"Sam," I said, "make a list of the twenty-five best advertising agencies in Chicago. Add to it the twenty-five best companies that have large advertising departments. Your list may not be accurate, but at least you will have fifty promising prospects. Next, resign where you are now working. *Cut the knot*. Make it so you *have* to get the job you want. Then start to call on your fifty prospects. Don't funk out, if you get a long string of turndowns. The law of averages will take care of that. Use the right approach, and I am sure one of those fifty places will have room for you—but it could happen to be the very last one on your list."

Notice that I cautioned Sam to "use the right approach." It makes a lot of difference **HOW** you ask for an opportunity in the business world. Many fellows, looking for jobs, put too much emphasis on the money they hope to get. I tried to spare Sam that mistake.

"Sam, when you find an advertising executive who will

talk to you, ask *nothing at all* except the opportunity to *prove* your worth. Say that you only want a nail on which to hang your hat, and a desk in some corner where you can *work*."

Well, to hasten the story, the plan worked for Sam, as it would for you under the same circumstances. He got his new job. His letter to me about it was on fire with excitement, and the challenge of at last being allowed to do what his heart told him he could *best* do. Then, I didn't hear from Sam for about six months until one day there came a letter, and a package containing a long, half-rusty nail.

"Mr. Frailey," wrote Sam, "this is the nail on which you said I should ask to hang my hat. I don't need it any longer, because now my hat hangs on *another* nail. I have been promoted. Maybe, some day soon, you will be getting another nail from me."

Yes, you can guess what followed. In all, I have had four nails from Sam. The last three of them were brand new nails, so I think he had gone out and bought them—little symbols of progress that he could send to me, his friend. Every nail meant a step forward for Sam. I know how proud he was every time he could mail one.

But, about three years ago, the sequence of nails was interrupted. Sam had been drafted for the army, but he didn't seem to mind. He was no longer the timid young fellow who had been afraid to give up a routine job. Sam, you see, had had his taste of blood. Sam didn't see much difference between getting ahead in business and getting ahead in the army. He wrote finally that he was in the officers' candidate school, then later, that he had been made a second lieutenant. And not so long after, there came another symbol of progress—something more precious than nails.

"I am sending you these bars," he said, "because I just have been commissioned a *first* lieutenant. When this job is done, I'll go back to Chicago, and then you'll get more nails from me."

Do you wonder that I stood that day and saluted Sam—somewhere in the Pacific?

Know what you can best do. Take the chance to prove it. Forget the immediate reward. Then, some day, you also can send me many nails.

HE HAD A BLIND-ALLEY JOB

You hear a lot of fellows grumble about their "blind-alley" jobs. Of course, they mean jobs like dead-end streets. You can go so far on them, and then you must stop. Yes, there are jobs like that. Some kinds of work are so simple that once you master what has to be done you just keep doing it day in and day out. Naturally, the money you can earn on those jobs is limited. You know the kind I mean—factory laborers, truck drivers, stenographers, telephone operators, retail clerks, bookkeepers, and the many others—good folks who earn their salt on routine jobs, but never in large quantities.

But let's not waste too much sympathy on the folks who hold these blind-alley jobs. A lot of them *like* routine work. They want to forget about it when they punch the time clock at the day's end. They are satisfied with the money they make. They won't use any of their spare time to prepare for *better* jobs. They are right where they want to be—right where they belong. Then there are the others who want something better, but haven't the nerve to try for it. That's too bad, but what can *we* do about it? Only the brave of spirit ever get out of blind alleys.

Fellows like Vic!

Vic was over thirty. As head of the supply department, he had reached what appeared to be his ceiling. He could count on about two hundred and fifty dollars a month as long as he held that job efficiently, but no more. We thought Vic was doomed to "stay put."

We thought so—not *he*.

One night, outside of the office, I bumped into Vic. He was carrying a monster book, about the size of one of these big dictionaries. I don't know why I stopped to question him. Maybe he had put himself in my way so that I would.

"What's that light reading?" I asked.

"History of Insurance in America," he replied calmly.

"What's the big idea?" I countered.

"I *like* it," he said, "and if you'll give me a few minutes in the morning, I'll tell you why."

So the next morning I heard an amazing story.

"Mr. Frailey, I have been anxious to talk to you about myself and my future with the company. My job is okeli, and I am glad to have it. But I can't expect it to pay me any more salary. A while ago, I made a survey of all the major jobs in the company. I was trying to find a spot where some day I might hope to land. I decided that the insurance department had an opportunity for somebody if he would get ready for it.

"You see, Mr. Ballard is the only man now handling insurance for us. He must be overloaded, because I know he works overtime a lot. Besides, our insurance needs are increasing as the company gets bigger, and Mr. Ballard is not a young man. It seemed to me that eventually you will be giving him an assistant—somebody who would work hard and be capable of taking over when he retires.

"I am asking for that job. I have been studying all the books I could get about insurance. At first, it was hard reading, but now I really like it. When the time comes, will you give me first chance? *Will* you, Mr. Frailey?"

What would *you* have said? Here was a young man smart enough to anticipate an opportunity, industrious enough to get ready for it. What business man would trample on such a dream? Yes, Vic got out of his blind alley. He *vaulted* out, with a pole of his own making. He became assistant to the head of the insurance department. He *was* ready. He made good on the new job. He finally became head of that department.

Blind alleys? Pouf! Only for the blind!

JOIN THE BOTTLE WASHER

You wouldn't call washing bottles a very interesting job, would you? Neither would you see much chance in such a menial task of proving your mettle. Right you are, both ways. But nevertheless bottles sometimes *have* to be washed, and somebody has to be found who is willing to do it.

And that reminds me of John. Once, I hired a high-school graduate to work in the analytical laboratory of the chemistry department. Yes, it was a dead-end job, and in fairness to the boy I told him so. He seemed to be a smart, aggressive sort of fellow, and so I promised to move him to some other department in a few months. The salary was only sixty dollars a month, but that was fair enough for this job requiring no special skill or ability.

All day long that boy washed bottles. He stood in a little room no bigger than a closet—for five long years he stood there, because he had no desire to get out. Of course,



A kick in the pants.

I remembered my promise, and offered him several transfers. But no sale! I thought he was aggressive when I hired him, but he turned out to have about as much ambition as a cow that chews her cud in the pasture. He didn't want to change jobs. He was *satisfied*.

Finally, he found a nice girl who had no eye for bargains, and married her. His salary was then seventy dollars a month, and even if they planned to live on love, I knew it wasn't adequate. I told him he would have to resign. Somebody *had* to get him off that job. Of course, he left in a very bad humor, not realizing a kick in the pants was what he needed, and if I didn't give it to him, his wife eventually would.

Then came John. And again with the same understanding that it was a blind-alley job, I hired him. But John was a bird with different feathers. He had his personal ideas about blind alleys. All John wanted was a toe hold in the company.

In a couple of weeks, down came the head of the laboratory to talk to me. "This new boy," he said, "gets all the bottles washed by the middle of the afternoon. He's a sort of nuisance—after me every day for something else to do."

Then, not long after, he brought me a suggestion John had made—for a new method of handling samples which would save considerable money in a year's time. The head of the department thought we should pay John more money. He got it.

It wasn't long until one morning I found a big roll of cardboard on my desk. John had left it there on his way to the laboratory. The roll contained nicely traced drawings for an advertising device which John thought might be useful at county fairs and dealer meetings. No, this idea was

not accepted, but it did win a transfer for John. The office production manager needed a young man who could make charts. The salary to start was one hundred dollars, with plenty of chance to increase it.

Queer, isn't it, how different the stuff of which men are made? Two high-school boys on a dead-end job! One stayed five years and had to be forced out. The other stayed a few months, and got out by his own initiative.

The things that haven't been done before,
Those are the things to try;
Columbus dreamed of an unknown shore,
At the rim of the far-flung sky,
And his heart was bold and his faith was strong,
As he ventured in dangers new,
And he paid no heed to the jeering throng,
Or the fears of the doubting crew.

The many will follow the beaten track,
With guide posts along the way;
They live and have for ages back
With a chart for every day.
Someone has told them it's safe to go
On the road he has traveled o'er,
And all they ever strive to know
Are the things that were known before.

The things that haven't been done before
Are the tasks worth while today.
Are you one of the flock that follows, or
Are you one that shall lead the way?
Are you one of the timid souls that quail
At the jeers of the doubting crew,
Or dare you, whether you win or fail,
Strike out for the goal that's new?

This poem has been in my scrapbook for many years, but the author is unknown to me. It is ageless, for it contains a thought which will always be true. There will al-

ways be mice and men in the working world; those content to rest and rust where they are, and those who dare to dream and *do*. I don't know in which class *you* fall. You can ask the man in the mirror. He knows. Will you wash bottles all your life, or will you pound your fists against the ceiling that holds you down? Pound until they are raw! Until at last you *smash through*?

HE DREAMED OF A BRIDGE

Unfortunately, the mere knowing *what you want* to accomplish will not alone bring it about. It's the first step in the right direction, but only the first. A lot of people dream of the butterflies they never catch. Their slogan is "some day," and it never arrives. To examine your abilities—to look ahead—to know the way. That's all very good. But what's the use unless you *do* something—unless you *begin*?

I once read about an old African chief who stood day after day on a cliff overlooking Victoria Falls. He conceived a bridge that would save his tribe the long detour down stream to cross to the other side. He knew what he wanted all right—a bridge that had never been there before. And *how* he wanted it! The more he dreamed, the more vivid became that bridge. Finally, one day it became so real in his mind that he started over it. Over the precipice he stumbled, to join his ancestors.

Then years later, along came Cecil Rhodes to the same Falls. He, too, dreamed of the bridge. But he did something more than wish for it. Back to England he sent for bricks and bolts and steel and men. Then he *built* the bridge, and *walked* across.

Daydreams are devils to taunt you. I've had my share. Running around in your mind, they can raise particular

hob. If so afflicted, take some pills, operate. They are like termites. Let them stick around too long, and they will surely break you down.

But to have a serious purpose, based on a fair analysis of your potential abilities—that's different. Then you are day-scheming—not daydreaming. But it is surprising how many folks have the purpose without any *push*.

Here, in Columbus, Ohio, where I live, we are justly proud of our Eddie—a fellow who went from Livingston Avenue to see most of the world.

When Eddie was twelve years old, a policeman came to the door one night, with his hat in hand and a tremor in his voice. Eddie's father had met a tragic death, and this boy was the oldest of the children. He had to look for a job.

So Eddie set out for a place where automobiles were made—fantastic machines which a lot of people laughed at because they knew they were just a fad. But Eddie thought automobiles were wonderful. To work and help make them, was his idea of rubbing the magic lantern and seeing his dream come true.

So he told the foreman in the plant how anxious he was to make automobiles, and the foreman was just as anxious that he should not. The foreman won. You wouldn't have blamed a twelve-year-old boy for putting his heart's desire aside in the face of such an obstacle. But the seeds of glory were already planted in his soul. Eddie never has been the kind to quit. He would rather die than give up.

Day after day, he bothered that foreman, and always the answer was *no*. But one morning Eddie grabbed a broom, and began to sweep. "I want to work here," he said. "I've *got* to work here. I'll work here for *nothing*."

And that's just what Eddie did—work for nothing—un-

til one noon hour the owner of the plant happened to see him with a board on his lap, pouring over some charts and figures.

"Well, well, young man," the owner asked, "what's your name?"

"Eddie," the boy replied, his face red, "Eddie Rickenbacker. I'm studying a correspondence course in engineering."

You know the rest. The owner took Eddie to his office, gave him a better job. It was the first step up for Eddie who later climbed to foreman, assistant engineer, and *manager*.

"Just a lucky break," you say. "It wouldn't have happened had the owner not passed through the plant that day." Well, I'm not so sure of that. When a young boy sets his goal and studies to reach it, he's bound to win attention sooner or later. And besides—don't forget the broom. Eddie *made* the "break" that welded the first link in his chain.

It was always that way with Eddie. In 1906 the owner of the automobile factory drove a car in the Vanderbilt Cup Race—a race in which the cars actually reached the daredevil speed of twenty miles an hour. He needed a mechanic. Eddie, of course!

Then a racing driver in his own name! Then chauffeur to General Pershing! Then an airplane pilot in the early days when planes were "crates" and the odds were against the pilot on every flight! But the *Croix de Guerre* for Eddie! And today, the president of a great air line company!

Orchids to a youth who rode a broom handle to fame! Orchids to any young man who knows what he *wants to do* in this world, who will not quit the quest!

What's that you say? "You are talking about *young* men. But not about me. I missed my opportunity. I've been too

long on the job. I can never be the man I could have been. Too late for me."

Nonsense! Not many men find themselves while they are young. What about that fellow in Toronto who threw off his shackles at seventy, and went on to build his own business? Gray hairs? Fiddlesticks. What matters the snow on the roof, if there is still fire in the furnace. Fears, not years, stand between you and making the most of your potential strength. The important thing is to *begin*.

But I said, "no preaching in this book." I'll talk to the man I see in *my* mirror. *You* talk to yours. But let's not kid ourselves. What we are, we *deserve* to be. Inhibitions! Alibis! Must we *always* stand still? It's *never* too late. Your man in the mirror knows that. Don't let him fool you. He's a likeable fellow, willing to co-operate. Tell him what you want—make him go and get it.

OPPORTUNITY

They do me wrong who say I come no more
 When once I knock and fail to find you in;
 For every day I stand outside your door
 And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away.
 Weep not for golden ages on the wane.
 Each night I burn the records of the day,
 At sunrise every soul is born again!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
 Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
 Then turn from blotted archives of the past
 And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
 Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
 Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
 Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with the dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man.

—WALTER MALONE

Consider the Grasshopper

So now you *know what you want!* You have weighed your particular set of abilities, and selected the goal where those abilities will be most useful. You know where you mean to land. But *HOW* will you get there?

You'll never face a problem that demands straighter thinking. Before the attack comes the *plan*. Step by step, as you look ahead you see yourself advancing on the objective. But no steps wasted! You don't want to be sidetracked or to make any long detours. Why go to Chicago from New York by way of New Orleans? Why waste any energy that may be needed to overcome unforeseen obstacles?

There *will* be obstacles. It won't be a pushover. Now and then your path will seem hopelessly blocked. Your heart will be heavy with despair. You will say, "What's the use of all this? Why was I such a fool as to think I could win against these odds? I'm all washed up."

But somehow, once you have tasted a little of the blood of success, you *can't* give up. Success yields not to the fickle suitor. Only stout-hearted men have a chance. But certainly that chance is enhanced when the way ahead is *charted*. It's a tough job to hack our way through the jungle—a far worse job when we have no map or compass. Getting through the thickets with the least possible lost motion may mean the difference between success and failure.

Many folks do very little real thinking. They leap before they look. Often they land on a cactus plant. They are stirred by the thrill of what they intend to accomplish. They are off to the chase with a hope and a prayer—but *not with a plan*. In this world we have no-thinkers, spiral thinkers, and straight thinkers. The spiral thinkers might as well not think at all. A little jab here, a little jab there—'round and 'round their minds run, like dogs chasing their tails.

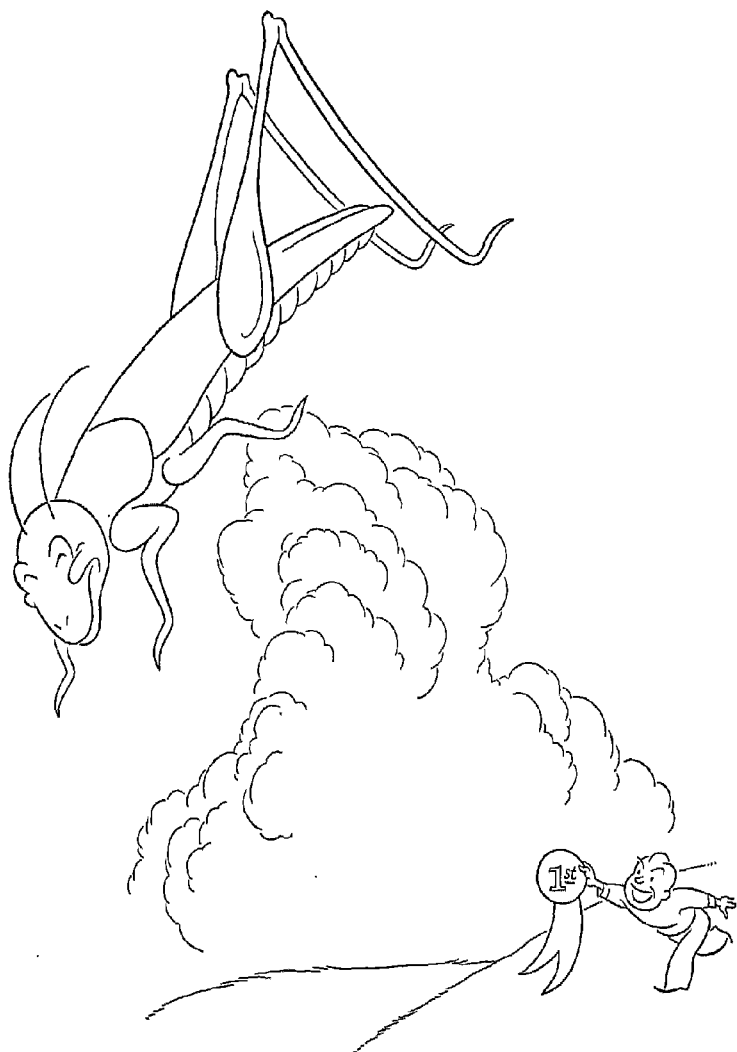
Of course, there's a reason why straight, hard thinking is not a popular pastime. It takes energy to think through a problem—a terrific amount of energy to plan a career. And every man is beset by two voices. One cries with enthusiasm, "Go ahead, you can do it." The other says with soothing deception, "Oh, what's the use of doing that?" Yes, because of downright laziness—that's why there isn't more straight thinking. It is so much easier to just plunge ahead and hope for the best.

Like the grasshopper!

No doubt the grasshopper is a good fellow at heart. He seems eager to get around. Considering his size, he is probably the world's champion broad-jumper. But he has one fatal weakness. He works without a plan. He is good on distance, but weak on direction. Perhaps he plays the law of averages. He says, "If I keep on jumping helter-skelter, eventually I am sure to land in a nice soft place where I can rest in peace until I go to grasshopper heaven."

Well, in one sense maybe the long-legged old boy is right. If you jump around long enough without a plan, you *may* some day land a little closer to the promised land, but just think of all the wasted time that could have been saved had you known which way to point on the first jump.

The pay-off in business, in any line of human endeavor



World's champion broad-jumper.

where competition is keen, is always to the man who moves *with intelligent purpose*. The hit-and-missers can never keep up with the thinkers. As Kipling said:

They copied all they could follow, but
They couldn't copy my mind;
And I left them sweating and stealing,
A year and a half behind.

Is there anything sadder than a human mind which resembles a flower bed, overgrown with weeds and stubble? Unused mental power! A brain that has ceased to function, like a watch that needs oiling.

NO CHEERS FOR HIM NOW

One night not so long ago, I was walking down a street in Chicago. The door of a tavern flew open, and a man was pushed out on the sidewalk. He was dirty and disheveled, and obviously had lost a bout with John Barleycorn. I wondered where I had seen him before. Then I remembered. A few years past, his name was known from coast to coast. An all-American football player!

I knew something of his history. Athletic fame had gone to his head. In college, he studied only enough to "get by." He hadn't realized that final success depends more on mind than body. I suppose he thought a good student was a "panty-waist." So he ran up and down the field with a football under his arm. He enjoyed the cheers of the fans who flocked to see him, first in college and then as a professional player. He neglected his mind and left it empty. But where were the fans to cheer him that night when he was thrown out of that tavern?

Now, the unhappy side to this true story is that this great

football player started with a good mind. In high school he had been an honor student. He could have been a football hero, and still have prepared for the time when he would be out looking for a job. *Could have*, but didn't!

Okeh! What about this route you are going to chart—the one which will take you to the goal you have selected? One by one, you will need to place the markers on the road you intend to travel. And just as trains are scheduled to arrive at certain cities at certain times, so you will try to set a time schedule for the steps in your planned career. All of this will take hard thinking, but how else can you keep on the beam—how else can you know whether or not you are keeping up with quota?

WHAT ABOUT YOUR PRESENT JOB?

Naturally, the first question to be answered concerns the job you are now holding. Is it a start in the right direction? Does it demand the kind of work, or *lead* to the kind of work, you already have decided you can best do? In other words, "On this job of mine, can I take off successfully for the far-ahead objective? Is it a place where I can sow . . . *know* . . . GROW?"

The wise man considers that question with caution. Is it not the other pasture that always looks greener? The chances are that the job you now hold can be made as good a steppingstone to something better as any new job that you might obtain. It is not so much the initial job that counts, as the company, its leaders, and its policies. But, of course, if the work you are now doing is far remote from what you *want* and can *best* do, then the quicker you leave the better. Do as Sam did. Put on your hat and look for a nail.

On the other hand, changing jobs always means a certain amount of wasted experience. You get small credit with a new company for what you may have done with some other company. Each time you make a change, you must win the confidence of a new group of executives, you must again demonstrate your abilities.

Once more, consider the grasshopper. Many young folks—older folks too—jump from one job to another with the false notion that they are improving their prospects. They don't stay long enough with any company to *get their roots down*.

How well I recall a chap I once interviewed for an office position. He was only twenty-five, but had held nine jobs in the seven years since graduating from a business college. On the application form, there was a place for him to list each job, and then the question, "Why did you leave?"

Nine times he gave the same reason, "To better myself."

Nine jobs in seven years—an average of nine months in each place! Inasmuch as he had made each change to better himself, you must be thinking that his last job was nothing less than president.

Oh, yes, indeed! His salary on the *last* of the nine jobs was exactly ten dollars *less* than on the first one. Some improvement!

YOU LOOK WITHIN

All right! Let's assume you have found the job from which your planned career is to begin. Now you are ready for some more straight thinking. You will have to step out of your skin and *survey yourself* with cold and critical impartiality. That's going to be tough. Somehow or other, you *like* the guy—it's difficult to see him in true perspective.

To reach the goal ahead, what will he need to know that he doesn't know now?

Where and how can he acquire that knowledge?

To reach the goal ahead, what weaknesses in character, habits, personality, will have to be corrected?

Out of that survey come the facts which help to build the plan. "I will have to acquire a knowledge of cost accounting . . . I will have to study the principles of management . . . I will have to improve my physical condition . . . I will have to find out why it is so difficult for me to make friends . . . I will have to overcome my fear of speaking in public . . . I will have to break that habit of oversleeping . . . I will have to learn all about the products of my company . . . I will have to spend more time with successful men," and on down to the last resolution that may be a part of your plan.

Nothing overlooked! Nothing slighted! No generalities! *You in the raw!* The truth, even though it may be hard to swallow! Thus, you emerge with a clear understanding of the things that must be done. Thus, you can build a plan which *will* lead you straight to the final objective.

Too many plans are a bundle of generalities. They soon fall apart for lack of *specific* performance. You said on the first of the new year, "I am fifty pounds overweight—I will reduce." That was a worthy idea. It is a waste of energy to carry around a lot of blubber. But the chances are you *didn't* reduce. Not unless you decided *how* it was to be done, and set a time limit for the accomplishment.

"I am going to lose fifty pounds." That's different from "I am going to reduce." And *how* will it be done?

I will walk back and forth to the office each day—four miles of brisk exercise instead of slouching in my automobile.

I will not accept a second helping at any meal, and I will eat no desserts.

Morning and evening I will exercise in my room for fifteen minutes.

I will allow myself five months to lose the fifty pounds, and I will chart my weight once a week to see if I am "on quota."

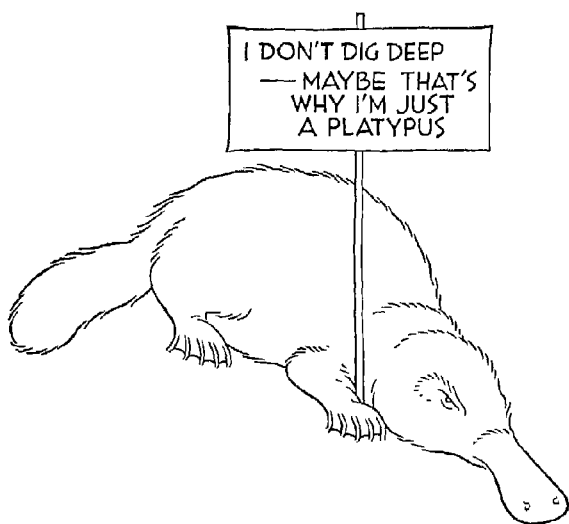
That, I think, would be a resolution with teeth in it—not just an idle assertion that would last no longer than the thin air it was made of. And so it is with the minor objectives in your planned career! If you need knowledge of accounting, you'll have to set aside some of your spare time to get it. "Beginning next Fall, I will go to school three nights a week—I will keep on going until I have mastered what I will need to know about cost accounting." Another plan would be to subscribe to a correspondence course. Or I suppose you could dig out the knowledge by home reading—the hardest way.

It doesn't matter so much what method you use, but it does matter that you decide *definitely* when and how you will get the knowledge needed. It must be jotted down in black and white—part of the contract you are making with yourself that certain things will be done within a certain time limit.

NOT LIKE THE PLATYPUS

I have been waiting for some smart American soldier to return to this country with a live platypus. Any zoo, I am told, will pay a large sum for one. It's a good money-making idea, but not so simple. First, the platypus is hard to catch; and second, he thrives only in Australia and may die before you can collect the money.

The platypus is a rare assortment of fowl and animal—all wrapped up in one package. He tunnels in the soil like



Just a platypus.

the mole. But his feet are webbed, and his mouth is like the bill of a duck. To further complicate matters, he suckles like a pig but is hatched from an egg. This is the description given to me by an Australian friend, and from the picture I see no reason to doubt it. At least, you and I can agree that a platypus is a remarkable—a remarkable—well, a remarkable *what*?

Perhaps, you know some folks like the platypus. They have no fixed objectives. They are as changeable as the weather. They never dig deep because as soon as a little soil is turned in one place, they dash off to dig in another. When a "platypusser" makes a plan it is like a patched crazy quilt.

Platypussers are not popular in business.

Listen, while I tell you about Pauline. Don't get too excited. She was no pin-up girl—at least, not in the beginning.

When I first knew Pauline, she lived in the slums of a big city. She was ignorant, fat, and utterly lacking in a pleasing personality. She chewed gum and operated a machine in the factory. You would have bet your last dime that Pauline would never be anything more than a factory worker. She was too crude, too handicapped by lack of schooling.

But somebody—bless his soul—sold Pauline a bill of goods. "Go to night school. Get enough education, and you can leave that machine—become a fine lady!" And Pauline enrolled at the Y.M.C.A. College.

It must have been tough for a while. Pauline had never been farther in school than the sixth grade. But she stuck to her guns, which is more than you can say for some folks who start out to improve themselves. For six years, she spent two hours, four nights a week, in that school—and

every one of those nights followed a day on her feet, doing manual labor.

Funny, isn't it, how one form of growth so often spreads out to take in others? Maybe that's a pleasing by-product of faithful performance. Pauline got a lot more than her high-school diploma. Along with the education, she *did* become a "fine lady." She learned how to dress with charm, moved from the slums to a nice neighborhood, lost her fat ugliness, became as trim as a clipper. Transferred to clerical work, she quickly proved her ability. The last I heard of Pauline, she was in charge of personnel for a big department store—a long, long way from a factory worker.

You see, Pauline *knew what she wanted*. She was willing to do what had to be done to get it. She made a six-year plan and paid the price to make it *work*.

To one of my public-speaking classes in Chicago came the vice-president of a nationally known company. He said that all his life he had felt humiliated by his inability to speak in public. He was even afraid to face his own salesmen at company conventions. So he decided it was time to overcome that deficiency.

It must have been embarrassing for a man of his age and position to sit in a classroom with younger people. Besides, he was rich, and what did it matter whether or not he could make a speech? It was especially hard the first time he tried to speak to those youngsters. He forgot what he wanted to say, his face got red, he sat down in confusion. And the class tittered!

But that executive could take his punishment and come back for more. He had set himself a goal that he meant to reach. He didn't miss a night in two years. He finished a polished and convincing speaker.

Another student in that same class was a farmer who drove a hundred miles to attend each session. He told me that at a town meeting he was called upon to make a few remarks. He couldn't do it. I don't imagine that the training he got in that class made his corn grow any taller, but it did give him the satisfaction of reaching a charted objective. Darned if that farmer didn't talk with the persuasive ruggedness of an Abraham Lincoln *after* he conquered the fear of thinking on his feet. He must have been a "humdinger" at the next town meeting.

"CARRY ON OR GET THE SACK"

Before the war, a business man from Australia stopped in this country while on a tour around the world. I knew that he was managing director of a very large and successful corporation, but it didn't "add up" that so young a man should have such large responsibilities. My nose for news sensed a story, and one evening at dinner I managed to wheedle it out of him.

As a boy, he had gone to a secondary school where his claim to fame came from athletic prowess rather than as a student. His father wanted him to go to college and become a lawyer. The boy wanted to be a business man. There were many arguments, but the father lost. The boy went to Melbourne, and got a job as office boy.

Carrying mail from desk to desk, he had a good chance to observe operations in the mailing department, which to him seemed poorly organized. He thought of several routines he would change, and of the savings they would make for the company. Finally, he did a remarkable thing for a boy only seventeen.

One morning, he went unannounced into the private of-

fice of the managing director. He began to talk fast, before he would be invited to leave. "I am not satisfied on the job you gave me because there is no chance to make decisions. I want you to give me an opportunity at another job where the results will establish the value of my services."

The older man stared at the mere boy who could be so bold. "And just what do you suggest I should give you to do?" he asked.

"Put me in charge of the mailing department. Inform everybody that I have your authority to handle what goes on there without interference. Double my salary with the understanding that I either earn the increase or get the sack."

"All right, young fellow," retorted the managing director. "It's agreed. You get the job on those terms. You have thirty days to carry on, or get the sack."

Nervy, wasn't it? But I have the notion a lot of American executives would have been just as receptive. We won't follow that boy as he advanced from job to job in the company. You know where he eventually landed. But he told me that right in the beginning he charted his course in the company to culminate when he reached the age of forty.

He said to himself: "First, I will *master* as quickly as I can every detail of this business. Second, I will endeavor to be a *step ahead* of any new development—I will read and study to be *ready* for anything that might change our methods. Third, I will put down in black and white what I personally mean to accomplish, and *when*. Fourth, by the time I am *forty*, I will be managing director of this company, a large stockholder, and I will take a trip around the world."

So a boy of seventeen set out his markers for a program to last twenty-three years. At forty, he said, all would be gained. At forty, he would see the world.

And with one exception, it all came true. He was only *thirty-eight* that evening we ate dinner together.

Of that true story, what is most significant?

He wanted to be a business man and his father wanted him to be a lawyer. He wouldn't budge. He knew the way he meant to go.

He dared to *ask* for a bigger job, and was ready to back his plea with *results*.

He set out to learn all the details of the business; he studied to keep up with changing times.

He *planned* his career twenty-three years ahead, with a time set for each accomplishment.

You tell me. Is there any magic in that tale? Anything supernatural? Was he a superman? Under the same circumstances, could you, a normal human being, do as much?

Yes, why not? The formula is there for anybody to use. My Australian friend looked far ahead. He decided where he would go, and he mapped the route that would take him there. Along the road, he lost no motion. He walked with a PLAN.

ANY GOATFEATHERS TODAY?

Perhaps by now, you are beginning to suspect that charting your course to Success is *not* mere child's play. Every achievement marked along the route calls for hard work *on your own time*. This is unfortunate. No one yet has discovered how to get something for nothing.

The reward for the work that you do on company time is your salary. If you want a greater reward, then you must give up some of the spare-time activities you call "fun," and devote the time thus gained to preparation. Thus, and thus only, your planned career can become reality. This, of course, is bad news for the clock watchers who thought to find in these pages a way to win success *without extra effort*.

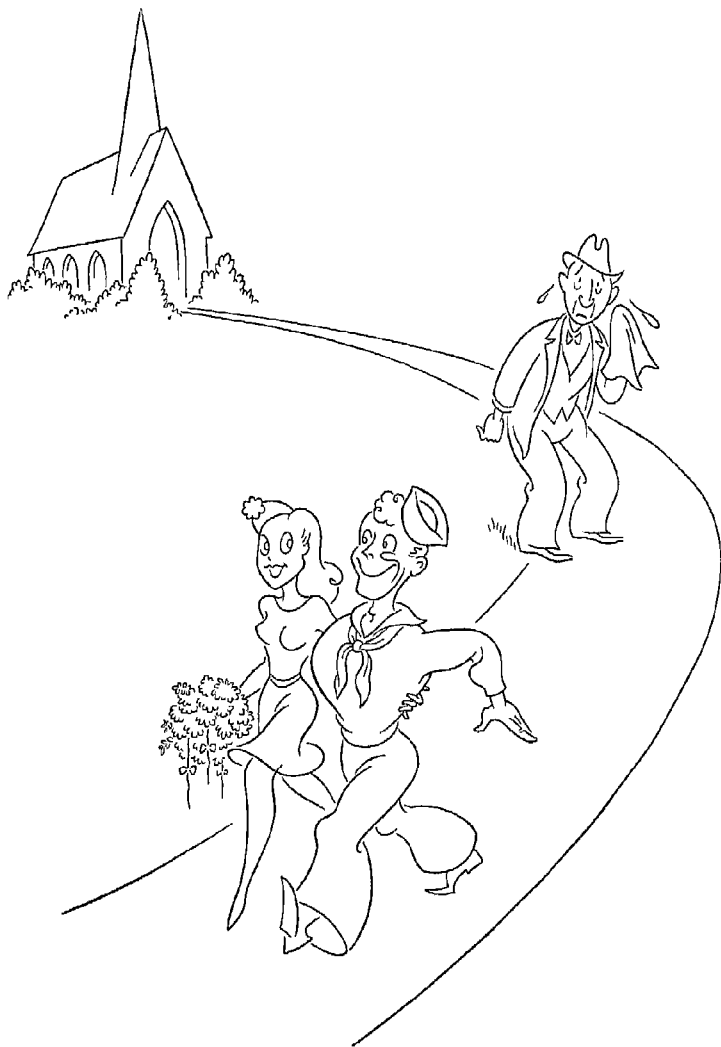
So you see there is a factor in planning ahead which has not been mentioned before. This is the relation of what you want to the amount of effort you are willing to expend in getting it. I know a man who was forty years old when he decided he wanted to become a lawyer. He went to night school six nights a week and got his degree. He knew that was the price to pay—he went into it with his eyes open. He couldn't study law in the daytime because he had a family to support.

Puny plans for puny people. It's better, I suppose, to shoot for a small goal, and stick to it, than to go all out in setting up a big program that you know in your heart you will not master. But it's your problem. Nobody can tell you how much of your spare time you are willing to use constructively—how much you insist on throwing to the winds. No, indeed. Why should anybody else worry about your future?

The trouble is, we attach so much importance to things which are really inconsequential. Or we take a good horse and ride it to death. A lot of pleasures are well enough in moderation, but when taken in great gulps they rob us of precious time that could be used to better advantage. Then they become *Goatfeathers*.

Yes, that's the right word—goatfeathers!

A goatfeather is any trivial thing that you do too much of—so much that there is no time left for self-improvement. Thus, bowling is a fine sport and it helps to keep you in good physical condition. To bowl in one league is okeh. But bowling is a goatfeather to the man who thinks he must indulge every day. A young man I know became so infatuated with a red-headed girl that he telephoned her several times every day, saw her every night, and wrote letters to



And she married a sailor.

her on business time. She certainly was a goatfeather on him. Eventually, he lost his job, and she married a sailor.

Please understand, I wear no halo. For many years, I have bowled once a week. I think red-headed girls are dandy. So are many other diversions—golf, gin-rummy, poker, fishing, or just sitting down for a pleasant evening with a few good friends. But none of these things help very much in building a career. A charted course means charted time—*extra* time beyond the needs of your regular job.

Got any goatfeathers today?

Time Plays No Favorites

YOU MAY grumble about the advantages other people seem to have—in appearance, in money inherited, in that elusive asset we call a “pleasing personality,” or in family connections—but you cannot accuse Father Time of being partial to any man. Every morning, he hands out to all of us 1,440 brand-new, unused minutes, ours to waste, or to put to work according to our own personal inclinations.

It makes no difference who we are, or what we do. Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief—everybody gets the same allotment of time—not a second more, not a second less. And nobody has the right to say what you shall do with *your* portion. But time is rationed, and you can’t go back to get an additional supply.

“Good morning, Tom,” I said to the elevator boy—“looks as if we are going to have a nice day.”

“Yassuh,” agreed Tom, with a wide grin on his black face, “and it sure makes me feel good.”

“What’s so good about it, Tom?” I asked.

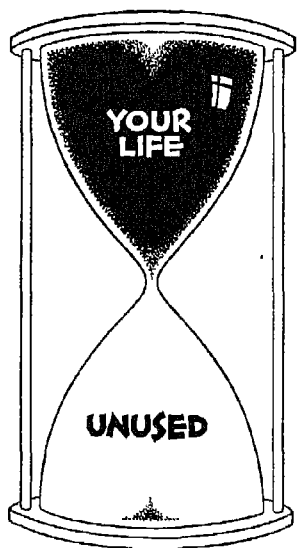
“Well, suh, you gets a new day, and I gets a new day. It’s all *mine* as much as yours. Yassuh, I aims to feel *good*.”

Not bad for an elevator boy, was it? And Charles R. Weir, the advertising expert, had the same thought when he once wrote: “Life begins every morning.” We can even go back to the ancient Sanskrit and find the same philosophy.

THIS WAY UP

Look to this Day! For it is Life,
 The very Life of Life.
 In its brief course lie all the Verities
 And Realities of your Existence;
 The Bliss of Growth,
 The Glory of Action,
 The Splendor of Beauty;
 For Yesterday is but a Dream,
 And Tomorrow is only a Vision;
 But Today well lived
 Makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
 And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
 Look well therefore to this Day.

The cruelty of time is that it never pauses. With your first breath, the sand began to run. You never know how



much is gone—how much is left to use. Somehow, it seems there is plenty of time, until all of a sudden there is *none*. Too late then, for the things you *meant* to do! No need to beg for a little more! It's all gone! All gone!

Today, I attended the funeral of a good friend. The sand ran out for him at fifty-two. Only a couple of months ago, we had a serious talk about one of his most cherished ambitions. He was a successful business man, but all of his life he had wanted to paint pictures.

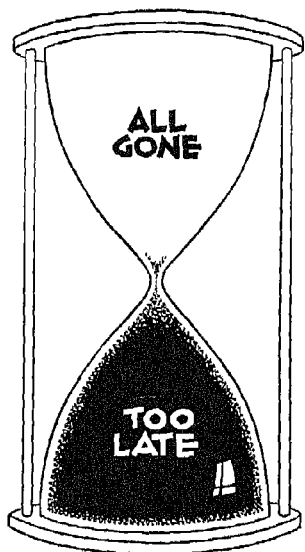
This was probably his greatest gift. He could put on canvas a landscape which breathed the glory of God. "I think in a few years," he told me, "I

will retire from business, and do nothing but paint. It will be a wonderful way to spend the rest of my life."

But he didn't know that day how little sand was left. Those pictures will never be painted. He waited too long to begin.

So much money you want to accumulate! So many books you want to read! So many places you want to go! So many promotions you want to win! Jobs to do! And all the while, the sand is running! You'll never accomplish the things you *want* to do unless you begin. Not some day—but *this* day. Time won't wait for you—BEGIN.

Even now, you have two minutes *less* of your allotted portion than when you started to read this chapter. Precious minutes—hours—days! Why not *use* them to the fullest advantage while you may?



"I DIDN'T HAVE TIME"

Because they have so *much* time, people often pretend they have none. "Did you finish that report today?" asks the sales manager. "No," you reply with tongue in cheek, "I meant to finish it, but I *didn't have time*."

Fiddlesticks and cat's "britches"! What you really mean is that you didn't *plan the use* of your time to include the finishing of that report. Or listen, friend! Confidentially, could it have been that you were just too lazy to get around to it?

Barring unexpected loss of health, or the coming of death, you will have to admit there is plenty of time for any individual to seek success—and *find* it. It's *my* fault if I don't find the time to do the things I meant to do. Call me what you like, if I miss the boat. I'm just a trifling, procrastinating fool.

Did you ever stop to think how many hours you get from Father Time in one calendar year, or to multiply that total by the years you have been working? How long has that been? Ten years? Well, take ten for example. Let's figure it out.

$$\begin{array}{r} 365 \text{ days in one year} \\ 10 \text{ working years} \\ \hline 3,650 \text{ days in ten years} \end{array}$$

All right, now break it down finer.

$$\begin{array}{r} 3,650 \text{ days in ten years} \\ 24 \text{ hours in each of those days} \\ \hline 87,600 \text{ hours in the last ten years} \end{array}$$

Boy, oh boy! Could those figures be correct? Do it again. Yes, eighty-seven thousand and six hundred hours you had the last ten years. And eighty-seven thousand and six hundred hours you will have the *next* ten years. Say, that's a whale of a lot of time to use, isn't it?

Sure, I know what you are saying. You won't let me get away with those figures. You're smart. "What about time to sleep, time to eat, time to be with the family, time to go to church, time to rest our weary bones?" Okeh! Right you are. Let's allow eight hours a day for sleeping, two hours a day for meals, and another two hours for those personal chores that do take time.

Eight plus two plus two—that's a total of twelve. And twelve is half of twenty-four. We'll divide that grand total

of hours by two, and see how many productive hours are left. One half of 87,600 is 43,800.

Now, we are cooking with gas. I can talk back, if you question that figure. You have actually had more than *forty thousand* productive hours in the last ten years. *How* did you use them?

But maybe you are a clock watcher—you still insist the figure is too high. Some of you think that eight hours a day are enough for any man to labor. And what about Saturdays and Sundays? Well, I'm sorry you mentioned those things. It lets me swing on you—right above the belt. If you really don't intend to work more than forty hours a week—not use any time at all beyond the time your job demands—then in my book I write your name as hopeless. You WILL NEVER MAKE A BIG SUCCESS OF ANYTHING.

If that sounds tough, excuse me! But doesn't common sense tell us that nothing worth while can be accomplished without the use of *some* spare time for preparation and self-improvement? It's just a fact, whether we like it or not.

But I'll still try to go along with you. Let's try to be satisfied with just a *little* time set aside for personal improvement. Let's see. In one week, there are one hundred and sixty-eight hours. Isn't it reasonable to say any ambitious person would be willing to use just fourteen hours a week to improve himself—to carry out his planned career? That's only two hours a day—and you still have twenty-two left.

2 hours a day
730 hours in a year
7,300 hours in ten years

Well, there you are. Seven thousand and three hundred hours. That's quite a chunk, isn't it? Just think what all

that time could have done for you had it been used the last ten years for study and self-improvement. But let the past be the past. We won't cry over spilled milk. But here's a sixty-four-dollar question: What are you going to do about the NEXT ten years?

The secret, I think, of getting a job done, especially a long-pull job, is to schedule a certain amount of time for it *every day*—or better still, a certain portion of the job to be done every day. Thus, you know in advance when you will be through, and each day whether or not you are on schedule. It is remarkable how much easier it is to work this way, once you have the habit.

An example, if you don't mind a personal one, is this book. For many years I have had the "itch" to write it. But it's quite a grind to turn out a book. Do a couple, and you'll find out. So always until now it has been pushed aside. Finally, I walked up to that fellow in the mirror and said, "Look here, you dumb so-and-so, you'll do that book or else. Starting tomorrow, you'll do not less than five pages every day—yes, seven days a week, until you have completed the job."

Well, it *works*. Somehow, the job already seems a lot easier, once you *start*. And I could tell you within a week when the book will be finished. No stopping now! It's five pages a day or bust. You see, I've always *had* the time, but I was too lazy to begin. You bet, if you want to get something done, set yourself a daily quota, and stick to it. You're a sissy, if you can't do that.

Another time, I dictated a four-hundred-page book in seven days. That was more strenuous. The publishers gave me a dictaphone, and several girls to transcribe. Every night, I was ready to wilt. But it got the job *done*. No, I am

not pinning any roses on myself. You could have done the same. But darn it, my blood boils when I hear anyone say he "hasn't got time." *Find* time. *Borrow* it. *Beg* it. *Steal* it from some of those sleeping hours, if you have to. You've got plenty of it, brother. Any denial is just an alibi.

HOW DO PEOPLE USE THEIR TIME?

Probably there is no answer to that question that would be accurate, like we know that two times two is four. It all depends on the individual. But I do have some illuminating figures gained from a record kept by twenty-three people for six days. They were students in a class of mine, titled "Straight Thinking in Business." Naturally, in a rather unusual class like that, the question, "Where does our time go?" came up for investigation.

We knew that no one is ever cheated of time—that we all get a freshly baked loaf out of the oven every day. But some people seem able to get more out of the loaf than others. We wanted to know *why*.

Accordingly, the twenty-three students agreed to keep an hour-by-hour chart for six days—to jot down every hour exactly what each one had been doing. Then we took the reports for the entire group and summarized them.

And here's what we discovered:

	<i>Hours</i>	<i>Per Cent</i>
Working on the job.....	855	25.82
Self-improvement	320	9.67
Recreation	329	9.93
Sleep	1,083	32.70
Other necessities	519	15.67
Service to others	80	2.41
Unaccounted for	126	3.80
Total.....	3,312	100.00

Now, of course, it is foolish to call that record anything

more than an interesting experiment. It must have been a *better* record than would be developed from any other less serious group. These twenty-three people were going to night school on their spare time. Almost 10 per cent of their total hours was going to self-improvement. I am afraid that would not be true of the average individual.

But even these better-than-average folks were giving as much time to recreation as to improvement. Furthermore, in those six days they actually *lost* 126 hours. That was a pity. Time is too precious to let it slip through our fingers with not even some fun or sleep to show for it. Another interesting fact was that the members of the group averaged almost eight hours a day sleeping. Evidently, they were not working under any pressure. They still had time to *snooze*. Maybe, time to snore.

Anyway, we took those figures and used the percentages to *predict* how each individual's time would be distributed for a whole year. We knew that Father Time would hand out 8,760 hours to every individual in the class. Now, if he followed the same habits as did the whole group during those six tested days—where would those hours go? And this is what we found out.

Working on the job (no overtime)	2,263 hours
Improving himself (seems mighty small) . . .	846 hours
Recreation (got to have some fun—but??) . .	870 hours
Sleep (a third of his life in bed)	2,863 hours
Other necessities (food, shaving, what-not) .	1,372 hours
Service (couldn't be proud of that)	211 hours
Unaccounted for (lost—gone—where?)	335 hours
Lived for a year.	<u>8,760 hours</u>

Again, watch out! Those are not *average figures* for *all* people. Your own might differ widely, probably would. But they do point the way to a device which I think you would



To finish a mystery story.

find highly worth while. What happens to *your* time? Why don't you find out? You, too, could chart the use of your time used over a period of days. You might be surprised—or pleased—or ashamed. Perhaps, if the result was *not* favorable, you would *do* something about it. It *could* be the beginning of a program that would hasten the success you crave.

It could be—but you are the “doctor”!

“YES, WE HAVE NO TIME TODAY”

On the level, isn't it amusing how often folks like you and I use “no time” as an alibi for not doing something which would be to our own benefit?

“Yes, indeed, I wish I did have time to enroll with you this year, but the boss has me working late so often, that I'd probably miss half the classes.” (NOTE: The boss kept you until six o'clock one evening last month.)

“I'm sorry, Mr. Jones. I appreciate the company's offer to pay my fee for the Sales Letter Clinic, but Monday is wash day for the wife, and I feel it is my duty to hurry home and help her with the dinner.” (NOTE: You dry the dishes when you can't get out of it, but at eight o'clock every Monday night you bowl.)

“Yes, I know some of the boys are working in the laboratory Saturday afternoons, and I wish I had the time to join them. But that's when I cut the grass and fix things around the house.” (NOTE: Three out of the last four Saturday afternoons, you went fishing.)

“Friday night? That's just my hard luck. Why can't the Board meet earlier in the week? I never have any time on Friday evening” (NOTE: Of course not. You play poker every Friday night.)

“I wish I *could* find time to read good books. But with the way we are driven all day long, I'm just too tired to do anything by the time I get home.” (NOTE: You went to the movies last night, and the night before sat up until past midnight to finish a mystery story.)

“Oh, my dear, I wish I could work with the Red Cross on Thursdays, but that's my hardest day.” (NOTE: Every Thursday morning from ten until twelve your wife has a date at the beauty shop.)

Poor devils! You and me! We work so hard explaining why we haven't time to improve ourselves. Who are we kidding—*except* ourselves. And the sand runs on!

In St. Louis about ten years ago, a man was working as an analytical chemist for the Monsanto Chemical Company. He was nearly forty, and had a family of six. All of his life he had wanted to be a physician, but apparently he was caught in a groove and could never hope for anything except steady employment and a moderate salary.

Then he enrolled in the school of medicine at St. Louis University. In order to attend day classes, he had to request permission to work on the night shift. For six years he worked at night, studied and went to class during the day, and slept when and if he could. He, too, had a shortage of time—time for the pleasures and necessities we consider absolutely essential. But he finally graduated first in his class, and went on to become a leading physician. Now he has multiplied his income, and gained the satisfaction of *doing* what he most *wanted* to do.

And you and I—millions of others—we plug along with our little bundles of nonessentials, slaves of Time when we could be masters. It is to laugh!

HE TOOK OUT THE WORKS

I am told that in Henry Ford's historical museum is a famous clock which once stood for many years in the laboratory of his good friend, Thomas A. Edison. Probably, if you saw this clock in a second-hand store, and didn't know its history, you wouldn't give two bits for it. You see, there are no hands on the face, and even the works were removed by order of Mr. Edison. He didn't want anyone who worked

in his laboratory to be a clock watcher, or to worry about what time it was when important jobs were to be done.

Often Mr. Edison and his assistants labored without thought of food or sleep throughout a whole day and night—once going forty consecutive hours without relaxation. When a problem waited to be solved, nothing else mattered. They knew, of course, that the hours were passing, but so what?

And out of that laboratory came great discoveries which will bless mankind throughout eternity.

Maybe you, too, should put Time, the would-be tyrant, in his proper place, as did Mr. Edison. In your plant, at your desk, on your spare hours—wherever you struggle for prestige and success—maybe you, too, should be guided by a clock that does not run. Running clocks can be an impediment to progress. Who cares what the clock says when there is important work to be done?

The Thing That Keeps Men Little

THE MAN who woke up and found himself a success had to *wake up* to do it. Certainly, we can never go any higher than the ceiling of our own thoughts. To be any bigger than we *think* we can be is impossible. But we can *lift* the ceiling.

"Bill" Shakespeare, a fellow with plenty on the ball, said in one of his plays: "The thing that keeps men little is the fear of being great." Some of us are so loaded down with inhibitions that it is no wonder we seldom see the rays of the rising sun. "We can't do this," and "We can't do that." Why are we the slaves of such a little word? It's so easy to change the whole picture by crossing out one letter.

Can't
Can'
CAN

Why not? Man for man, what does the other fellow have that you don't have? Even the boss! He wears pants just like you do. He eats three meals a day. His brain probably weighs no more than yours. He, too, had to start low and work up. Are you afraid to walk into his office? Afraid to talk to him? That's foolish. True, he has walked farther up the path than you have. But the path is *still there*. You don't see any "Keep Off" sign on it.

Think tall to grow tall. Don't be satisfied with *small* ideals. Small ideals lead to small places. "Ideals are like stars," wrote Carl Schurz. "You will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you read your destiny."

The higher the ceiling, the greater the incentive. Big thoughts throw your whole being into high gear. They develop mental momentum.

Mental momentum! Plenty of kick in those two words!

You know how an automobile develops speed as the explosion of gas is accelerated. One explosion is no greater than the rest, but the more rapid repetition supplies added power to go faster. And, isn't that what happens when positive, I-can-do-it thoughts start exploding in that little motor on the top of your spine? One constructive thought plus another—another—another! Closer and closer to your objective! Traveling faster toward Success!

What happens when you start thinking with confidence about a problem, about your job, about your planned career?

At first, you are confused, lukewarm, indifferent—you can't see the way out. Then you begin to think. One little explosion. One thought suggests another. Explosion—explosion—explosion! You begin to move toward the solution. Your speed accelerates. Difficulties are left behind. You become inspired—enthusiastic—eager to drive on. You have gained MENTAL MOMENTUM.

It's all very exciting, isn't it? A human being traveling on the power generated in his own mind—one day's effort piled upon another! Accumulated power! Increased speed!

But some folks have the foolish notion that success

comes all in one tremendous surge forward. They ignore the law of acceleration. They do not realize the importance of just getting started, or that the repetition of things well done develops surplus power for the final blow.

Low gear—second gear—then in high! Chug, chug, chug! Up hill—down hill—increased inertia! That's the secret of fast motion.

Mental momentum—don't you see? A routine on the job improved today—a suggestion to eliminate expense tomorrow! Thirty minutes a day set aside for reading good books! Two nights a week in school! Time taken to learn what the fellow at the other desk does, and why! Mastering the details of the business! Power—motion—progress! Not all in one blast! *Sustained* effort. Increased interest! Mental momentum!

And the joy of it all is that effort and interest walk hand in hand like sweethearts. Maybe it is mental turpitude *vs.* mental momentum. The less we know about anything, the less appeal it has for us. We laugh at the other fellow's hobbies. Remember? You called golf an "old man's game" until you tried it. At first, the problem dumped into your lap seems dry and monotonous. But the deeper you dig into it, the less dry it seems—the more eager you are to keep at it. The more momentum, the more interest! The more interest, the more momentum!

BRICK SCALE—NEGATIVE THINKING

Did you ever hear of brick scale? I hadn't, until I read about it in a magazine called *The Better Way*.

It seems there was a man who wished to invest some money. So he purchased a brick kiln and some surrounding land where clay deposits were abundant. He knew nothing

about the business, but hired a superintendent who knew how bricks were made.

Before long, the kiln was operating. But the bricks that came through were marred by blemishes, and could only be sold at less than production cost. He learned that the blemishes were called "scale"—a difficulty not uncommon in the business. But the superintendent was stumped; he knew only how to operate the kiln.

All the equipment was checked. They tried new batches of bricks. But the scale persisted. Men were hired to scrape it off, but this, too, was expensive. Even the scraped bricks were of inferior quality.

The owner smelled a rat. He thought he knew why the original owner had disposed of the kiln. So he in turn found a purchaser—a man who knew all about bricks. Nothing was said about the scale, and the deal was closed. He felt a little ashamed to be taking advantage of the purchaser, but after all the latter was old enough to have his eyes open.

Later the two men met in another city. The first one asked hesitantly, "How's the brick business?" Much to his surprise, the other man replied, "Couldn't be better. We had some scale at first, but soon got rid of it."

"You did. How?"

"Oh, scale is caused by impurity in the clay. We checked our raw material and eliminated that impurity. Now we are making best quality bricks and getting top prices."

Human beings often have "scale" just as bricks do. This "scale" is also impurity in raw material—NEGATIVE THINKING. If the fellow suffering with "scale" would change his mental attitude, he would soon be cured. But usually he doesn't even realize his predicament. He thinks in the wrong perspective. Thinks *small*—not tall!

He thinks his associate gets ahead because he is the pet of the boss.

He thinks he isn't paid what he is worth, and so sulks on the job.

He doesn't understand the good reason for a new regulation, and starts to crab about it.

He thinks that he has a physical handicap, and develops a swell inferiority complex.

He thinks that other people don't like him, and becomes a chronic sourpuss.

Doesn't it seem silly to grow poisonous, negative thoughts in your mind when it should be open only to positive, constructive thinking? Most negative thoughts are purely imaginary, like the "spooks" one thinks he sees in the village cemetery.

My, my! Goatfeathers; brick scale! The things I do put upon you. But seriously, does it do any good to see the dark side of things, or to set up imaginary obstacles which can easily become *real*? "Nothing is, but thinking makes it so." Life is tough enough without making trouble for ourselves.

"NEVER BEFORE SO WIDE AS NOW"

Another danger of negative thinking is that it so easily spreads. One bad apple in the barrel can eventually cause all the rest to rot. One employee with a crying towel can wreck the morale of a whole department. Surely, if we are to succeed in life, we need *faith* rather than fear, *courage* rather than despair, *tolerance* rather than suspicion.

So often I hear some young man in business expressing the thought that the "good old days are gone forever." He thinks, and honestly enough no doubt, that opportunities in business and other fields are no longer what they used to be—that our nation has expanded to the saturation point—that he was born a generation too late. You see, he thinks small—not tall.



One employee with a crying towel.

You hear a lot of older folks who should know better singing the same sad dirge. We will never emerge from the burden of taxation imposed by the two world wars. Our children are hopelessly handicapped by conditions they did not create. We are headed for chaos, catastrophe, economic destruction. There is no escape. We are doomed.

Tommyrot! Sheer nonsense! We have problems to solve, yes. Changing conditions to challenge our resourcefulness, yes. But decadence, never. Lack of opportunity, no. Futility for the young man who aspires to great deeds, no. *Fertile*—not futile—is the way ahead, and with all my heart I believe it.

To the negative thinkers, the wailers and weepers, W. J. Cameron once spoke on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Particularly, his words were framed for the young men whose careers are yet to be carved.

What shall we tell the young man today?

Tell him he was fortunately cast by birth into a land where everything he has in him can come full circle. Tell him he lives among a people where men grow big doing big things, or doing lesser service in a big way—a country that has only 6 per cent of the world's population and 71 per cent of the world's automobiles; 6 per cent of the world's population and 52 per cent of the world's telephones; 6 per cent of the world's population and 44 per cent of the world's radios; 6 per cent of the world's population and 30 per cent of the world's railroads; 6 per cent of the world's population and double the life insurance of the rest of the world.

More children in the schools, more homes owned by families, more college opportunities, than anywhere else. This is part of the so-called "wreckage" the older generation is leaving him. Don't say these are merely material things—they are the visible symbols of spiritual wealth.

Tell him that this is a country where men with no capital but their hands, their overalls, an IDEA, and an urge to serve their generation have always had a wide field, and never before so wide as now.

Has the Second World War changed those percentages? Yes, no doubt, but certainly only in our favor. Opportunity still walks free and unfettered among us. But always the negative thinkers will try to make us believe it is not so.

Poor little men, what miserable existence it must be to always see the fog and never the sunshine. And what a plague they are to progress.

Is it the nature of man to question new ideas? History would seem to prove it. Elias Howe invented the sewing machine, but it nearly rusted away before women would use it. The typewriter was available for years before business men began to buy it. And long, long ago in Congress a resolution was introduced to abolish the United States Bureau of Patents, because obviously there was nothing left that could be invented.

Away with these negative thoughts! They guide us not to the land of our heart's desire. Beat them down. Tramp on them. We destroy them or they destroy us. I have never known a negative thinker who was a success.

MOUNTAINS OUT OF MOLEHILLS

Equally impotent in the world of business is that type of thinking which makes the simplest task seem difficult. The man who loves "red tape" is a good example. He often seems to be the busiest man in the world—busy doing nothing that matters. He is forever running to his boss about little things that no boss should be worried with. The smallest performance in his line of duty becomes a big parade. He likes to fuss and fret. He wastes so much mental energy in doing a trivial job that he hasn't an ounce left for an important one.

In my scrapbook is the story of the army which was

halted by a river. The general sent for his head man among the engineers—an old-fashioned, capable road builder.

“Jim,” he said, “I am taking most of the men across, but we will need artillery support. How long will it take you to throw over a bridge?”

“About three days, General,” Jim replied after sober deliberation.

“Good,” said the General. “Tell Captain Doe to start on the drawings within the hour.”

At the end of the third day, the General sent for Jim. “How’s that bridge coming along?” he inquired.

Well, sir, the bridge is made,” Jim told him, “but them pictures ain’t done yet. If you don’t have to wait for them, you can have the artillery come across.”

I don’t know. I wasn’t there. And far be it from me to throw stones at a general. But the implication of the story is that he must have been one of the “red-tape” thinkers. The way to build a bridge, he thought, was to first make the drawing. Okeh, by all means start with a plan when one is necessary. But in this case the bridge builder beat the draftsman to the draw.

You will encounter many of these “in-the-groove” thinkers in business, some of them in petty leadership jobs. They have a set routine for each performance, and it must be followed or else. The devil couldn’t change it. And if a new problem comes along, even a tiny one, it has to be solved by the same old formula.

Now don’t get the wrong idea. You know I believe in hard, straight, precise thinking. But *not* the kind of thinking that makes mountains out of molehills.

No, sledge-hammer blows to crack cocoanuts or tack-hammer taps to crack peanuts. The secret of getting all sorts

of jobs done is to synchronize the amount of effort required with the difficulty of the attainment. You don't need a blow torch to light a candle. By the proper conservation of thought and energy when the going is easy, you have the necessary reserves when the going is difficult. Watch any great athlete in action and you will quickly see what I mean.

Probably, the majority of you were still in short pants when number 77 was the number one phantom on the gridiron. You missed seeing Grange of Illinois make monkeys of those who tried to stop him. But I saw Grange many times, and to me he is the all-time first of the football greats.

The most interesting characteristic of Grange in my opinion was his seeming indifference when not in action. Until one got to know him better, it was annoying to see him lean against the goal post, waiting for the kickoff, and apparently with not a worry in the world. It seemed he should be dancing up and down, doing something to show he was eager to get that ball and run.

But oh, how he did change the minute that ball left the kicker's foot. To see him on one of those elusive, tantalizing scampers was something to never forget. Four times in ten minutes, I saw him score touchdowns against Michigan when he was only a sophomore. As I remember, he got loose on those long dashes four out of the five times he handled the ball.

And the wizardry of his skill was that never did he seem to take an unnecessary step. The tackler would charge him, leave the ground—and Grange was never where it seemed he *had* to be from his position a second before. You see, Number 77 knew how to change his pace—how to do the job with the least possible waste motion.

That, I believe, is a tip you can take from a football star—one that will be helpful as you carry the ball toward the goal posts labeled "Success." Learn to take the problems that come your way with the necessary change of pace. Cultivate poise—control—conservation of energy. Save your heavy thinking for heavy jobs.

You have a pile of nuts to crack—problems on your job. Little nuts—big nuts—all waiting to yield their meat to the proper kind of thinking. A little pressure between the fingers, and the peanut shell bursts open. Not much thought required in that. But you wouldn't be so foolish as to think you can just as easily break apart the cocoanut.

Not unless you were peanut-minded. Then, naturally, you would cry "it can't be done," when the cocoanut didn't co-operate.

The man who misses all the fun
Is he who says, "It can't be done."
In solemn pride, he stands aloof
And greets each venture with reproof.
Had he the power, he would efface
The history of the human race;
We'd have no steam or trolley cars,
No streets lit by electric stars;
No telegraph or telephone.
We'd linger in the age of stone,
Where when some keen barbaric brain
Of life's conditions dared complain,
And planned a wheel on which to roll
The load his arms could not control,
Sneers arose from all the crew
That ever scoffs at what is new.
The world would sleep if things were run
By men who say, "It can't be done."

There's truth in that poem. The mysteries of our universe are often yielded grudgingly. But yield they do when men fear not to think them through. What's your surplus of men-

tal energy? Can you relax against the goal post until the ball leaves the kicker's foot?

WE MAKE THE BEDS WE LIE IN

We know that water reaches its own level. The more I see of men struggling, sweating for recognition in business, the more it seems to me that they, too, reach their own level—the level determined by their own mental attitude. Now and then, it does seem that a deserving fellow is lost in the shuffle, that he deserves more than he gets. But if we knew the inner man, we would no doubt find him to be the victim of his own thinking.

"The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." I believe that is true. A Chinese proverb reads: "Great souls have *wills*—feeble souls only have *wishes*." We rise as far as we dare to think we can. We make the beds in which we lie.

Did you ever go snipe hunting? I did, and it was an embarrassing experience.

The scene of the hunt was a country-school picnic which lasted until after dark. My mother was the teacher, and she took me with her, the only city boy in the crowd. I don't blame them now for the trick they played on me, but I did then. It didn't seem right that they should make a fool out of the teacher's son.

You know the game. The victim is told that he has been selected to catch the snipe. He is taken to a lonely spot in the woods—preferably in a marshy place where the mosquitoes are ravenous—and instructed to hold the bag with the open end on the ground while the others spread out to drive the snipe toward him. He is cautioned not to move hand or foot as the snipe are very timid. But if he keeps per-

fectly quiet—oh, those mosquitoes—he will eventually be sure of the catch.

It must have been an hour that I crouched with that burlap bag before at last it dawned on me that “snipe” are as imaginary as printers’ “type lice.” You can imagine how much I enjoyed the guffaws of those country kids when I got back to the schoolhouse. It was one of my first lessons in applied democracy. Good for my soul!

But not all snipe hunting is done in the woods. Snipe hunters are common in business—folks “just sittin’” and holding the bag wide open, waiting for the game to come their way.

A snipe hunter in business thinks on a very low level. He doesn’t expect so very much, and is never surprised. He would rather sit and wait than beat the bush. He may often handle a routine job well enough, but the best moment of the working day is when the “stop” whistle blows. He doesn’t know what goes on in other departments, how the company products are made, where they are sold, or where the money comes from that pays his salary. If a fellow worker gets behind in his work, he never thinks of giving him a lift. He does what he is told to do—no more.

At the end of the chase, his bag is still *empty*.

HE WASHED HIMSELF CLEAN

Whenever the relation of mental attitude to career altitude is mentioned, I always think of a salesman down in Texas. He was a whale of an Irish lad, and properly they called him “Big Tim.” It was a speech he once made to a thousand other salesmen that I shall never forget. It might have been titled, “From goat to hero,” or some other banal and movie-like thing.

You see, the occasion was the national convention of the sales force, and Big Tim had been crowned champion of the thousand—first in sales among all those men. But the year before, he had finished near the bottom, and when conditions had been even more favorable to sales. So the sales manager turned to Big Tim that last night of the convention, and said, "Stand up, Big Tim, and tell these fellows *how* you did it. Last year you ran like a plug—this year you won the Derby of Champions. Come now, what *happened* to you? Let us have it, straight from the shoulder."

Like the elephant that climbs slowly on the tub in the circus ring, Big Tim got to his feet. His face was red, and he surveyed the rest of us with an air of defiance, as if expecting his story to be challenged.

"Chief," he began quietly, "I ain't no shucks at making a speech, but I do know what happened to make me a success this year. It's kinda personal, and I reckon some of you boys won't believe it. It wasn't any secret to me that last year, and the year before, I was a lousy salesman. I kept getting worse and worse, and I figured to be fired any month. But one night last December I held a big meeting with myself. I sent my family to the show, and I sat down to wrestle out in my own mind what was making me so terrible.

"All of a sudden it came to me as clear as day that the trouble was *in my own thinking*. My mind was so full of reasons why I couldn't sell that I was behind the eight ball on every call. Somehow, I had come to the conclusion that everything, including me, was going to the dogs—and I reckon all my prospects got to feeling the same way. I was selling failure instead of success, and everybody believed me.

"Now here's where you can begin laughing, but it wasn't

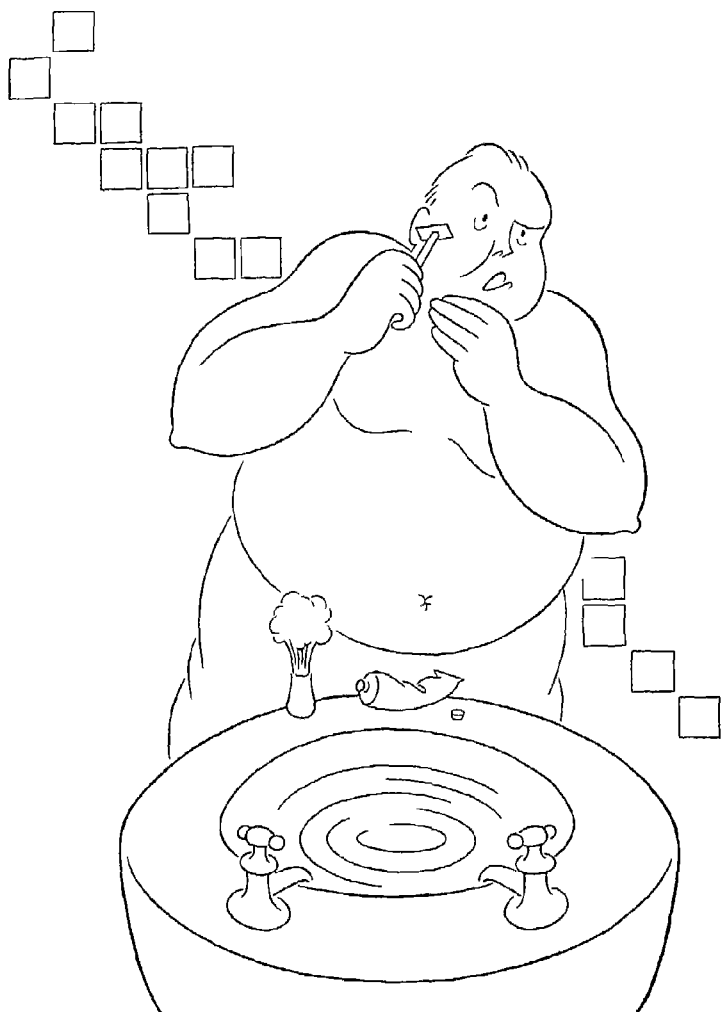
any joke to me. I decided it was up to me to wash my mind clean of all those negative thoughts—that I would start the new year all fresh and new, with nothing left to remind me what a fool I had been.

“So, what did I do? Well, I bought myself a new suit of clothes, and a new hat, and a new pair of shoes. I got some new socks, and a new red necktie, and some new underwear. Then the first morning of the new year I got up early and got in the tub with a big bar of soap. I scrubbed my skin until it was red as a baby’s. Maybe it sounds funny to you, but I wanted to *wash off my skin* any of those old ideas that had been holding me back. And then I took a razor and shaved myself *twice*.

“Out I goes that morning a new man, with new duds, and *expecting to sell*. You see, old Tim had put himself through the wringer, and the negative thoughts had been squeezed into the dirty water in the tub. Dirty water, that’s what the wrong kind of thinking is. Chief, you know what happened. That first day, I sold twice as much as I had any day in five years. And I went on selling the rest of this year. You can call me crazy if you want to, but maybe if some of you guys who are sitting on your tails and doing a lousy job would take the same treatment, it might do for you what it did for Big Tim.”

No, we didn’t laugh at Big Tim. We just looked at each other, and you could have heard a pin drop in that big room. Then we stood up and cheered. We clapped our hands and shouted like a bunch of schoolboys. Big Tim had given us something we all needed to hear—a declaration of faith—proof that a man *does* what he *thinks* he can.

Yes, so often the difference between success and failure is in our own thinking. We write our own ticket. You can



"And shaved myself twice."

borrow an expression from the world of sport, and say that those who excell have the WILL TO WIN. They set their teeth in something, and they don't let go. But the failures, the plodders, they only WISH to win.

So meant Victor Hugo when he wrote: "People do not lack strength; they lack *will*." Your father can't make a success of you. Your mother can't. Your best friend can't. Your boss can't. They are willing to help, but it's *your* WILL TO WIN—not theirs—that will carry you across deep rivers, over towering mountains, and through thick forests. The motivating force is in your own mind. Wishing is a down-puller. Willing is an up-puller.

No scale! No snipe-hunting! *Think* tall to *be* tall. Lift your ceiling high. A man is no more, no less, than his own concept of himself.

Back of the beating hammer by which
 the steel is wrought,
 Back of the workshop's clamor, the
 seeker may find a thought;
 The thought is ever master of
 iron and steam and steel;
 That rises above disaster, and
 tramples it under heel.
 Back of them stands the schemer—
 the thinker who drives things through,
 Back of the job the dreamer, who's
 making the dream come true.

5

Whangdoodles and Whiffenpoufs

OH, OH! Now we come to an essential to success in business that you may not be especially fond of. Most people aren't. It's human nature not to be. Of course, I *could* skip such a disagreeable subject, but that wouldn't be "on the up" with you. So let's out with it!

There is a *price tag* on success, and you can have only as much as you are willing to pay for. No, it won't cost you any money. What you will have to shell out is sweat—labor—**HARD WORK**. And that brings us face to face with two kinds of people. The head of a twenty-million-dollar corporation told me about them.

"Frailey," he said, "you'll find two kinds of people in business, the Whangdoodles and the Whiffenpoufs. We need more of the 'Doodles' and less of the 'Poufs,' but, unfortunately, the percentage runs the other way. Then he hastened to explain.

"A WHANGDOODLE is a fellow with plenty of common sense, and the *energy* to back it up. He likes to walk at the head of the parade, but he is not a show-off. He is quick to spy an opportunity, and not afraid to wrestle with it. He loves to carry the ball, but is just as willing to block for the other fellow. On the job, he goes the extra mile—and loves it.

"A WHIFFENPOUF is a fellow who is wishy-washy in

his thinking. In the parade, he walks at the rear with the clowns. He calls his cronies 'jolly good fellows.' A whiffenpouf may be smart, but he is also yellow. He never lends a fellow-worker a hand, because he is too lazy to even help himself. On the job he goes only as far as he is supposed to go—he wouldn't give an extra *inch*."

Whangdoodles!

Whiffenpoufs!

Ever since that conversation, those two words have lingered in my mind like a popular song. I can't find them in the dictionary, but they certainly should be there. Once you know them, you'll catch yourself cataloguing other people—not polite, but a lot of fun. "Joe Dish is a Whiffenpouf . . . John Doe is a Whangdoodle." Why you might even go so far as to catalogue *yourself*.

SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES

Not so long ago, I had a most stimulating visit with the president of an oil company in Texas. He lamented the lack of ambition in some of his employees. I think he, too, meant he had some Whiffenpoufs working there. Like Elzada!

In this oil man's company, the secretary of the sales manager gave notice that she would only work one more year. But this gave plenty of time to locate another girl in the organization who deserved promotion, and time for the one chosen to groom herself for the job.

They decided that Elzada would get the plum. She was doing only clerical work, but seemed to have all the qualifications—except a knowledge of shorthand. But anybody of average intelligence can learn shorthand in six months, and by diligent practice become right good at it.

So one morning, the president said to the girl, "Elzada,

you have a lot of ability, and before long we hope to find a more important job for you. But you have one handicap in not knowing shorthand. Here's what we will do for you. Go to the Blank Business College and find out what it will cost to take the beginning and advanced courses. Say you want to master it in one year. Then come back and talk to me. I think I'll approve the company paying your tuition."

All right! If you had been wearing that girl's shoes, what would you have done? Why, of course, you would have been off like a flash to the business college, and then back to call the president's hand. But not Elzada!

Months passed. Several times, the president asked Elzada what she had done about the shorthand course—but always she had an evasive answer. Oh, to be sure, she didn't know the *reason* why the boss wanted her to learn shorthand, but she might have guessed. Why had he stipulated that she master the art in one year? There was Lady Opportunity with hand outstretched—pointing the way to more interesting work and greater salary. But evidently, Elzada couldn't take the thought of spending some of her spare time in night school. She was a WHIFFENPOUF.

Perhaps, you have a special tolerance for pretty girls—you are trying to set up a good excuse for Elzada's indifference. For example, no doubt Elzada knew she was going to get married soon, and a knowledge of shorthand will not fry potatoes. Tut, tut! Go on with you, now. You are just too softhearted. The year rolled around, and another girl got the job. Elzada is still doing the same clerical work.

GIL FOUND THE TUB

Back during my Ralston Purina days, there was a constant stream of young men entering the company—novices

just out of high school and college. With an office personnel of about eight hundred, we had to be well supplied with new blood, and it was always interesting to see how quickly they could make the adjustment from classroom to business. It wasn't long before we, too, were tagging the Whangdoodles and the Whiffenpoufs.

Gil came to us in the June crop of high-school graduates—a rather undersized young chap with a peculiar haircut, as if his mother might have clipped it with a cereal bowl to guide her scissors. Gil ran to the plain side in both personality and experience, not nearly so promising on the surface as some of the other newcomers.

Soon we had a picnic—a get-together for all the new folks in the company. But you know how picnics are—a lot of sport for the guests, but a lot of hard work for the hosts. While the others had their fun, we in the personnel department were busy getting the pop in ice water and preparing the food.

“Wish we had brought a second tub,” one of us said. It was an idle wish. But ten minutes later I saw a strange sight approaching—a tub that seemed to have legs. Yes, it was the new boy, Gil, holding the tub on his head. He had heard the remark, and had gone to a near-by farm house to see if he couldn't borrow a tub.

Mind you, Gil wasn't supposed to be looking for tubs. He wasn't giving the party. He should have been with the other new boys, playing softball, pitching horseshoes, or “testing his line” with the girls. But when there was work to be done, Gil was sure to be around. We discovered that more and more as the months passed by.

That day, when it came time to open the pop, Gil was number one boy with his bottle-opener. He cut his hand

rather badly, but he only laughed about that. Gil never was one to make a fuss.

Going home that evening, we were all talking about Gil. We in the personnel department were always happy when we saw newcomers begin to make good. There had to be a certain percentage of winners, or we would have lost our jobs.

Of those at the picnic, we knew we had one Whangdoodle—a fellow who liked to work.

And so he turned out to be, with a double dose of “doodle”—the little fellow with the round haircut.

Soon the report from his boss came—“The best packer in the new group . . . fast . . . doesn’t make mistakes . . . never late . . . doesn’t mind overtime.” The kind of stuff that wins promotion! Do you wonder that he was the first of the new boys to get a better job? Then to night school, four times a week. Busy as a bumble bee in any company activity, always wanting to help! Promoted a second time—then a third!

Nothing surprising about that! Whangdoodles are always “luckier” than Whiffenpoufs. They can’t miss.

THE FELLOW WHO LIVES BY HIS WITS

There is a fellow I often hear about, but never have been able to catch up with. They say he “lives by his wits.” Maybe I don’t understand what that means, but the implication to me is that this “dodo” gets what he wants for nothing. He is so smart that he doesn’t have to work.

It may be, to be sure, that the folks who talk about this man who gets something for nothing simply do not understand the nature of his occupation, or the effort necessary to make a go of it. I suppose stage-struck girls think a star in

Hollywood has a soft job. In the same sense, lawyers, authors, radio performers, and other men who do no manual labor must live the life of Riley. But the fact is, it can be more exhausting to plead a case in court, or to work long hours in front of a motion picture camera, or even to write one chapter of a book, than it is to dig a ditch or load a freight car.

No, the fellow I want to meet personally is the one who lives on milk and honey without making the money to buy it, who keeps his purse and his belly full without doing any work of any description. Not one of these fellows in the penitentiary who *tried* to do it, but a real honest-to-goodness, within-the-law example. I'd surely like to borrow his formula.

Lazy? No, not at all. But if I didn't have to work ten to twelve hours a day just to keep my head above water, and some other heads that depend on me for the same benefit, just think of all the wonderful things I could do instead.

I could play golf, swim, go to the races, see all the baseball games. I could read three or four good books every week. I could see all the good shows. I could spend interesting week-ends in the country with friends. I could winter in Florida, and summer in Canada. I could travel—see all the world—stay as long any place as I wanted. My, oh my, what *couldn't* I do if I knew how to get something for nothing?

But no hope! Work I must, or the Fraileys won't eat—an old-fashioned custom to which they are greatly addicted. It seems to be the scheme of life—and certainly the way of business—that only one door opens to success, and over that door the words, "BY HARD WORK YE SHALL ENTER." Maybe you think I am a tiresome old coot to keep

repeating it, but that's the cause of the repetition. We are all so eager to find the *easy* way to get ahead that we hate to admit the truth—that the only *true* way is work, more Work, and still MORE WORK.

Furthermore, there's never a time in your career when you can *stop* working. The only way to coast is DOWN. One accomplishment is only a steppingstone—either down or up.

No man is a success more than a minute—the minute in which he completes a successful job. You may make a successful speech or be the author of a successful sales drive or play a successful round of golf. But as soon as the applause dies down, the world raises the ante on you and says—"Now let's see you do it again . . . and BETTER."

The foregoing paragraph is from a booklet issued by the great advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn. And it isn't applesauce!

In my opinion one of the greatest business leaders of our times is Ralston Purina Chairman of the Board, William H. Danforth. Anyone who ever has been within a mile of his inspiring personality will probably agree with me. And many a successful younger man will pay tribute to the help he got as a beginner from "Chief" Danforth.

But like most great leaders, Mr. Danforth has no tolerance at all for the fellow who pauses even a moment to preen his feathers. His whole philosophy of success seems to be crammed into two almost irritating words—WHAT NEXT? It isn't that he doesn't appreciate the good deeds of his followers, but his mind is resolutely turned *forward*. "Mr. Danforth, I made my sales quota." "Fine—WHAT NEXT?" "Mr. Danforth, the plant will be ready to operate two months ahead of schedule." "Fine—WHAT NEXT?"

"Mr. Danforth, the worry is all over, I am the father of twins." "Fine—WHAT NEXT?"

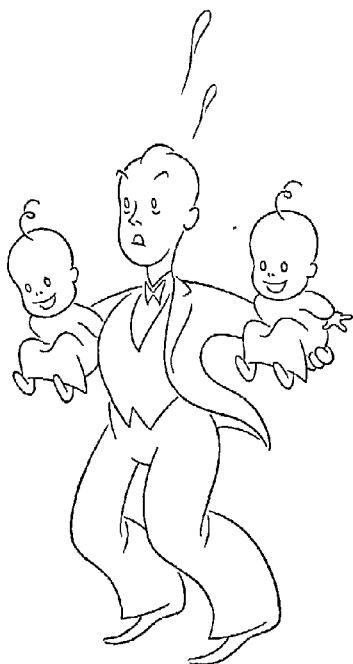
You will agree there is nothing much to do with a man who keeps on saying—What next . . . What next . . . What next? Nothing but to dig in a little deeper, work a little harder, and come out a little higher than you would have done without his insistent, uncompromising demand that you never stop to catch your breath.

"HUSTLING FOR LIFE"

Down in Texas, where "men are men" and "skies are always blue," lived a remarkable business man. He was born in Germany, and came to this country before the First World War. With no money, and speaking only a little of our language, he started his career with the cards stacked against him. During the war, there were many who heckled him. He had his bitter moments.

But from the beginning, Carl Wollner was driven by the great obsession to become a "somebody" in his state and nation. While other men were frittering away their spare time, his evenings were crowded with work and study.

Finally, he emerged as president of the Panther Oil and Grease Manufacturing Company, one of the best-known business executives in the southwest, and admired by a host of friends in all parts of the United States. Long before his death, he could have taken things easy, could have sat back and been satisfied. But Carl Wollner got fun out of hard work. He allowed no man in his company to outdo him in persistent, unrelenting devotion to the job at hand, or in the rendering of service to his fellow-men. He believed that the first obligation of a leader is to LEAD. He died as he had lived—a HUSTLER to the end.



"What next?"

I give you this introduction because I want you to read one of Carl Wollner's messages to his employees. As you might expect from a man of his energy, the title is "Hustling for Life."

Life is a *one-way street and you are not going to come back.*

That's what makes Life itself the most serious business you and I will ever confront. That's why we must HUSTLE, for the night is coming when no man can work.

I'm a great admirer of the Apostle Paul. To my way of thinking, he was the greatest salesman, save one, that ever lived. What a picture Paul could paint with words. What wonderful demonstrations he could make.

Paul broke in a young salesman by the name of Timothy, and as often as he thought necessary, he wrote him helpful messages. To him he said: STIR UP THE GIFT OF GOD WHICH IS IN THEE.

This message HAD to be good to live two thousand years. Oh, how Paul did spill his great heart to sell Timothy on the merchandise he had to sell, and the house he represented.

By no means do I believe in *scaring* folks into doing things. I would rather *lead* folks on by painting the beautiful picture of what can be accomplished. But there comes a time when a good scare is good for all of us.

Did you know out of a hundred young men, twenty-five years old, that when they reach the age of sixty-five—

54 are dependent,
5 barely making a living,
4 are well to do
1 only is rich?

HUSTLING FOR LIFE—there's nothing more important for you and me to do. We don't want to be dependent at 65. Neither do we want to be barely making a living. We want to be among the five who are above the turmoil and strife of a bare existence.

That means then, my friends, *Hustling* to Make Good, *Hustling* to Victory, *Hustling* for Calls. It means *Hustling* for Sales, *Hustling* for Orders. It means *Hustling* to look after our families. It means thinking well of ourselves—not abusing ourselves with those excesses which we know hurt us.

STIR UP THE GIFT OF GOD WHICH IS IN THEE. Truly we should WAKE UP and truly GO TO WORK. It means in reality

HUSTLING FOR LIFE and that's what we need . . . to make life more abundant . . . to fill life with the joy of attainment.

Strange, isn't it, how all of these successful leaders in business lay stress on the importance of HARD WORK? And yet none of them seem to think of hard work as drudgery. Can it be that this thing men so much dread is really a joy and a blessing? Can it be that punctual clock-punchers—the ones who will not pay the price in *extra* effort—are not only robbing themselves of success, but also of a thrill which only achievement may create?

"Stir up the Gift of God which is in thee." I wonder, could the Apostle Paul have been speaking to *you and me* as well as to Timothy?

But we don't need to go back two thousand years to hear great leaders stress the importance of HARD WORK. Owen D. Young, one of America's greatest business men, writes:

There is a single reason why 99 out of 100 business men never become leaders. That is their unwillingness to pay the price of responsibility. By the price of responsibility, I mean hard driving, continual *work* . . . the courage to make decisions, to stand the gaff . . . the scourging honesty of never fooling yourself about yourself.

You travel the road to leadership heavily laden. While the nine-to-five-o'clock worker takes his ease, you are toiling upward through the night. Laboriously you extend your frontiers.

Any new effort, the psychologists say, wears a new groove in the brain. And the grooves that lead to the heights are not made between nine and five. They are *burned in by midnight oil*.

On and on, the testimony piles up, but never is it given with "bated breath and whispered humbleness," as if these great leaders know they are selling us an unpleasant bill of goods. On the contrary, do they not seem to find glory and contentment in the extra miles they have traveled?

Said Alexander Hamilton: "Men give me some credit for

genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly: day and night it is before me: I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what the people are pleased to call the fruits of genius. It is the fruit of LABOR and Thought."

In the same trend of thought, when Abraham Lincoln heard that his brother was planning to move from Illinois to Missouri, he wrote him the following letter: "What can you do in Missouri better than here? Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat and oats *without work*? Will anybody there, any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere."

Okeh, Mr. Lincoln. Your advice to your brother, the farmer, might just as truly be spoken today to any young man in business. Can't you hear the long, lovable fellow saying: "Why do you want to move to another company? Can you there, any more than where you are, win respect, recognition, promotion, *without work*? If you intend to work, there is no better place than where you are; if you do not intend to work, you cannot get along anywhere."

"THE GUMPTION TO GIT UP AND GRAZE"

From Mrs. Walter Ferguson, down Texas way, comes the story of the little old woman who came to her door selling handmade lace, a "lively old woman who looked like a wren troubled with arthritis—bent, beaten down, yet *spry within*." Mrs. Ferguson passed along, as nearly as could be remembered, what the old woman said.

I keep pretty peart. My son, Joe, says to me t'other day, "Mom, you hadn't ought to run around the way you do. Don't nobody want

that lace you're makin'." "Now, Joe," I says, "I'd thank you to keep your tongue to yourself." He's a mighty good boy, but hard run with four kids and a sickly wife. "I been a using these legs," I says, "long before you was knee high to a grasshopper, and if you don't look out, Joe Fuller, they'll outlast yours."

Yes'm, I've raised nine young'uns—two died before they could set up—and I ain't never seen the time I was willin' to let somebody wait on me. My boys is working to get me a pension. Well, whatever I get, it'll come in handy, but if they think I'm going to stop workin', they've got another think comin'—and so's the government. I was raised to believe it was a *sin to be idle*, and I ain't goin' to change the notion at my age.

There sure is a lot of cryin' about hard times. Shucks—as I tell my kids—'twouldn't be no fun in life if you couldn't have some wrestlin' bouts with trouble. It's *wrestlin' that makes us tough*. Seems like everybody nowadays wants to be like a passel of cows layin' around in a rich pasture. Some of 'em ain't hardly got gump-tion enough to git up and graze.

I'll tell you one thing I've noticed. *The folks who ain't afraid of work generally gits along.*

Yes, my friends, I fear we'll have to face the truth. It's the handwriting on the wall for you in your struggle for success. There's a price to pay, and you can't escape it. The oil that greases the path ahead is the sweat of your brow. We must *work* for what we get, and the *harder* we work, the farther we can go.

This is the message we get from those who have traveled the road ahead of us—WORK HARD . . . WORK HARD . . . WORK HARD.

Whangdoodle or Whiffenpouf? "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee." What next? What next? What next?

He Practiced as He Meant to Play

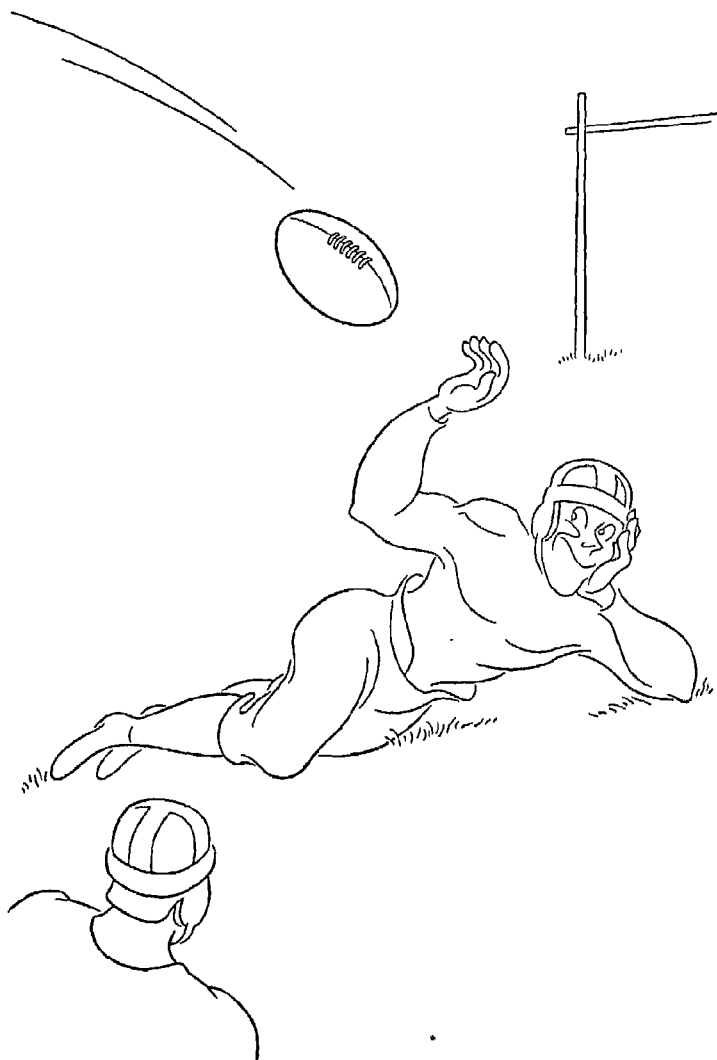
AT A sport banquet in St. Louis several years ago, I sat between "Dizzy" Dean and an all-American football player from a southern university, Paul Moss. "Ol' Diz" was in rare form, so I had to direct *my* talking to the football hero.

Paul was a big, handsome fellow, and very modest. His greatest claim to fame was an uncanny ability to snag and hold a forward pass. Playing that year with the St. Louis professional team, he had made many a catch that had seemed impossible. So during the evening I popped a question at him.

"Paul," I asked, "what's the secret of your ability to catch forward passes? I have seen you take them off your shoetops, high over your head, far to the right or the left, and no matter how hard they were thrown. If it isn't a professional secret, I surely would like to know how you do it."

He waited so long to reply, that I was beginning to think he had not heard me, but I guess he was only thinking. "Well," he finally drawled, "I guess it's because *I always practice as I mean to play.*"

In my records of accomplishment, that statement ranks along with the sayings of the immortals. It describes better than I could with a thousand words, the value of *daily performance*—the steady, everyday giving of the best that is in us. It's one thing to be known as a hard worker on special



His greatest claim to fame.

occasions; it's another and better thing to have the reputation of "going all out" on *every* occasion.

At the American Youth Foundation Camp, near Shelby, Michigan, the campers have a slogan which demands the same kind of performance—"BE YOUR OWN SELF, AT YOUR VERY BEST, ALL THE TIME." Such a program has no loopholes. He who lives by it, cannot work in spurts—sometimes at top speed, other times doing just enough to "get by."

Obviously, too, the fellow who "practices as he means to play," is always prepared for any emergency. Working in the spotlight, and under pressure, he can at least expect to do as well as when working alone and not under observation. He could do no worse than when he practiced, because even in practice he did his *best*.

Furthermore, the inner knowledge that you are *prepared* gives you a certain confidence that the show-off boys do not possess. At the same sport dinner where I met player Moss, I said to him after his fine speech, "Paul, in the game tomorrow with the Detroit Lions, I am going to give you a job to do. And I'll be out there to check up on you. Will you catch one forward pass for me, and run for a touchdown?"

Paul took me seriously, as indeed I meant he should. "The Lions are plenty tough," he said, "but I reckon I can do that if I make up my mind to it." Did he? Well, the Lions won by the score of 40 to 7, but those seven St. Louis points came from a forward pass caught by Mr. Moss and his long run to the goal line.

This let me be to the end of the day,
As willing to work as I'm willing to play;
Eager to triumph but willing to take
The blows of the battle for Victory's sake.

THIS WAY UP

Let me be friendly and let me be fair,
Asking no more than I'm willing to spare.

Here's how I'd live to the end of the day:
Strong for the duties that fall in my way;
Ready to labor, full muscled and fit,
But still in good humor to chuckle a bit.
Let my thoughts when trudging the street
Give me good heart for whatever I meet.

Lord, give me courage and pity and mirth,
And all that is needful to live upon earth;
Let me with tolerance honor all creeds,
Let me remember that every path leads
Somebody homeward to peace and to rest,
Grant me the wisdom to LIVE AT MY BEST.

No, I cannot tell you the author of those lines. Like many another good thing, it was probably written by some busy man who felt the urge to pass along his philosophy for getting the most out of life. But it is wisdom to live and work at our best. There is no fun in doing a sloppy job—no fun to be anything *less* than we are capable of being. Only the weaklings and the chisellers are content with above-par performance. And, poor fools that they are, often work harder to find alibis for their inefficiency than they would have to work doing a good job.

“BUT I COME EASY—SHE’S NOT SO BAD”

My friend, Frances Minaker, librarian for the Dartnell Corporation in Chicago, tells in one of her magazine articles about one day in January when the bad-weather alibi was perfect for Chicago salesmen. One look out the window at the raging blizzard made many a chap hop back into his warm bed for an all-morning snooze.

But, Frances, you take the microphone, and tell the rest of the story. Here she is, folks—Mrs. Minaker talking:

"But one salesman who reaches our office every morning at 10:30 was on time as usual, quite unperturbed by the weather. His name is Tony, and he speaks with an Italian accent. Tony sells fruit—the biggest, juiciest oranges and apples on the market. Never a bad one among the lot! His huge basket laden with fruit, candy, and nuts is a pretty thing to see, and Tony himself is always cheerful.

"Yes, Tony was on time with his basket and he did a good business (as he probably figured, for Tony is smart), because no one was in any humor for a jaunt into the storm-swept streets for lunch. Perhaps Tony did not have far to come—no? As Tony tells it, 'Where I live, she is pretty far out. But I come easy—she's not so bad.'

"Tony is a southsider which, in Chicago, means living about four to eight miles to the Loop, which in turn is from four to eight miles to the north side, where Tony sells. 'Why don't you sell on the south side, Tony, where you live?' we asked. 'Where I live, no big offices. In the Loop, too many restaurants. So I come where business is always.'

"Yes, Tony is a good salesman. He knows his goods, they look attractive, he goes where he can find business, and he is *always* on the job. Tony wouldn't know an alibi if it came walking toward him."

Okeh, Mrs. Minaker. That is a good story. We thank you for it. Tony was dependable. Tony's performance was as good one day as the next. Tony's job was to be there at ten-thirty—and there he was in all kinds of weather. Seems to me Tony resembled the all-American. They were both at their best—*all* the time.

Have you ever observed the knife-thrower in a country circus? You know the act. A girl stands in front of a board, while he throws wicked looking knives all around her body.

The girl must be his wife, because no one else would take such chances. I don't know how sharp the knives actually are, but it wouldn't do the "little woman" any good if he happened to develop a wild streak. No, indeed, her husband must *maintain a perfect standard of performance* every day. He can't be on the beam one day, and off the next.

In the old days of clipper ships, the hardest job for a sailor was to go aloft in a storm. It was easy enough when the sea was calm, just as good performance on *your* job is easy when things are running smoothly. But storm or no storm, up the sailor had to go, for the tradition of his job was, "Growl you may, but GO you must."

It is *not* easy to always practice as you mean to play—*not* easy to carry a huge basket of fruit in a blizzard—*not* easy to throw knives a thousand times and never miss the mark—*not* easy to keep plugging on a job at your very best, all the time. Often your spirit is still willing, but your flesh is weak. You are tired. You have a bad cold. Your wife is in the hospital. You are tempted to "coast" just a little. But always before you is a standard of performance that you cannot shirk. GROWL YOU MAY, BUT GO YOU MUST.

A QUESTION OF VALUES

As we pause to contemplate all the thousands and thousands of men and women who are fighting to win success in business, the problem seems to reduce itself to one simple question: what do you really want, and how much are you willing to pay for it? Thus, you face a comparison of values—the values *you* place on the rewards that hard work will bring you.

Unfortunately, you cannot have all the cake and eat it

too. There are so many things in life to which human beings attach importance, ranging from a ringside seat at the next wrestling match to the growing of roses in your garden, from the reading of a detective story to the mastery of a difficult textbook which might be helpful in your planned career. All of the things that you *might* want are in competition for your time and effort. Some, from my point of view, are more worth having than others. Some have no real value at all. But it is not my point of view that counts. *You* are the one to decide whether or not a certain accomplishment or thing to be possessed is *worth* the time and effort.

The hermit, for example, would consider it a sheer waste of time to read a book on how to win friends and influence human behavior. A girl in training to become a nurse could hardly be induced to take a night-school course in public speaking. A young man who knows he will inherit a pot full of money may be too lazy to go to college, or flunk out if he does. There would appear to be no point in a doctor enrolling for a correspondence course in engineering, nor for an engineer to study medicine.

It all boils down to the individual, and the valuation *he* places on the million and one ways he can use his precious allotment of time. Some men are *content* with a weekly wage which provides food, shelter, and clothing, and leaves a portion for amusement. Playing poker, seeing the motion pictures, sitting in the beer parlor around the corner, reading both the morning and evening newspapers word for word, or any one of a thousand similar things, may be valued higher than some more constructive use of their time.

One man I know spends hours and hours on a miniature railway system which runs on the attic floor. Another is a

stamp collector, and that hobby takes most of his spare time. Okeh! Even though the same hours devoted to self-improvement would seem to be a more profitable investment, we have no right to criticize since every man cuts his own pattern of values, presumably with his eyes open and well aware that the doing of one thing prevents the doing of another.

Certainly, I do not believe that the mere acquisition of money can be called the highest form of success. Far from it. Too often you see good men warped and spoiled when their greed for gold is gratified. They become selfish, ruthless, turn against their own friends. Money is only a means to an end. The test of a man's fitness to *have* money is *how* he uses it. But it does seem a pity that any human being should piddle away his time on inconsequential trifles, when he might be preparing for outstanding accomplishment in some higher form of activity.

Still, what right have I to throw stones? When I think of the hours I have wasted, my face is red. But our sense of values reaches a higher level as we grow older. The young folks attach greater importance to inconsequential pleasures. They fling their time to the winds like drunken sailors. Thus, we have an unhappy paradox of life—we are never so wise as when the sun begins to set. When we learn the better uses of time, there is little or none of it left to use. Perhaps it was so intended.

Be that as it may, you are the appraiser. If one objective demands more time and effort than you are willing to give—forget it. "He who would have the fruit must climb the tree," says an old Chinese proverb. If the tree is too tall, look for a shorter one. If you prefer to not climb at all, that too is strictly *your* decision to make.

HIS LIVER SQUEEZER

Since the fullest attainment of any prize we reach for demands total good health, I have observed that many business leaders, and leaders in other walks of life, set aside a certain amount of time each day to keep their bodies "fit." This, of course, is only common sense. Too many people die of heart failure in middle age because their appraisal of health importance is too low.

In this connection, William H. Danforth, in a New Year Message to his employees, once told the following true story.

"Setting up exercises morning and night are my daily program. I don't like exercising, but I do WANT HEALTH. One morning in the washroom of a sleeper going east, I was taking my 'liver squeezer' and other exercises when a fat man, weighing over two hundred, with a tummy like a German goiter, came in. I stopped because there was hardly room for him and my exercises too.

"He moved over to the corner and said, 'Don't stop. Go right ahead. I want to see you do 'em.' So I finished my exercises, and he commented, 'Don't that beat you? Well, if I would take 'em I wouldn't be carrying this around'—then with a sigh, 'but I *won't*.'

"Like many others, he wanted results without paying the price."

Liver squeezer or fat tummy? The fat fellow on that train appreciated the value of those exercises, but his appraisal was too low to inspire action. He had as much time to spare that morning as did Mr. Danforth, but he valued the pleasure of doing nothing—if that can be a pleasure—higher than the pleasure of possessing a flat tummy.

In the same New Year Message, Mr. Danforth also tells

of a young man who came to him with a personal problem. "Why don't I get along faster? I am intelligent, willing to work, and ambitious," he said, "but I am not getting ahead." Then he confessed that he wanted to get married.

"Let's analyze your wants," Mr. Danforth said. "You want to get ahead and you want to get married." Then, because he noticed that the young man looked tired and underweight, he asked, "How much sleep are you getting?"

The young man answered rather sheepishly, "Not enough, I suspect. My girl friend and I like to go to the movies, and we play bridge a couple of nights a week. We have a lot of friends who invite us to parties, and we are very fond of dancing. To be honest, we don't get enough sleep."

So naturally Mr. Danforth said, "Well, the first thing I would advise for any ambitious fellow and his girl would be plenty of sleep. Why not set yourselves a rigid rule of eight hours' sleep a night?"

The young man did some mental figuring. He realized what a drastic change this would mean in his bedtime. "I couldn't do that," he said frankly.

"That young man," comments Mr. Danforth, "wanted pleasure more than he wanted advancement. He paid for pleasure, but was it worth the price for the long pull? He thought he wanted to get ahead and to be married, but his program indicated that he wanted his fun a lot more."

Don't you see—*competition!* Always, competition for your time! In the case of the young man, movies, bridge, parties, competing against eight hours' sleep every night. Pleasure *vs.* advancement! He chose pleasure, which was his privilege. Of course, the valuation of marrying the girl was overlooked. But who knows? Perhaps she valued the

pleasures as highly as he did. Young squirts in love seldom have long-pull vision.

Getting eight hours' sleep every night is a matter of persistent performance—a *price to pay* in your planned career. Whether or not you deem it worth while to pay that price is a horse of a different color. *You* are the jockey.

A friend of mine in a midwestern city has a fine tenor voice and exceptional dramatic ability. Many people tell him he should be on Broadway or in Hollywood. There is no question that he would succeed in either place. Sometimes, we have talked about a professional career, and his eyes shine with the fervor of a suppressed desire. He *wants* to do it.

But he also wants to stay in his home city, where he has many friends. He isn't married, and he enjoys as much as anyone I know the fellowship of those friends. He is torn between the craving to make the most of his talents and the love of his home-town activities. But time goes on while he weighs the one value against the other. He will soon be thirty-five. He will not have the privilege of choosing much longer.

Shall we criticize his indecision? No. He is the appraiser. He must decide whether or not the *gain* of a professional career would be worth more to him than what he would *lose*.

The case of "Bud" is somewhat different. He came direct from college to a company where opportunities to advance are as numerous as the stars in Heaven. A young giant—handsome, strong, likable! His personality was warm and magnetic—he seemed destined to lead. It made us all feel good just to hear him laugh. We said he was a "natural" for selling, and soon indeed he got his chance in

the sales department. Selling seemed to be "Bud's" greatest potential ability.

But ability alone will not make a great salesman. There is a price to pay in preparation, in hard-fisted performance every day on the job. That price "Bud" would not pay.

Girls were his weakness. There were things he needed to learn about the company products, and how to sell them, but on his scale he weighed higher an evening with a blonde than an evening of study. We had a company rule against mixing love and business, but "Bud" was having too good a time to bother about that. He was still the wolf of the campus, running wild in the office. He *could* have been an outstanding salesman. Instead, he got his walking papers. The last I heard of him, he was down and out. His sense of values had been distorted. He *had* what he didn't care to *use*.

The following paragraph from *The Better Way* must have been inspired by some other young man similar to "Bud." He is often encountered in business. The man who yields to every impulse of the moment will find out sooner or later that he has sold his birthright at a cheaper price. The present is not for everything.

The man who sticks has the sense to see
He can make himself what he wants to be,
If he'll off with his coat and pitch right in,
Why the man who sticks can't help but win.

—CHARLES R. BARRETT

IT GROWS ON YOU

From all that has been said about it, you may be thinking that HARD WORK—driving, driving, driving—is a terrible ordeal. But cheer up. It isn't nearly as bad as some have painted it.

The queer thing about working on a problem is that the deeper you dig, the more interesting it is likely to become. The more you give to a job, the more it seems to *give back* to you. And that's no spoofing! You work and work and work—until all of a sudden working becomes a pleasant habit. Maybe, that's why *being your best* every day is more fun than alternate periods of loafing and spurting. Somehow, when loafing, you have the uncomfortable feeling that you are cheating somebody. Yes, *cheating yourself*.

At least, that's what the "big shots" tell me. Work, they say, breeds the desire to work some more. You start out lukewarm, and then you begin to burn—like having a fever. There's nothing harder, they tell me, than *not* to work—like sitting around and trying to look busy when there isn't enough to do.

By Jove, I check with that. The most miserable job I ever had was with a company in New Orleans. They gave me a desk, a good salary, and a few little dabs of work to do. Maybe, I was to blame in not *finding* more to do. Maybe, the bosses wanted to see if I had that much initiative. But all I remember is that on that job I spent six horrible months. My biggest chore was trying to appear busy when one of the bosses came past my desk. Did you ever have a job like that? Finally, I resigned—went to work with another company at two-thirds the salary. There they piled the work on me. I regained my self-respect. It was a heck of a lot more fun.

Of course, the peewecs and the softies are saying this is crazy talk. *Work can't be fun*. Do only as much as you must to "get by"—take it easy. That makes the work stretch out longer, or it gives jobs to more people. Is that what they mean by "share the work"? Or is it share the loafing?

No fooling, I'd feel sorry for myself if I were that lazy. Wouldn't you? I'd go out and look at the moon and *howl*.

Charles F. Kettering put these boys who are afraid of work in their proper place when he said: "When a man says, 'This is a difficult job,' he really means, 'I am a soft drill on a hard piece of steel.'"

You can have the soft job if you think it's any fun. I'd be like a glass of jelly if I didn't have something to keep me busy. I've been working a long time and wouldn't know how to stop. Bless your heart, I don't *want* to stop. And don't shed any tears about that either. I'm just mean enough to hope that any young man who craves to succeed gets the same WORK HABIT. In fact, he'll *have* to get it or else!

UP AND DOWN THE STREET AGAIN

There was a young man named Billy. And he had red hair! And a stout heart! And freckles! And a nice grin!

He came to the company direct from high school—with the queer idea that a job was something to FINISH. Can you imagine a kid with such a big idea? He was really too young to be a salesman, but that was his heart's desire. So the president gave him a bag of samples and sat back to see how long he would last.

His first day was spent in a Missouri town in which there were fourteen prospects. It was one of those places with all the stores and houses mostly on one long street. So Billy lugged his heavy bag up one side and back the other. Whenever he came to a name on his list, he went inside and tried to sell feed. His objective was to get enough orders here and there to make up a pool-car shipment for that town. By one o'clock on that steaming hot day, Billy finally got an order for fifty bags of chicken feed. That was fine ex-

cept that the dealer who gave him the order was the *last* prospect—and fifty bags were far short of a carload.

But there was nothing Billy could do about it. He had seen all of his prospects. Nothing? You agree to that? Well, Billy didn't. He started up the street again, and to each of the dealers he had failed to sell the first time, he said, "Listen, will you buy just a few bags to help me complete my pool-car?"

Was it that redhead's cheerful grin? Was it his persistence in trying a second time? I don't know. But at the end of the second round, just about twilight, Billy *had* the carload. Hot day? You bet! Hard work? Must have been! But the job was FINISHED. And Billy was no flash in the pan. He went on from day to day—his own self, at his very best, all the time. Billy became sales manager. Billy became vice-president.

You know, that *could* happen to you. If you are not too soft to go up and down a long street *twice*—lugging a heavy bag—on a hot summer day.

HE CLIMBED THROUGH THE TRANSOM

Maybe it's a locked door that is stopping you. If that is so, then listen to the story I once read of salesman John E. Tinker.

John was a student at West Point when his health broke. He went back to the hills of his native Vermont until he felt strong enough to work. Then on a Saturday afternoon he arrived at the New York office of the Osborne Company, looking for a job. He could hear people talking inside, but the door was locked. Unable to make himself heard, and determined not to leave without an interview, he climbed through the transom—and *got the job*.

Later, when hot on the trail of a sales quota set for himself, he was marooned in a small town with a case of measles. The doctor ordered him to bed. Promptly, he had a telephone installed, and there in quarantine, he kept his sales going. Another time, a train was wrecked on which John Tinker was riding. He was told that it would be several hours before the train could start going again. There was a good excuse—not an alibi—for doing nothing. No one riding a train is responsible if it stands still. But John went through the cars and talked to the passengers. By the end of the day, he had his usual volume of sales. He proved that orders can be secured wherever people can be found. You see, that day his prospects had nothing else to do but listen.

When salesman John Tinker died, the president of his company paid him this tribute, "He had the only recipe for sales success—the *will to win*."

The will to win! We have talked about that. Perhaps, even now you are standing in front of a locked door—some obstacle in your planned career. Is it something insurmountable? No, not with the will to win. You can still climb through the transom.

The good thing about a *truth* is that it may be spoken in any period of time, and live on to inspire human achievement. Such are the words, written a good many years ago by William J. Lempton, New York newspaper editor and reporter.

Y-e-s,
I am OPPORTUNITY.

But, say, young man,
Don't wait for me
To come to you;
You buckle down
To win your crown,
And work with head
And heart and hands,
As does the man
Who understands
That those who wait,
Expecting some reward from fate,
Or luck—to call it so—
Sit always in the 'way-back row.

And yet
You must not let
Me get away when I show up.
The golden cup
Is not for him who stands,
With folded hands,
Expecting me
To serve his inactivity.

I serve the active mind,
The ready hand,
The seeing eye,
That sees me passing by,
And takes from me
The good I hold.

For every spirit—
Strong and bold—
He does not wait
On fate
Who seizes me.

For I am Fortune,
Luck, and Fate—
The cornerstone
Of what is great
In man's accomplishment.
But I am none of these
To him who does not seize;
I must be caught,
If any good is wrought
Out of the treasures I possess.

Oh, yes,
I am OPPORTUNITY:
I am great,
I'm sometimes late,
But do not wait
For me.

WORK ON,
WATCH ON,
Good hands, good heart,
And some day you will see
Out of your effort rising—
OPPORTUNITY!

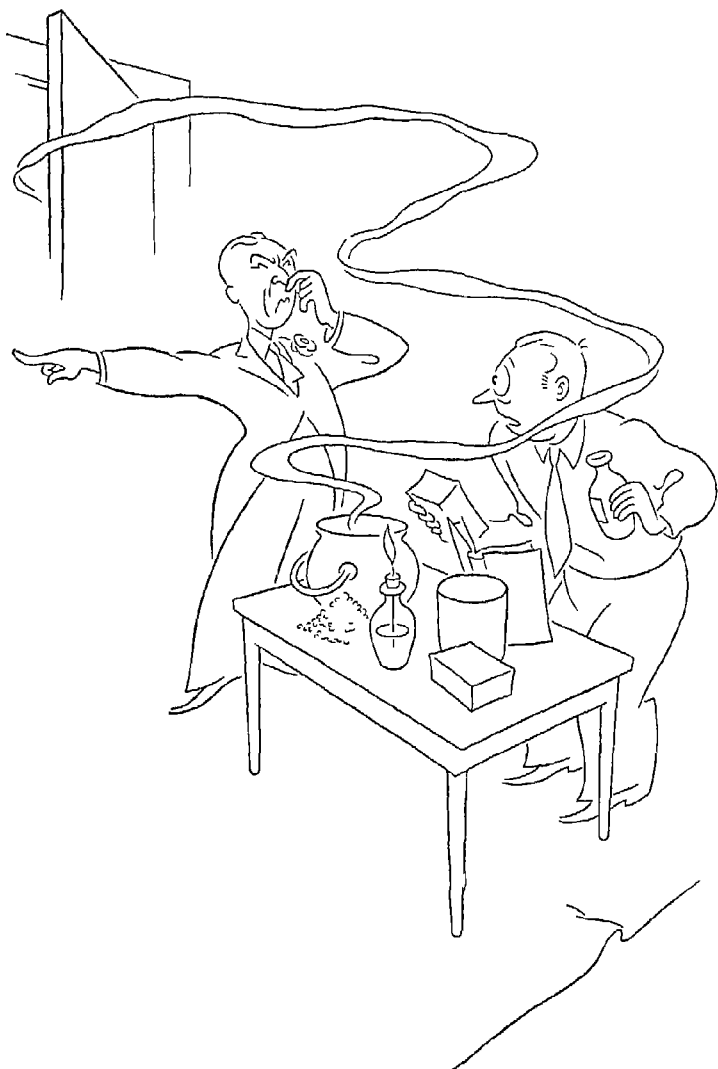
The Sunshine of Life

OF ALL the things we live for, the greatest is HAPPINESS. No one likes to be miserable. Life is a mixture of light and shadow, but even when we walk through the night, our load is lightened by the thought of tomorrow's rising sun. Unfortunately, many of our troubles are imaginary—the result of the wrong mental attitude toward human relationships, and particularly toward our work. Thus do we set up unnecessary barriers between ourselves and that which we seek. Billy B. Van calls it “the sunshine of life.”

Sometime, at the library or your bookstore, I want you to get a copy of a little book by Billy, called *Snap Out of It*. It's a priceless thing, and will do you more good than a cage of monkeys. Beginning on page 36, you will find the story of the three depressions in Billy's life—he calls them “lemons.” If you can read that story without a mental and spiritual uplift, then there's something wrong with you—you have forgotten how to laugh.

If you don't know Billy B. Van, ask your dad about him. Years ago, he was a famous comedian, whose salary was a thousand dollars a week. “Huh,” you may say, “why wouldn't he be happy, making all that money.” But don't fool yourself. Life has never been a bed of roses for Billy.

In the heyday of his career, he was forced off the stage by tuberculosis—spent fifteen weeks in a little country hotel,



When he should have been asleep.

waging the first round in a battle against Death. There have been many rounds since. On the stage to work a while—back in the hills of New Hampshire to regain his health!

There, in those hills, he was inspired by a wonderful idea—to find some way to carry the aroma of the pine woods from New Hampshire to all places where people might enjoy it as much as he did. What was something that everybody used, and to which might be added the perfume of the pine? He decided it would be soap. Wouldn't it be swell if a man could wash his face and hands, and at the same time enjoy this invigorating aroma?

The experts said it couldn't be done—the blow that ends many a good idea. But Billy had learned to laugh at obstacles—he was too dumb to believe what the experts said. For ten cents he bought a book, *Chemistry at a Glance*, and after his performances he became a "research man" in whatever hotel he happened to be staying. There, with a brass kettle, some animal fats, caustic soda, and an alcohol lamp he sent so many odors through the corridors that many an irate manager came to berate this crazy clown who had no more sense than to fool with chemistry when he should have been asleep.

I won't go on with the story, but you have guessed how it ended. Yes, Billy found the way, and maybe you have enjoyed in your own home or at some hotel the seductive aroma of Pine Tree Soap. Shame on the "experts" and the small fry who say ideas are impossible! Can't you hear all those men in their graves, chuckling at the thought of Billy B. Van, who went to work when the know-it-all boys said "it couldn't be done"—Columbus, Fulton, Pasteur, the Wright brothers, and all the others who walked through the same fog of ridicule?

Yes, Billy had his ups and downs, but I doubt if a happier man ever lived. When I feel grumpy and my little soul is doused in a stench of discouragement, do you know what I do? Why, I step over to the wall where Billy's picture hangs. I look at that wide grin—the most contagious grin ever seen on face of man—and I read the inscription, "To my good friend, L. E. Frailey, I wish the sunshine of life." And presto! All my gloom is gone. Thank you, Billy. You'll never know how many times you have given me a lift. How many, many lives you must have touched with your sunshine of life!

A PINT OF MOLASSES

Robert Louis Stevenson—another great soul who refused to be embittered by adversity—said: "It is better to find a happy man than a five-pound note." You might not agree to that, but surely you would rather live and work with jolly, optimistic people than those who go about with long faces—who snap at you and never seem to have any fun. It seems like only common sense to me that any man should endeavor to *like* his job, and that means also liking those with whom he works.

The average man spends about one third of his week-day in bed, and another third on his job. What benefit does he create for himself by being unhappy about the work he has to do? And certainly, he isn't benefiting anybody else. "Can't help it on this old job," you say. "You would gripe, too, if you had to do what I do every day."

"Oh, I don't know about that! I have never been one to inflict needless punishment on myself. The more you worry about things that can't be helped, the worse those things become in your own mind. I don't suppose there is *any*

kind of work that doesn't have a bad side—disagreeable details to handle, personalities to meet that rub our hair the wrong way.

Of course, if you are absolutely convinced that you will never like what you are doing, there is only one remedy. Quit it. Why should anybody work where he simply cannot be happy? It isn't fair to the man who pays your wages—it isn't fair to yourself. You can't possibly do your best, win promotion, carry out your planned career, without enthusiasm. And Enthusiasm and Gloom are total strangers. They have nothing in common, and would never get along together in your own mind.

So don't look for sympathy if you are unhappy on the job. This isn't Russia, where you would be told what job to do, and have to stay put. Work some place where you *can* be happy. If no such place exists, then look for a little island where you can live apart from the world. There's no room in society for a man who can't find happiness in anything.

But before you go, why not be *sure* none of the trouble is within yourself, rather than within your job? It is possible, you know, to *think* unhappiness into reality. Lincoln once said that a pint of molasses catches more flies than a barrel of vinegar. And a pint of *right* thoughts will catch more contentment than a barrel of *wrong* thoughts. The more a fellow gripes about his work, the more he develops the *habit* of griping. Eventually, he gets so darned sorry for himself that his whole perspective toward life is a crazy combination of imaginary insults and annoyances.

Sure, I can understand that. I remember one day particularly when I was a salesman for a New Orleans food broker. The job took a lot of leg work, and many of the grocers down there were foreigners who had not learned

the rules of polite society. At times, they made me mad enough to chew nails.

This day, I had crossed the river to Algiers, and, after several hours in the hot sun, calling on retailers seemed like the lowest form of human activity. I hadn't written a single order, and I was having a swell time being sorry for myself. Then I heard a voice saying, "Don't you need a *good* pencil, sir?"

I looked down, and there on the sidewalk was a fellow without any legs, pushing himself on a hand-made contraption on roller skates. I hate to admit it, but my first impulse was to say, "No, don't bother me." Then I noticed that his face was wreathed with a big smile, and there was a twinkle in his eye which seemed mighty gay and inviting.

"All right, I could use a couple," I told him, as his eyes got even snappier. "Say, you look awful happy for such a hot day."

"Yes sir," he said, "I feel good most of the time. The weather doesn't bother me so long as I can get around in it." Then, noticing my brief case, "I guess you are a salesman, too."

"That's right," I replied.

"It's fun, isn't it?" Then, with a clatter, he pushed off down the street.

Made me ashamed of myself, he did. If a fellow with that handicap could be happy selling pencils, what kind of a "heel" was I to be complaining? It takes a few experiences like that to make a man out of a mouse—to make him see his job as it really is.

If you would meet a happy man,
Go find the fellow who
Has had a bout with trouble grim,
And just come smiling through.

IS IT TO MAKE MONEY?

What's the biggest incentive to happiness on our jobs? Is it the money you get? Well, some seem to think so, and we won't blame them too much. Money is swell when you need it, and I have never been behind the door when any was to be passed out. But there are other compensations just as important. The fellow who is concentrating the whole of his being on a long-pull success program can scarcely afford to think only of the money he receives. That's putting the cart ahead of the horse.

No executive ever has said, "I'll raise your salary from two thousand to four thousand—now give this company four thousand dollars worth of your time and effort." You give of yourself *first*, and the reward will follow automatically. Each job you hold is a hurdle in the lane. Take it, and you are ready for another. The money made is a by-product of the service you render. More service—more money!

Did Henry Ford say, "I want to be one of the world's richest men, so I'll invent a buggy that doesn't need a horse"?

Not so. He had a shed and some tools and an idea which became an obsession. His time wouldn't stretch. He wished the nights and days were longer. Because he worked hard and came up with a horseless buggy which contributed to the happiness of mankind, he did become wealthy. But *his* greatest happiness came from seeing his idea become reality.

Was Schwab worried about making a fortune when he worked twelve hours a day in the steel mills of Pennsylvania? Would he have become the great leader of the steel industry had he said to himself, "I'm too big for this job, I

must find a way to make more money"? Was Margaret Mitchell dreaming of all the money she would get when she wrote *Gone with the Wind*? No, that would have spoiled the book. The manuscript was stolen bit by bit out of the time of a busy housewife. She had a plot in her head that wouldn't be still. No doubt the money that came later surprised her.

No matter what jobs you and I may be holding, there is *work to be done*—a service to be rendered. Catching the vision of that service adds zest to our labors. And that, I sincerely believe, is the real secret of happiness!

A few years ago, the company with which I then was associated lost two of its best "salesmen." I call them that, even though they didn't wear trousers, and never wrote an order. They were so happy in their work, it would have made you feel good to see them. But, of course, eventually they both left to get married. Girls as sweet as they were can't seem to miss the altar.

Jean was a telephone operator. Only her voice came in contact with the public. But how the public loved it. She had a cheerful, friendly way of speaking that warmed the hearts of those who listened. Folks said to us, "That's a darned nice girl you have on the switchboard. Who is she?"

Now a lot of telephone operators no doubt think their work is tiresome. They just sit all day and plug in the calls. From the way some of their voices snap at me, I think the job must get on their nerves. No doubt they go home and talk about the abuse they take. You can't exactly blame them. But not Jean. She *liked* her job. And that must have made it easier.

Elva, the other "salesman," held court at the information desk. Hers was certainly a job to wear thin the threads of

patience. People coming, going, all the time—often hot and bothered! They had to sit and twiddle their thumbs until they could get an audience. Folks don't like to wait, but Elva had the knack of making the ordeal less monotonous. They liked to talk to Elva, because she seemed to like to talk to them. She knew how to make people feel at home. Her smiling, happy personality was a great asset to the company. She, too, *liked* her job.

It must be difficult to keep happy, running an elevator. Up and down—down and up—what a small world to work in! I always try to speak pleasantly to elevator operators—I guess because I pity them. "Nice and cool in here," I said to a girl yesterday who really was getting a break on a very hot day. "That's what *you* think," she snorted with a glare which made me eager to get out of that cage before she bit me.

But one of the happiest workers I ever have known was an elevator operator. I think he told me one time he was eighty years old. That was a mistake. He meant eighty years *young*. I remember him at one Christmas party, dancing a jig with the president. They were just a couple of kids, squeezing some fun out of life.

There was something wonderful to behold in the way that young kid ran his elevator. He was the host, and the people he carried were his honored guests. He took them for pleasant little trips to upper floors. He brought them safely back. They were made to feel he was very glad to have them ride with him. He, too, was a salesman of goodwill, because he *liked* his job.

Yesterday, two trucks stopped in front of our house—both carried parcels from department stores. I answered the doorbell each time. One of the drivers was a surly

rascal. Maybe he had quarreled with his wife that morning, or played the wrong number. But it was plain to see he did not like his job. With a scowl, he almost threw the package at me. I heard him curse a helper as he drove away. The other driver was whistling when I got to the door. He handed me two packages so carefully that they might have been lifted from some golden treasure chest. "From Lazarus," he said with a big smile. No guesswork about *his* job! He *likes* it.

Like what you do. Even if it hurts, *like* it . . . *like* it . . . *like* it. Do that, and you'll surely be happier. And people will run to say good things about you! "Good things," you know never hurt a fellow who is trying to get ahead. What's that old saying? "Laugh and the world laughs with you—weep and" . . . you finish it.

HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW

Once I stopped at a desk where a young man was cutting cardboard along dotted lines.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Cutting," he replied without looking up.

That tickled my funny bone. "Yes, I can see you are cutting," I said, "but *why* are you doing it?"

"Don't know the reason," he told me flatly.

By then I had one of the large sheets in my hands. It seemed to be a photostat of several sheets of sales records.

"Looks to me," I told him, "as if these cards you are making will be sent to our salesmen. Probably they will help them get repeat orders."

He said nothing, so I gave him a gentle prod. "What do *you* think?"

"Well, I don't know," he said in a tone that implied I

should mind my own business, "I'm just supposed to cut 'em."

Pathetic, wasn't it? The young man was doing a job that would be helpful to the sales department. He was a cog in the plan to develop more orders. Had he known the "WHY" of his work, it would have taken on a new interest. But he was "just cutting."

Nothing done in business is without reason. Your job may appear unimportant to you, but that may be because you don't understand its relation to the company program. If you *did* know, wouldn't you "see more sense in it"—wouldn't you like it better? Knowing WHY of a job is the first step toward liking it. *Not* knowing can't help but destroy interest.

A few years ago, when Red Grange was scoring touchdowns for Illinois, there was another fellow in the backfield who as much as any man on the team contributed to Red's success. He didn't get the glory, but in his own heart he must have been thrilled by the job he was doing. "I help to shake Red loose. I block tacklers out of his path. There he goes again. I'm back here on the ground. But I knocked off two men who might have had him. Ah, touchdown! *My* touchdown too!"

Yes, Earl Britton knew the *reason* behind his job. He didn't mind who took the ball over the goal line, not as long as he knew he helped to get it there. And that made him a hard-hitting, savage, relentless blocker—one of the best in Big Ten football. Knowing *why* makes any job interesting—in football or in business. And of course, all the other men on that team had their assignments. Red was truly great, but it takes eleven men to win a game.

It's the same in your company. No matter what you are

doing—sorting mail, typing letters, writing ads, operating a machine, keeping records, shipping orders, selling—your work is part of the whole. No job can ever be “just cutting.” All jobs have some relation to the great *plan* which makes the business a success. You are not—and never need to be—a Joker in the deck. Even the deuce can be an important card, and often it trumps a trick.

But there are two types of workers; those content to plod along asking no questions, and not bothering to know the reason for what they do, and those who see themselves as cogs in a giant wheel whose action may be retarded if one single part fails to function efficiently. To the latter, no work need be dull, or dry, or seem unimportant.

THREE MEN ON A JOB

There's an old, old story which never loses its punch in the retelling. It reminds me of what I am, or can be. It gives me purpose for living—working.

The great fire of 1666 destroyed a large part of London, completely gutting the historic cathedral of St. Paul. This misfortune gave Sir Christopher Wren the chance to create a monument to his name that might endure throughout the ages. Many of London's finest buildings were planned by this architect—St. Paul's was the best of them all.

For this glorious work, Sir Christopher Wren was paid less than the present wages of an American laborer, but his work was “not for his own, but for the public good, and will keep bright his fame forever.” So reads his epitaph.

One morning Sir Christopher walked among his workers, although they knew him not. Three times he stopped where men were cutting stone. Three times he asked a question. “My good fellow, just what are you doing?”

The first man answered gruffly, "I am cutting stone."

The second man said, "I am making three shillings a day."

But the third man proudly smiled: "Oh, I am helping Sir Christopher Wren to build this cathedral."

You see, there are three ways to consider your job; the third is the most interesting.

1. You are just cutting a stone.
2. You are making some money.
3. You are part of a great achievement.

The fellow with the scissors belonged to the first group. At least, that was his own evaluation of his job. He didn't know that he was helping to make sales. He didn't know, and he didn't care. Some folks don't *see* what's all about them. A job is a job like a pig is a pig.

One day the late Lorado Taft was sitting with his family on the balcony of their summer home. A little girl of the neighborhood, who had served their supper and had listened to them talk about the beautiful sunset, asked: "Please, may I go home for a few minutes?"

"Why do you want to go home?"

"To show my folks the sunset you have been talking about."

"But they'll see it, won't they?"

"No, they won't, for there is nobody there to *show* them."

Your job? Have you really *seen* it, or have you been plugging along day after day, doing over and over the things you were told to do, tired . . . indifferent . . . blind to where it fits in the Great Plan . . . blind to the help you are giving?

There's another little book it would pay you to read—

Sam's Selling Slants, by Sam Vining. Sam is one of the greatest salesman that ever pounded the pavement. Sam *loves* to sell. His little book simply glows and radiates with enthusiasm for selling. Here's a sample he calls "Cuspidor."

When I was a kid in Celina, Ohio, I worked in a clothing store. I was in charge of the Cuspidor Maintenance Division.

Nineteen BIG BRASS ONES and a little individual one for the back office did then share to prove—"they also seive who only stand and wait."

I "abluted" and supervised the toilet of those babies for weeks before I noticed

That

The bright shiny ones in the center of the aisle, who exposed themselves and looked as if they *enjoyed their work*—got most of the business.

The ones that sulked in out-of-the-way places and hid their shame at their lowly mission in life grew duller each day. They were polished only once a week.

Mr. Bietz chew the parallel for me.

"Son," says he, "if you want to sell things—expose yourself and beam enthusiasm—shine."

Righto, Sam! In business, we need more faces that *shine* with enthusiasm for their work. Who wants to sulk in out-of-the-way places? It's nicer to be in the center of the aisle, with the folks who expose themselves and look as if they enjoy their work. Correction! Who *do* enjoy their work.

We are all blind until we see
That in the human plan,
Nothing is worth the making, if
It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilted goes?
In vain, we build business unless
The builder also grows.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

Business leaders, I believe, agree with that thought. They want their workers to be happy. They enjoy nothing

better than to see an employee find himself, so that he reveals new strength and rises to a position of leadership. How else could a company live beyond a single generation? Any company deserving respect would *rather* promote within the ranks of the organization than to go outside when replacements are needed. Frankly, I would not advise any young man to stay with a company where that is not the policy.

But who would you select for promotion—the man who always has worked cheerfully, doing the best he could and reflecting enthusiasm, or the one who has gone about with the long face, and complained at every opportunity about the nature of his job?

You can answer that one. It's easy.

WHEN THE POT IS CROWDED WITH ROOTS

"I'm standing still," cries the unhappy worker. "I'm up against a stone wall." Sometimes, he is suffering with "antispantis." He's so impatient that it's a wonder he doesn't blow a gasket. This restlessness, the expecting of advancement to a better job before the old one has had a chance to jell, has caused many a worker unnecessary grief. When the condition becomes chronic, the victim loses interest in what he is doing, the level of efficiency is lowered, and he starts to look longingly at distant pastures.

But let's be rational. Why in the world should you, or anyone else, become discouraged because you are not handed a new responsibility as often as the moon changes? A company has very little control over turnover. The openings come as they may—hardly any for a while, and then quite a few all of a sudden. People move, die, leave to work elsewhere, sales increase causing the need of more

workers—but none of these happenings are fixed or predictable. If you like your work, if you feel you hold the respect of your superiors, WORK ON with patience. Your chance will come, perhaps, when you least expect it.

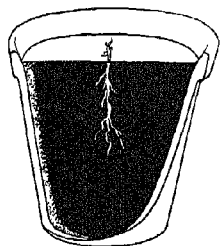
Once I sent for a college chap to report to my desk. He had been with us about a year, and I had good news for him. But he beat me to the draw. "Mr. Frailey," he began before I could edge in a word, "I have decided there is no future for me with this company, so I'm quitting." I could see that he had a chip on his shoulder as big as a log, plus an air of supreme satisfaction. Probably, he thought the company was about to suffer a great loss. He was sure we *deserved* it.

"Come, come, Frank," I remonstrated, "don't you think you are being a little hasty?"

"Not at all," he replied haughtily. "You don't seem to realize I've been around this *dump* for a whole year, and never have had a promotion."

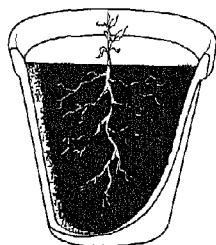
Poor, poor, deluded lad! That cooked his goose. I gave him two weeks' salary and my blessing. What he didn't know was that he had missed the boat by about one second. Had I been able to speak first, it would have been to tell him of the better job we had planned to give him. Yes, he missed by one second and one *word*. Any young man who could call his place of work a "dump" and mean it certainly had no right to stay there.

Maybe I am old-fashioned, but it seems to me that the time a fellow should start worrying about a *new* job is when he has *exhausted all the possibilities* of the *old* one. You might call that proving his right to promotion. You know, getting a better job is something like what happens when a seed is planted in a flower pot.



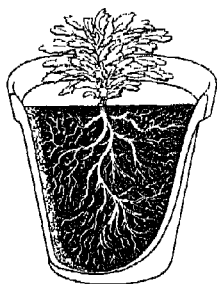
Like this pot, for example. It's full of good, rich soil, and there's the root just getting a start. The root stands for YOU, or any other ambitious young fellow, beginning on a new job. The soil represents the possibilities offered by this job—the good work you mean to do. As you can plainly see, the root is now using only a small part of the soil. There is plenty of room for the root to expand—time for you to labor on without worrying about a bigger pot.

Okch! Now for the second episode—same scene and same root. But it has grown considerably. Even so, there is still an abundance of unused soil—still no reason why the plant should be moved to a bigger pot. Remember, YOU are that root, which means you have been working quite a



while on the same job. Maybe you are getting restless. But why? What reason have you to complain, or to be unhappy, until *all* the possibilities of that soil have been exhausted?

Good boy! Now the story reaches the climax. The roots



have filled every inch of available soil. Just as the florist would know it is now time to move the plant, so does the company know you are *ready* for advancement. You may have to wait a while until the opening develops, but don't worry—the “ready to move” ticket has been placed after your name. You squeezed all that could be

squeezed out of the old job. So, good news, my friend. "THIS WAY UP."

DAT OL' BUTTONS DOG

All right. There is no need to stretch a rubber band until it breaks. You either recognize the importance of *liking* what you do for a living—or you don't. As the old saying goes, "you can take a horse to the trough, but you can't make him drink." You must formulate your own philosophy toward your job. Nobody can do it for you. Nobody has the *right* to do it.

Nevertheless, I *know* that thoughts are *things*. They lead us up or down, and by our own mental attitude is largely determined what we shall or shall not accomplish. It's like a two-edged sword. What we *like* we *do well*. What we *do well* we *like*. Babe Ruth *liked* to play baseball. Les Horvath *liked* to play football. Edison *liked* to work in his laboratory. Firestone *liked* to make tires. I don't suppose there ever was, or ever will be, an outstanding achievement which was not generated by enthusiasm for the effort.

To *not* like your work is treason to yourself—sabotage of all the good that is in you—betrayal of the talents which God intended you should use.

It's important—terribly important—but *you'll* have to think it through.

Listen now to the story told by a great business leader—how he went hunting in the South.

"We were down in the South where there are a lot of birds. There was a very wealthy man from the North, another from Georgia, and a farmer from Alabama. The man from the North arrived with a chauffeur, and in a second car he had four dogs. The man from Georgia had six dogs

in a trailer. The farmer came in a Ford, with what might be called a pointer sitting with him on the front seat. This dog had knobby little ears, a club tail, and a most woe-begone expression in his eyes.

"The man from the North selected a setter named Joe, and the man from Georgia chose a pointer named Lady. They warned the guides that these two dogs were good—that they would have difficulty in keeping up with them.

"Just before we got on our horses, the farmer said, 'Do y'all mind if I let ol' Buttons, my dog, come along? He ain't gonna git in the way.' So we said, 'Yes, old Buttons could come. Then Joe and Lady were unleashed, and away they shot. Old Buttons just trotted to the top of a rise. He stood there for a minute and surveyed the country, then he dropped over the brow. We four hunters were jogging along, half way to the rise, when one of the guides shouted, 'Point!'

" 'Joe or Lady?' called the man from the North.

" 'It's dat ol' Buttons dog,' said the negro.

"We kicked up the covey and shot it. On our horses once more, we were riding along when the guide shouted, 'Point!'

" 'Joe or Lady?' asked the man from Georgia.

" 'It's dat ol' Buttons dog,' replied the negro.

"The next covey was the same. And the next. Before lunch, we found eight coveys of birds and dat ol' Buttons dog had six to his credit. After lunch, it was the same; hunting against a fresh brack of dogs, old Buttons still found the birds.

"As we were riding back I pulled my horse alongside the farmer. 'How does he do it?' I asked.

" 'Well,' said the farmer in his quiet way, 'I reckon as how ol' Buttons just don't waste a lot of time showing off.

He picks out the places birds are likely to be, and he goes there. You see, he sort of maps out what to do next, and then he does it. I reckon as how dat ol' Buttons dog just *likes to hunt!* "

Are you trying to climb where the chosen are, where the feet of men are few? Do you long for a job that's worth one's while? Well, here's a thought for you.

The pots of gold at the rainbow's end are sought by the teeming mob, but the fairies who guard them choose as friend the man who loves his job. It isn't the kick, it's not the pull, that brings the strong man out, but it's long-time work, and it's all-time work, and the cheerful heart, and stout.

Have you faith in yourself? Do you want to win? Is your heart to do a throb? There's just one thing that can bring you with the winners—LOVE YOUR JOB.

Deacon and the Frog

OF COURSE, you have heard about the Deacon, dressed in his "Sunday best," and on the way to church. From a mud-hole near the sidewalk, he heard a voice, and looking down the hole, he saw a big frog.

"I have been down here three days without a thing to eat," said the frog, "won't you please help me get out?"

The good Deacon looked at his well-polished shoes, and remembered that he had to pass the plate in church, so he replied, "I am sorry, brother frog, but I can't help you out now. Just wait until I am on my way home, and I'll be glad to give you a lift."

Later, returning from church, the Deacon was surprised to find the frog sitting in the middle of the road, contentedly snapping at flies. "I thought you said you couldn't get out of that hole," he said.

"Well, I thought I couldn't," replied the frog, "until a snake crawled into the hole—then I HAD to get out."

Yes, that's a very old story, but it will be just as good a thousand years from now as it was in the first telling. That old frog thought he had done his best to get out of the hole, so he sat back and waited for help. But all the time he had *unused power in reserve* which came in mighty handy when the snake looked over the edge of the hole and said, "My, my, what a nice meal you will make."



"Then I had to get out."

HUMAN beings, too, fall in mudholes—often when they least expect it. They either *stay* there, and take the consequences, or they have in reserve what it takes to get out. Reserve mental capacity to solve a difficult problem! Reserve physical strength to survive a serious illness! Reserve faith to face a great sorrow! The man without mental, physical, and spiritual SURPLUS is indeed skating on dangerous ice. He may go along for a while, spreading thin the little he has to offer, but eventually the ice cracks and he is doomed.

This morning, for example, I read on the sporting page that the Ohio State football team will be tougher this year than last. Why? Well, the first team will be no stronger, but there will be greater *depth* in reserves, meaning, as you know, that the team will have four or five good men ready for each position. Football teams without reserve power may play like champions for two or three quarters and then fall apart in the last few minutes. They haven't the surplus to hold out under the tremendous wear and tear of the whole game.

The other day, in a quarter-mile race, I saw a fellow shoot out at the crack of the gun as if he were going to break the world's record for that distance. He really had *speed* for a little spurt, but must have been sadly lacking in that reserve energy which takes a runner all the way to the tape. This fellow went "up like a rocket and came down like a stick." On the last lap, the other runners began to pass him as if he were standing still. He had "shot his wad" too soon—he had nothing left for the stretch.

A company, too, must have reserve power to hold firm against competition, to overcome unexpected obstacles, to continue throughout the years. Without adequate replace-

ments for every position, and especially for those of a leadership nature, an organization may be seriously handicapped.

Only a few months ago, the head of a big business said to me: "I have made one mistake that must be corrected. I started this business myself, and, like Topsy, it has just "grewed." I have not taken time to train anyone to take my place. I figure I'll be around another ten years, but I can't wait that long. Too many things important to the company are filed away in my head. Yes, I must find the right man and get him ready for my job."

He gave himself another ten years, but he had only a few days. His death has been a great blow to the company. For lack of one in reserve, groomed to step into the president's shoes, there will be a period of confusion and difficulty. And the same in lesser degree would have been true had any other important executive or department head died without someone waiting and prepared to carry on.

ONE CHANCE OUT OF TEN

If you remember the figures given by the insurance company, you know that the law of averages tells us that out of one hundred men aged twenty-five, only ten will be self-supporting at sixty-five. Over one-third of these men will be dead, and over half will be dependent on others. Your chance is one out of ten.

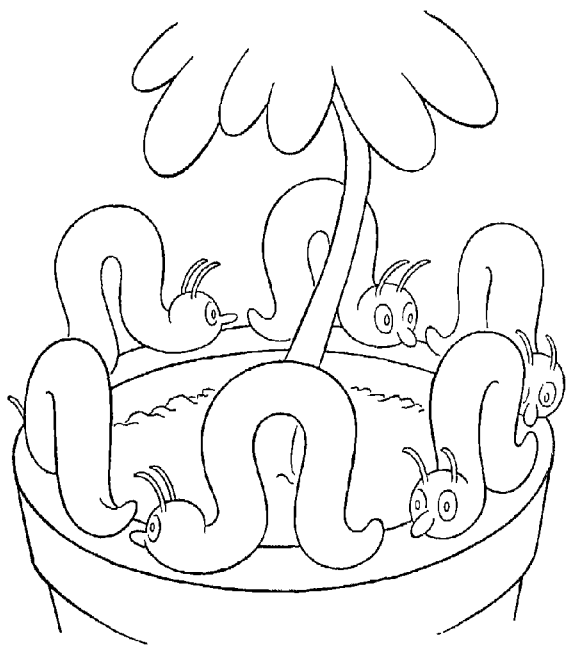
Surely, it must be obvious that the winners in this "Futurity" are those who along the way have had *reserves* which the losers lacked. And these reserves are of six kinds—physical, mental, social, spiritual, financial, and *on the job*. None is unimportant—you will need a surplus of them all if your planned career is to become a reality.

It is needless to dwell on the necessity of a strong body to stand the strain of a fight which is both tough and merciless. It seems to be a law of life that the weakling must take the consequences. And yet good health is a blessing which we all seem to take for granted until it is lost. We abuse our bodies frightfully. We even make fun of those whose health habits are sane. The average man takes better care of his automobile, his pipe, or his dog than he does of himself. "Oh Lord," said Puck, "what fools these mortals be!" And we must admit that we are guilty of the charge when we thumb our noses at the preservation of a physical reserve which may well spell success or failure in our struggle for success.

Mental reserve is accumulated when we store away in our minds facts that may later be needed—when we sharpen our wits by solving tough problems—when we train ourselves to think *straight* and *deep*. This is so plainly the handwriting on the wall that it is amazing how few there are who read it. An empty mind is no better than an empty coal bin—neither contains the fuel to supply heat when it is needed. Yet most of us gad about, cultivating "goatfeathers," when we might be using the same time to absorb knowledge and understanding. And most of us find it more agreeable to think *easy* than to think *hard*. We "get by" in life by the acquisition of a lot of habits so that what we do becomes mechanical and thoughtless. We *copy* the experiences and activities of others rather than create our own.

In this respect we are no better than the processional caterpillars which are described in a pamphlet once issued by the Customers Research Staff of General Motors.

What are processional caterpillars? Well, here's the story that the pamphlet tells.



"No mental reserve."

They move through the trees in a long procession, one leading and the others following—each with his eyes half-closed and his head snugly fitted against the rear extremity of his predecessor.

Jean-Henri Fabre, the great French naturalist, after patiently experimenting with a group of these caterpillars, finally enticed them to the rim of a large flower-pot where he succeeded in getting the first one connected with the last one, thus forming a complete circle which started moving around in a procession which had neither beginning nor end.

The naturalist expected that after a while they would catch on to the joke—get tired of their useless march and start off in some new direction.

But not so.

Through sheer force of habit, the living, creeping circle kept moving around the rim of the pot—around and around, keeping the same relentless pace for seven days and seven nights—and doubtless would have continued longer had it not been for sheer exhaustion and ultimate starvation.

Incidentally, an ample supply of food was close at hand, and plainly visible, but it was outside the range of the circle so they continued along the beaten path.

They were following instinct—habit—custom—tradition—precedent—past experience—standard practice—or whatever you may choose to call it, but they were following blindly.

They mistook activity for accomplishment. They meant well—but they got no place.

Are there any processionary caterpillars in your company? You know, folks plodding around the rim of the pot—following the habits of work already mastered—heads down—over and over—around and around—never a creative thought to lighten their toil? No mental reserve in their noodles. They have mastered the art of *not* thinking.

Now, you couldn't blame those folks if the Lord had not handed them an ordinary brain, so that straight thinking could be generated only on a very limited scale. But the human brain is quite adequate for all operations. It provides a factory where thoughts can be manufactured, and a warehouse where knowledge can be stored. You were

handed this fine, efficient plant *free* and there is no fee or rent. *It's yours*. You can keep the wheels turning, or you can let them rust.

I do recall one fellow who might have had reason to complain about his brain capacity. In fact, for *lack* of it, he finally went out of existence. Now and then, his bones are unearthed as a sorry example of what would happen to us if we couldn't think.

Yes, the dinosaur—the greatest beast that ever walked the earth. What a spectacle he must have been, wallowing in the swamps, twenty tons of flesh. But his brain was no bigger than a marble. He was as helpless as would be a big bomber powered by a toy motor. He had physical power to burn, but mentally he was a washout. The one is no good without the other.

Social reserves? Oh, yes, and what's your supply?

To get along in this world, we surely need the respect and confidence of others. We'll talk more about that later. A man without friends is hopelessly outweighed in business. And having friends means knowing how to give and take—playing the game above board—joining with enthusiasm any project for the good of the company or the community—trying to be a cultured, dignified, well-mannered individual so that you are welcomed in any worth-while social group. Probably, it means more than anything else, living and working according to a standard established two thousand years ago, but often forgotten. That's right, you are sharp today. The **GOLDEN RULE**—why is it that many people look embarrassed when it is mentioned?

Spiritual reserve—that inner confidence in a Higher Intelligence which knows the *reason* for adversity, and to which we may turn for strength when all other help has

been denied us! Is there any reader of this book who belittles the importance of *character*, or the *need* of it in the struggle for success? To such a person, I extend my sincere sympathy, for his lot is no better than that of a swimmer with weighted feet. He has placed a bandage over his eyes, and walks heedlessly in streets of heavy traffic. The better your reputation in the company where you work, the greater will be your opportunities. We won't argue about this. It's just a fact, as true and certain as that the sun will rise tomorrow.

Unfortunately, since money is a means to an end, we must include in our survey of reserve power, the laying aside of that "nest egg for a rainy day." You know what the old saying means. Furthermore, so long as we think of money *only* as a means to an end, it is unnecessary to dwell on the evils which too *much* money, or the greed for it, may bring about. Certainly, we all must provide the necessities of living, and many advantageous and cultural benefits would be impossible without the means to purchase them. We do not wish to be among the fifty-four dependents at the age of sixty-five.

Hence, in this career you are trying so hard to *plan* in a positive and constructive way, you have every right to include financial security as one of the objectives. Not that you want to become a millionaire, but to acquire enough money to own your own home, provide a living when you are too old to work, and *not* be a burden on anyone else. This is the minimum. If you also have a little more so that now and then you can lend a helping hand to a worthy institution or individual that will make life more pleasant. Of course, you may end up with the million anyway. If so, you'll have to make the best of that misfortune.

HOW TO GET RICH

Okeh. Now, murder must out. I am one of these old-fashioned fellows who thinks the only way to attain financial security is to *save* a little of what you make. I won't say that too loudly because it was a long, long time before I saw the truth of what has just been said. If someone had told me—sold me—sooner I would be a lot better off today.

I guess it all sums up to knowing what a dollar is worth. Some learn that the hard way. Have you ever been without a single dollar? It's a lonesome sort of feeling. Have you ever been hungry, and without any money to buy food? Were you ever stone-broke on the day before Christmas, and unable to buy a few simple gifts for the kids?

No? Well, fine! You have been spared an anguish that some people have known. Once, a long way from home, I had just one nickel. I . . . but why haul that skeleton out of the closet? Still, it was a lot of fun trying to decide what to buy with that nickel.

Somewhere, I read, "If you would know what a dollar is worth, try to *borrow* one."

Anyway, here's a suggestion I pass on to you for what it may be worth. Give it some thought. I think you might be glad you did—twenty, thirty years from now.

I'm not asking you to save any part of what you are now making. You *should*, but that's none of my business. But some of these days you will get a promotion—bigger wages, or a bigger salary. All right, resolve to put away *half* of that increase. Always do that, with every promotion that you get.

To make it clearer, here's what I mean. Suppose your income now is \$200 a month. Perhaps you are living in a four-room apartment, driving a Chevrolet, and paying all your bills. In short, you *are* making both ends meet with \$200 a

month. But next month the boss gives you a much better job, and says your salary will be \$250 a month.

Oh boy, oh boy, oh BOY! What's your natural first impulse? Why, to move into a five-room apartment, trade in the old car for a Pontiac, and buy a set of matched golf clubs, and a lot of other whatnots that you and your wife will think of. Up \$50 a month—that's \$600 a year. And the first thing you know all of the increase has been absorbed by some new gadgets, and a little higher level of living.

Then the same thing happens again. Up to \$300. Up to \$350. Bit by bit, as your career unfolds, more money made—and more money *spent*.

Listen. You are getting along all right on \$200 a month. When that first "up" comes, can't you be happy with just \$25 a month more to spend, and \$25 a month to put in the bank? And every time you get an increase, couldn't you follow the same plan? Figure it out.

Salary	Amount Up	Half Saved
\$200 to \$250	\$50	\$25
250 to 300	50	25
300 to 350	50	25

In other words, after you got the third "raise" you would have \$75 a month more to spend than when on the old \$200-a-month level, AND you would be laying away an equal sum for future financial security.

What do you think? Any "bugs" in that plan? Ask the wife—she probably knows better what a dollar is worth than you do. She buys the groceries.

WHAT WOULD YOU SELL FOR?

The last of the six "reserves" from which you will need to draw as your planned career develops is that which you

build *on the job*. To be sure, the other five reserves are directly connected with this one, but it refers more to actual performance of the work assigned than to the more abstract qualities of the worker.

Thus, you are ever being appraised: first, by how you handle the details of your job; and second, by the interest you take in company activities. Suppose you were making that appraisal now. Suppose men in business were sold in the open market—as baseball players are sold by one team owner to another. Tell me,

WHAT WOULD YOU SELL FOR?

What's your worth to the company, compared to the worth of the man working next to you, compared to the worth of all the other men in the company? You cannot answer that question scientifically, since there is a great difference in the value of various kinds of services, and it might take a year for some expert to examine each type of service, and come out with a fairly accurate "job analysis." Furthermore, you tend naturally to rate the value of *your* job above its actual worth. This is being only human, and you would wear wings if you could give an absolutely impartial rating of what you do, and what you are.

But, if you are fair-minded as I take you to be, you can come close in making the comparison between the value of your efforts and those of the men who are doing similar work. Even then, you probably will give yourself an edge. You *would* be an angel if you didn't.

But it's a thought-provoking question. Wrestle with it.

Beyond the actual duties of the job, of course, are many other special company activities into which you join either with enthusiasm or with lukewarm interest. Perhaps you are one of the boys who doesn't "see any sense" in doing



What would you sell for?

anything you are not *paid* for. This is short sight rather than long sight, since anything you do for the good of your company should have some bearing on your future. To hold back is only to hinder your own progress, although you may not have been able to see it that way—especially if you belong to an association which advocates “an hour’s pay for an hour’s labor, and *no more*.”

Away back when, a young man came to me in a belligerent mood. “What’s wrong with me anyway?” he barked. “I have been working here five years, and my salary is only twenty-five dollars a month higher than when I started. I haven’t even been moved to another job. How would you like to sit at the same desk five years? Besides, four men have been promoted out of my department since I began to work here, and three of them came with the company *after* I did. Is that fair?”

“Doesn’t seem fair on the surface,” I replied, “but before I answer for sure, let me get your folder.” You see, in the personnel department we kept a folder for every employee—and in it, a record of his work history, plus all other facts to his credit or discredit.

“Okeh, Bob,” I said to him. “Sit down. Let’s look in this folder, and see what Bob Sommers has contributed to the good of the company since he first started to work, five years ago. Some of the folders in that filing cabinet are pretty fat, and yours looks a little thin—but we shall see. Perhaps we have been overlooking some of your accomplishments.”

By that time Bob’s neck was getting red, but being somewhat of an opportunist, he evidently thought he would land the first blow before I got inside the folder. “You won’t find anything there against me,” he said defiantly. “Nobody can say I haven’t done all I am supposed to do.”

"Yes, and that may be the trouble," I agreed. "But we won't come to any snap decisions. For what you are *supposed to do* on your job, you have received a salary twice a month. But a big business like ours sometimes benefits by services *beyond* those you are supposed to render. For example, new ideas are always valuable. You are closer to your job than anyone else. You might think out a new way of doing something that would save the company money—or you might show us how to eliminate some costly method. That's what I mean by services beyond your actual paid-for labor."

Of course, by then Bob's folder was open, and all he could do was to squirm and listen.

"Bob, the first year you worked for us, we had an office sales contest, to assist the cereal department. All office employees were invited—not commanded—to talk to their friends and neighbors about the new breakfast food we had just placed on the market. The winner of that contest was Marjory Vickers, who then worked in the mail department. She actually got one hundred and thirty-six families to try our new cereal. But, of course, she was the champion. The average number of sales for each employee was eighteen. *Your* score, Bob, was *zero*."

"But I had just started to work here," he protested. "I thought it was more important to concentrate on learning my job. And besides—"

"All right, Bob," I interrupted, "we won't argue about that, but the work in the cereal contest was all done outside of office hours, just for the privilege of helping the company in a sales activity. It was your first year, however, and maybe you were giving a lot of spare time to the new job. Let's see what you have done in other sales contests."

"It's no use to look for that," he said sullenly. "I'm no salesman. I don't like to sell. I'm a bookkeeper."

I could have disputed that point. Even a bookkeeper could talk to some people about a new cereal—hand out some samples, and get them interested. But I had other things to talk about.

"Skip the sales contests then," I told him. "What about suggestions? You know we pay good money for them. Why, just last week the suggestion committee awarded two hundred dollars to Sam Holler because he saw that one record he was keeping was only a duplicate of the same information kept in the order department. Yes, you have been here five years, but unless this folder is all wet, you never have made a single suggestion. Is that true?"

Bob had nothing to say. I was sorry for him in a way, but he had asked for what he was getting. I was determined to set him right if it could be done.

"Another question, Bob. What have you done to improve your efficiency or knowledge during these past five years? You say that you have not been promoted. What evidence does the company have that you are *getting ready* for a bigger job? Have you taken any of the courses in our company school? No, not one. Have you accepted the company's offer to pay the tuition for a correspondence course? No, it seems not."

"I have to do a lot of things at home," he stammered.

"Bob, you said a moment ago that three men had been promoted out of your department—newer men with the company than you are. Do you think we were partial to them? Do you think they had a pull?"

"I ain't holding any hard feelings toward them," he muttered. "It's just that I—"

"That you are still on the same job, and you can't understand why. Isn't that it, Bob? Well, Gates was the last of those three men to go over your head. Were we unfair? Was he just lucky? Here is Gates' folder. Thick, isn't it, compared with yours?"

"I didn't know about those folders," Bob said feebly.

"Well, you do now. Listen. Last year Gates made seven suggestions and four were accepted. One of them was to scrap a record which *you* had been keeping several years. Why hadn't you made that suggestion, Bob? Also, Gates has been studying cost accounting at night school for the past two years. He needed that knowledge on the job to which he was promoted. You don't know much about cost accounting, do you? And here—this is good. Gates has an uncle who runs a big chicken farm. He had never used our feeds, but Gates took one of our salesmen out to talk to him—and they got a carload order. He has been buying only our feeds ever since—nice business for us, and for our dealer, isn't it?"

Yes, Bob got more than he expected that day. He was on the drum's head, and couldn't wiggle off. But sometimes it does a fellow good to see himself in true perspective. Then he is less likely to talk about luck—more likely to make an effort to correct his lazy habits. You can forget these "breaks" you hear about. Company leaders would be foolish not to select the best possible candidate for a promotion. That's what they try to do. And every service you are able to render—on or off the job—is chalked up to your credit. You can be rather sure of that.

Did you ever sit at home, alone and in the dark—and think seriously about your worth to your company? No, I am not fooling. We think better in the dark, and without any

distractions. Every man needs a *thinking post*—a place to which he can retire for meditation and straight, hard thinking. Suppose you were in such a place now, thinking about yourself! How would you answer these questions?

1. When you started to work with your company, you were given a specific job to do. Can you honestly say to yourself—nobody will check your answer—that you have handled that job as well as, or better than, anyone else could handle it?

2. How have you *proved* your ability to do more difficult things? If you were your own department head, would you select yourself above all the others that work with you for promotion?

3. Are you a money-maker for your company? That is the purpose of business, you know—to make money. Are you a money-saver? What is your real worth to the company? If you were paying the salaries, what would you fairly pay yourself?

4. What have you ever done to increase the sale of company products? Do you boost them among your friends? Do you use them in your own home? It's smart to help the sale of company products. If they were *not* sold, what would happen to your job?

5. What plans have you carried out to improve your knowledge and skill? How many business books—magazines—have you read recently? How often do you study at home? Are you *really* making a serious effort to GET READY for promotion?

Perhaps the last of those questions is the “stinger” of them all. Are we really getting ready for what we *say* we want? No way to dodge that question. It hits us right between the eyes. So much evasion! So many alibis! You and I? Are we really in training for the good fight? Are we building up the reserves that surely will be needed? No point in trying to fool ourselves. Are we . . . are we . . . are we *truly* out to WIN?

In hilly cities, during horse-car days, an unusually strong horse was stationed at the bottom of a hill. When a car with a big load came along, he was used to give the other horses a lift. In every well-organized company, you'll find some “hill-horses”—the ones that can be counted on to help

climb steep hills. When problems pile up, when reserve power is needed, these are the ones to whom the better jobs are given.

WHAT'S YOUR SURPLUS?

In physical strength? In power to think? In human relationships? In spiritual awareness? In financial security? In will to do, on and beyond the job? There is no such thing as having "just enough"; no human being can measure his capacities that minutely for the emergencies he must meet and conquer. There must be something more in reserve—a SURPLUS—never so important as *when you need it*.

The best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers haven't been spanned;
Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted,
The chances have just begun,
For the best jobs haven't been started,
The best work hasn't been done.

—BARTON BRALEY

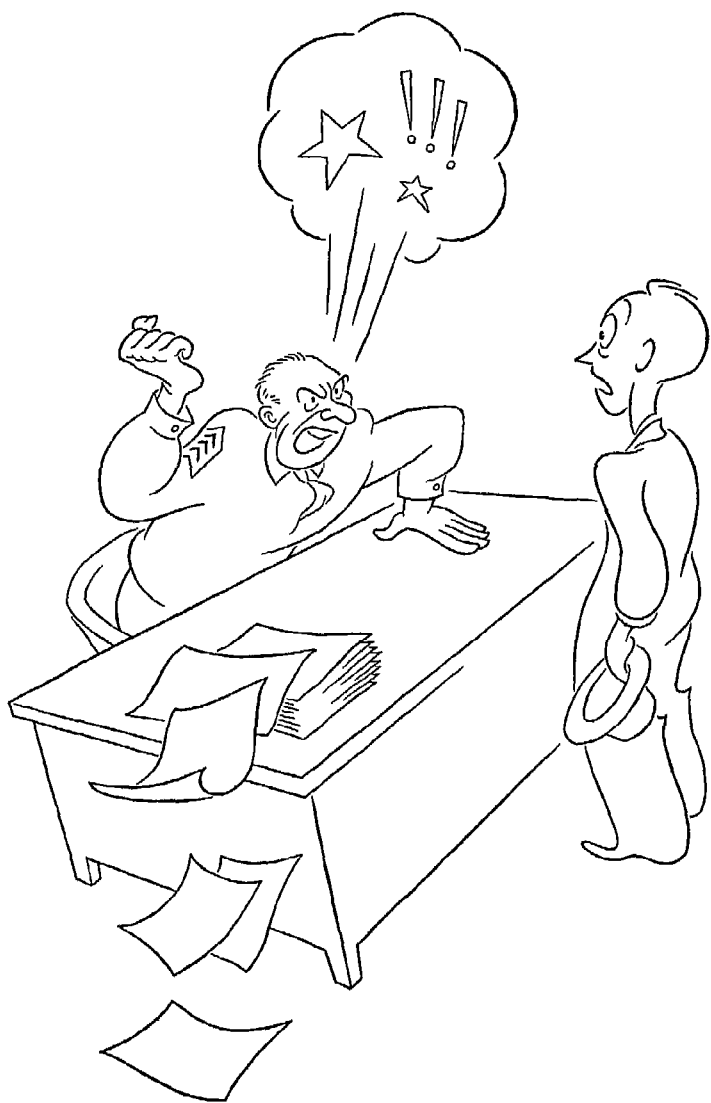
Semper Fidelis

My **FIRST** experience with the United States Marines was in New Orleans, during the First World War. I had tried to enlist in the army, but the examining physician had rejected my "peepers." No doubt, I should have known better than to approach the grizzled recruiting *sergeant of the Marines*, but I didn't want to pass up any possible chances. The old boy must have been psychic, too, for his first question took the wind out of my sails.

"Have you tried to enlist in any other branch of the service?" he asked gruffly. "Well, y-e-s," I admitted, "but the army doctor said my eyes . . ."

That was the last word I had a chance to utter. No young man was ever taken apart and revealed in his naked ugliness as was I during the next five minutes. It seemed that I had insulted the whole Marine Corps, and particularly, the sergeant. Was I foolish enough to think a man not good enough for the infantry would be acceptable to the Marines? Didn't I know the Marines were the finest of all the armed forces, and the hardest to get in?

Some of the words he used, I had never heard before, but they were decidedly picturesque and left no doubt of their meaning. Talk about the language of a sailor! That sergeant had a bigger vocabulary than the whole United States Navy. But I left with the impression that the Marines



The old boy must have been psychic.

must indeed be wonderful to inspire such an unholy demonstration of loyalty.

You know, the Marines have a motto—"SEMPER FIDELIS." It means "always faithful," and to the last dying man in many a bloody fight, they have proved their right to use it.

Always faithful! What finer tribute could be written after the name of any individual? Faithful to his God . . . faithful to his country . . . faithful to his family . . . faithful to his friends . . . faithful to his company . . . faithful to *himself*! And the man who is always faithful in one of these relationships is faithful to them all. The quality of *dependability* is not something to express only as the mood may direct.

This, I think, was what Shakespeare meant when he said: "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." There is no middle ground. You are a "right guy" or a "wrong guy." Your word is good, or it isn't good. And what you are, sooner or later, comes to light. If the ticket placed on you says, "He can be trusted, he is dependable," then you have taken the highest hurdle in the race for success. If it says, "Watch him—he is slippery," then you might as well put away your spiked shoes. You'll never be a winner.

When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
When health is lost, something is lost;
When character is lost, ALL is lost.

Semper fidelis! There's nothing soft in those two words—nothing to laugh at. Oh, no! Who wants to be called a loafer? A quitter? A cheater? Not dependable? By any stretch of the imagination could such a reputation help
' ' ' ' 'ld a job—or to get one?

In modern business, responsibilities have to be divided—delegated. The chief executive cannot do even a small part of all the things that must be done. Neither can any of the other leaders. Orders must be passed down the line—down to where *you* are, and farther. Duties must be assigned, and carried through without checking. Dependability is an absolute necessity in the personnel of a large organization. It just *has* to be that way. No company could continue in business without people who can be *trusted* to carry on—ALWAYS FAITHFUL.

CONTRACT FOR MUTUAL PERFORMANCE

When you went to work for your company, there was a meeting of minds—an agreement for specific performance was reached, whether or not it was put in writing. Thus a contract was created, and both parties assumed certain obligations.

The company agreed to pay you a certain salary, and to provide working conditions which you understood and accepted. You were told *when* the salary would be received—and regularly “on the dot” the money has been placed at your disposal. You would be pretty hot under the collar if handed any lesser amount, or if any other company promise was broken. And rightfully so!

You, in return, agreed to give the company so many hours of labor, performed in your best possible manner, and without any waste of time or motion. This was *your* obligation, and the company has the right to expect a complete and honest delivery.

Forty hours labor, perhaps, for forty dollars! That was the agreement. Forty standard, up-to-the-minute, good dollars for *you*—and forty standard, up-to-the-minute good

labor hours for the company! To slip in three or four fifty-cent pieces instead of dollars, hoping you would not notice, would be unfair on the part of the company. To slip in three or four short labor hours, hoping the company would not notice, would be just as unfair on your part.

To be sure, the proper use of time is not the only measure of a worker's dependability. He can put in his full forty hours, and still "short-change" the company—by production below the level of his capacity, by letting things slip through which he knows are of inferior quality, by encouraging disloyalty with criticisms of people or policies, and in many other ways which your own working experience will remind you. Thus, you can hardly call yourself absolutely dependable, and meeting your obligations in the contract, unless you are giving to your job . . .

All the time you are paid for,

PLUS

The highest quality of workmanship,

PLUS

A spirit of loyalty and co-operation.

Is that your standard of performance? All right! Then you may go to your printer and order some new business cards. Tell him you want two words printed in red ink—"SEMPER FIDELIS." That stands for *you*.

"IT ISN'T ON THE LEVEL"

Among my business treasures is the story of Irving Bacheller's interview with the dynamic executive, Matthew Scott Sloan. It began with a question.

"Mr. Sloan, if we cancel your acknowledged talents, what is the chief remaining factor in your career?"

"Honesty and loyal helpers," he promptly replied. "A big

business enterprise is like an army in the field. If you are to win victories, there can be no treason in your staff.

"I was thirty-seven years old when I was chosen for the job I hold. I was young for so much responsibility. My first shock came with the discovery that one of my men was making much more than his salary by that system of favoritism known as graft. It dawned on me that men in high positions are subject to great temptation. I saw that I must have men to fill them who would, first, be honest, and second, be as efficient as good training could make them.

"I began to search my memory for honest men. The first one I thought of was Bill. He had been a fellow-student in the Polytechnic Institute—distinguished chiefly for his out-and-out honesty. I remembered how, when we boys went to him regarding some ingenious deviltry we had planned, Bill would say: 'No, you boys can go to the devil. I won't have anything to do with your plan. It *isn't on the level*.'

"I never forgot that. Of course, I thought of Bill, now that I had my lantern lighted and was searching, like Diogenes, for an honest man.

"What had become of this old-time friend? I had heard nothing of him for years. I wired to one and another for information, and finally learned that Bill was working for a small company in a midwestern city. Immediately, I invited him to New York to confer with me on important business.

"He came. I took him to the Engineers Club, where we sat down to luncheon. He had prospered only in a small way. Mystified by the summons I had sent to him, he asked, 'Old man, what do you propose to do with me?'

"I am going to pay you ten thousand dollars a year until you have learned how to handle your job, and then as much more as you can earn.'

“‘What!’ he exclaimed. ‘I am not worth such a salary. You overrate me. What does it mean?’

“‘Bill, I need a man of absolute honesty, proved and beyond question, for a place which, next to mine, is the most responsible one that my company has to offer. I know you, and I need you.’

“‘But there are plenty of honest men,’ said Bill.

“‘That may be so,’ I answered, ‘but finding them is a rather slow, difficult, and expensive process. They do not wear labels on their sleeves. Those of mature judgment are not likely to be looking for jobs. They are loyal to the men they work for, and if they are getting fair treatment they stick. Generally you have to catch ’em young and educate them for your kind of work.’

“It was an unusual and inspiring hour for Bill and me. Therein was the start of a great experiment which was to test the value of an impression. For many years I had carried the conviction that here was a man of incorruptible character. I was willing to gamble on it.

“I count that experiment to be one of the largest factors in my career. I made a contract with Bill, and now he has become a big, happy and well-stationed figure in the world of business, with an income beyond his wildest hopes.”

Oh yes, that *is* an exceptional story. Not many men are remembered for many years, and then called to ten thousand dollar positions. But the circumstances that prompted the deed are as old and ordinary as your Uncle Dudley’s nose. All business executives—those worth a grain of salt—are eager to surround themselves with *honest* men. But finding them *is* a difficult process. So they try to “catch ’em young.”

Maybe you had better expose yourself—some executive

might come along and catch *you*. In fact, I'd bet on it—if "proved and beyond question," you are known to be a *dependable* man.

WHAT IF YOU WERE IN HIS SHOES?

It's awfully easy to see just one side of a human relationship. Yes—*your* side. But seeing *both* sides, and coming out with the right perspective, is one thing that will speed your journey toward success.

There's one fellow, for example, in your company who cannot take your salary as a matter of course. He sits in the front office, and no matter what his age, you call him the "Old Man." Sure pop, that's who I mean—the BOSS.

Sometimes, you may envy him. You think he takes life pretty easy. He drives a fine car, lives in a big home, and when he wants to buy anything, he just writes a check. But, maybe, you don't know the half of his problems. One of them is *where to get* the money you and all the rest of the boys receive every week. Then he has another obligation—to the stockholders. They look forward to a nice, fat dividend once or twice a year, which is fair enough as their money is invested in the business. But invested capital can't be dissipated. The money to pay you, and the stockholders, and to take care of all expenses, must be *made*—and the "Old Man" is chairman of the Ways and Means committee. He has to make the business GO. Don't sell him short. His is *not* an easy job.

Did you ever try to step into the "Old Man's" shoes? Mentally, of course! They are too big for you now—you wouldn't feel right in them. But go ahead anyway. Imagine you are the "Old Man" for a minute or two. I want to ask you something.

Suppose it WERE your job to pay the bills, meet the payroll, satisfy investors, keep the business on its feet—would you be more careful than you are now in protecting company property, would you be more dependable in the use of your leased time?

Yes, dependability can stretch a long way—even to a lot of little items you don't worry about, because *you don't pay* for them. A typist throws a piece of good carbon paper in the wastebasket, because she is in a hurry and can't bother to put it away. A bookkeeper has dozens of company pencils laying around his home. Not that he means to steal them. The very idea! He simply takes them out of his pocket at night, and forgets to put them back in the morning. And that's easy to understand. He can get all the pencils he needs with a requisition to the supply department. Then there is the salesman who gives oodles of samples away to his friends. Why not? What's a sample more or less to the company? And look at that fellow over there, burning the top of his desk with a cigarette. Oh, well, that's nothing. The company can have the top refinished when it looks too bad.

All little things to you folks who work in the place! I should be ashamed to mention such trifles. But not so little to the "Old Man." He knows that any unnecessary expense is money stolen from profit.

And what about the little ways that time can be wasted—the time that you and others are paid to *use* for the company? I have heard—I wouldn't know for sure—that a lot of social gatherings are held in company washrooms. You know—four men in a huddle to get the latest episode in the story about the salesman and the farmer's daughter—a group of girls all agog over the rumor that little Tillie is having trouble with her husband—a couple of college boys

almost at blows over who will win the big game on Saturday.

Shucks, why split hairs? Those folks mean well enough. They will be back on their jobs in a few minutes. But if eighty office workers waste half an hour each, that's a total of forty productive hours—a whole week's working time for one individual. Who pays for that waste? Why, the "Old Man" of course. But you never *see him* in one of those washroom huddles.

Once more, questions!

What if the "Old Man" had your job? What if he knew that another man in your department was caught short on a task important to the company—something that had to be finished and in the mail before midnight?

Would he shrug his shoulders, say "Hard luck, buddie," and be off for home at five o'clock?

No, I think the "Old Man" would pitch in and do what he could to help the other fellow out of the predicament. If for no other reason, he wouldn't want the company to suffer any loss of goodwill or profit. The "Old Man" has the team spirit. He can't understand why one player wouldn't *want* to co-operate with another. Funny old dear, isn't he?

You can't imagine him, either, using company time to listen to a slightly soiled and usually moth-eaten story. Or to gossip about some other worker. Or to worry about Tillie's husband—or Tillie. I don't mean that he walks around with a halo over his bald head, or that his tailor leaves vents where his wings can shoot through. No, he is human, and enjoys a little fun if it doesn't hurt somebody's feelings. But he is *busy*. Yes, actually busy. Too busy to have time for trifles.

This may sound strange to you now, but when you get to be president you'll understand the "Old Man" better.

There's a fellow I know whose office is littered with matches and ashes at the end of every day. He has ash trays for ornamental purposes only. Of course, it's a little office, just as he is a little fish in the business. If he had any sense of pride, he would want his workshop to look presentable. And besides, why make unnecessary work for the porters? Their time costs money too. Good money—the kind you get in your pay envelope.

Maybe I see through rose-colored glasses, but it seems to me that pride and dependability have something in common. Sloppy people—sloppy ideals! But maybe you think I'm as crazy as the "Old Man"—two birds of a feather.

As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk,
The law runneth forth and back
The strength of the pack is the wolf,
And the strength of the wolf is the pack.

I don't recall that Kipling ever headed a big business, but he evidently understood the rules. To move along at the right speed, a company has to be made up of individuals who can depend on each other. The fellow who can't be trusted is out of step with the rest of the organization. Naturally, he doesn't stick around very long.

THE HIGHEST FORM OF DEPENDABILITY

It is always easy to go along with the crowd—to nod our heads when they express an opinion—to laugh when they laugh—to simply be "one of the boys" and never at odds with them. People good at this sort of business are called "Yes-Men." This is purely courtesy on the part of the callers, as they are really moral cowards, toadies, boot-lickers.

To express an opinion which you don't believe, or to agree for policy's sake with someone else, is the rankest

kind of insincerity. It is a type of self-betrayal which soon leads to an unsavory reputation. By being untrue to your convictions, or even by withholding them for fear of ridicule or loss of popularity, you walk with the sychophants, the pussy-footers, the flatterers, and all the other weaklings who are held in scorn by their fellow-men. Eventually, you lose confidence in *yourself*—and that is taps to any hope of leadership—taps to your planned career.

The highest form of dependability is that which comes to the surface when you know you face a hostile majority on the other side of the road—when you speak your mind plainly at the risk of temporary favor, or even at the risk of your job. But you can't break faith with yourself. You are the guy you must live with. Other people may not know when you have been insincere. But *you* know.

To be sure, I have worked for men who seemed to *expect* me to bow and bend with every wag of their tongues. They were little men who could think or do no wrong. They would ask, "What's your honest opinion of this copy?" or "What do you frankly think of this sales letter?" But they didn't want honesty or frankness. They wanted me to say "Good . . . Swell . . . Marvelous . . . Wonderful," and anything short of that was an insult to their Ego.

But you can bet your last dollar, I didn't *stay* under their leadership. One time I got away on my own power, the other I was "fired" for being too tactless. You know I have tried to shoot straight with you in these talks we have had together. I'll do it now. If you are working where "Yes-Men" are wanted, where honest opinions are not appreciated, GET AWAY as fast as you can—run like the devil.

I speak, of course, of only the rare exceptions. Most business leaders can take it as well as hand it out. They are BIG



Run like the devil.

men, willing to listen to any intelligent opinion, or to consider any new idea no matter how radical it might seem. They think no better of "Yes-Men" than they do of termites.

Often it takes moral courage to be dependable with respect to a friend or an associate. You happen to be in a group where someone that you respect is getting the "once-over." Unkind things are said about him—things which you do not believe are true. The weak way out of this dilemma is to keep your mouth shut, but then your silence is taken as accord with the slander. The strong way out—the dependable way—is to speak out in his defense. Just as you would want him to speak for you under similar circumstances.

THE CODE OF ROBERT E. LEE

There are codes and codes by which men live, and no two are ever exactly the same. But they differ largely only in emphasis and degree—not in the substantial, underlying structure. *Dependability*, for example, is found in all of them, it being said that there is honor even among thieves—they *depend* on each other. Man is driven by a *sense of duty*—the inner urge to meet those obligations which he considers right and reasonable. When we turn our backs on this desire to "measure up," we break down that thing called Character—we destroy our own chances of success.

Of all these codes of men, I have encountered none more convincing than that expressed by Robert E. Lee in a letter to his son. This letter was written in 1852, but was discovered only a few years ago in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. I always think of General Lee as a great man who feared not to follow his convictions, even though we may not agree with them now.

Here is the letter:

My dear Son:

Your letters breathe a spirit of frankness. They have given myself and your mother great pleasure. You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you mean on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable. If not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and you will wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one. The man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal firmly but kindly with your classmates; you will find it the policy that will wear best.

Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with anyone, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking one thing before a man's face and another behind his back.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly one hundred years ago there was a day of gloom and darkness, still known as the "dark day"—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session and, as the members saw the unexpected darkness coming up, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the Day of Judgment had come.

Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport Stanford, who said that if the last day had come he desired to be found at his place of duty, and therefore he moved that candles be brought, so that the House could proceed with its duty.

There was quietness in that man's mind—the quietness of heavenly wisdom—an inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more. You should never wish to do less. You should never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for lack of duty on your part.

Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE

A philosophy to live by, isn't it? And underlying the whole, one dominating thought—be *dependable*.

Study to be frank with the world	Dependable
Do not appear to others what you are not... ..	Dependable
Tell him, not others, of what you complain.....	Dependable
To be found at your place of duty.....	Dependable
The quietness of heavenly wisdom.....	Dependable
You should never wish to do less... ..	Dependable

Said Henry Ward Beecher: "Happiness is not the end of life; CHARACTER IS."

SEMPER FIDELIS—you on the job!

Things the Boss Won't Tell You

THERE ARE some handicaps a man may have in business which he must find out for himself. As the old saying goes—"Even your best friend won't tell you," and certainly not the man you work for. The handicaps are too personal. Good breeding will not permit him to mention them. So the person afflicted must continue to pay the penalty until something happens to make him see himself as others see him.

The fault may be a habit repulsive to others, or it may be just a case of bad manners. There may be no relation between the fault and work performance, and that's one reason why the boss won't tell you, but nevertheless, it is a dead-weight on your feet as you walk the road that leads to your goal.

And that, I think, is what the one fellow meant when he said of another—"Half the shadows of his life come from standing in his own sunshine."

Consider, for example, the lack of respect which some young folks heedlessly show toward their superiors—a certain "freshness" or familiarity which is not warranted by similarity of age and position. The older person is too much a gentleman to mention the offense, but deep in his heart he resents it.

Like the case of Tom!

Tom came to our company from one of the large universities. His record had been outstanding. He had led his class in scholarship, had won several letters in athletics, had been editor of the school newspaper, and came from a very well-known family. On the surface, he seemed to be a "natural" for quick progress in the company. But in spite of all his strong points, he had never taken seriously the truth that "familiarity breeds contempt." At least, by ignoring it, he got off on the wrong foot with the executive to whom he reported. And the last I heard of him, he was still trying to live down the mistake he made one morning a month or so after joining our company.

Back in those days, we held an annual golf tournament in which all the men who knew a niblick from a broomstick participated. The executives left their private courses for the day's fellowship, and in each foursome the "big fish" and the "little fish" were purposely mixed. This, we thought to be a good morale builder, and it did give some of the younger men a chance to rub shoulders with the more important men in the company.

So off started our foursome from the first tee that Saturday morning—myself, one of the bookkeepers, Tom, and the executive who back in the office had a lot to say about Tom's future. I thought I was doing a favor for Tom by placing him in the foursome where he might get better acquainted with his superior officer—and also, where the latter could see what a fine young chap he had acquired for his staff.

But sometimes, the best of good intentions backfire in most embarrassing ways—as did mine on that golf course. Imagine my chagrin when young Tom began to bellow the vice-president's first name all over the fairways. "Good

shot, Charlie . . . Tough luck, Charlie . . . Use your mashie, Charlie," he kept shouting, and I thought my face would turn a permanent red from the hearing of that name.

Trying to save what was left of Tom's reputation for propriety, I promptly discarded the use of the man's first name myself, although by rank and age I had the *right* to call him Charlie. "Nice going, MISTER Bonner . . . Fine shot, MISTER Bonner . . . You cleared it, MISTER Bonner," I said with glances at Tom so sharp they would have pierced an elephant's hide. But not his. This was Tom's big day to play with the boss, and there was no stopping him. The climax which ruined my game for the rest of the round came with a rousing, "Atta BOY, Charlie—Atta BOY."

Too bad about Tom. He was just a kid and thoughtless, but for eighteen long and miserable holes (miserable for me, the man who had hired him) Tom branded himself as one who lacked any conception of the civility of business. Of course, the object of his familiarity played out the game and said nothing, but I knew what he was *thinking*. Here was a young pup who couldn't be trusted among older customers, dealers, or men in authority—he would probably be slapping their backs and calling them "Old Things," in less time than it takes to skin a rabbit. I knew it would be a long, long time before Tom could erase the bad impression he had made during those three or four hours.

Bad manners—that's all. But not the sort of thing that a gentleman will discuss with the offender.

HIS NUMBER CAME OUT

Another chap in our company who "stood in his own sunshine" was Harry. He had worked for us quite a while, and his job record was good. Had he been content to "saw

wood" and wait until the finger of Opportunity touched his shoulder, he probably could have risen steadily in the ranks. But Harry had a greasy, ingratiating manner in talking to his superiors which everybody disliked. I guess he thought he could speed his progress by "getting next" to the bigger men.

Yes, Harry was a "toady"—and very, very sticky. I never wanted anything more than to give him a kick in the pants. He haunted "big shots" with all the fidelity of Hamlet's ghost. In the cafeteria, he always managed to find a seat where executives were eating. If walking downtown during the noon hour, he would lag around the door until some important man appeared on the same mission; then he would hitch himself to that man's apron string.

To be sure, a young man profits by the company of older and important men. But he must wait for a sign that he is wanted—not *push* himself into their society. There came a day, of course, when Harry had to go. It was during the depression when the office force was cut in two, and Harry's number came out. "I'm sorry," said his executive, "but that fellow gets on my nerves. I can't stand his darned pussyfooting. Give him a month's salary, and a heart-to-heart talk. He'll appreciate the money, if not the advice."

Bad manners? Oh, I guess you could call it that. Flattery is an insult to any man's intelligence. It is so transparent. You know the flatterer is only trying to pull your leg. But again, it is one of the irritating habits gentlemen do not like to talk about. The man who is guilty just keeps on digging his own grave in business, and nobody thinks he has the right to stop him. You can't say, unless in fun, "Come, come, *you're not sincere.*"

In the same way, it is seldom a man "higher up" will

Speak to a subordinate about those personal attributes which indicate good breeding when they are present, but the lack of it when they are missing. You may wear clothes that attract unfavorable reactions, but who will tell you so? You may have a boisterous way of laughing when there is nothing to laugh at, but who will bid you to calm down? You may have a poor command of the King's English which makes you appear to be an ignorant person, but what executive will stop to correct a mispronounced word or a wayward verb. I know a well-educated man who in some strange way has fallen into the habit of saying "I seen it," but would I dare the humiliation of telling him to correct that habit?

No, all I can say, is LOOK WITHIN yourself. Try hard to avoid those little mannerisms and habits that may irritate or offend. You will have to find out what they are, because no man wants to hurt the feelings of another. No man wants to risk the chance of losing your friendship. But make no mistake about it—the *little* things often count *big* in the lottery of success. Right or wrong, we are often judged by what we *seem to be* rather than by the heart of gold which may lie beneath the skin.

Cleanliness, 'tis said, is next to Godliness. You can decide for yourself about that. But I have known fine young people to lose their jobs for lack of cleanliness—and that's that. This does seem a pity—with water free, and hairbrushes so easy to manipulate. I'll wager, too, you never have seen an executive come regularly to his office with an unshaven face. No, the chances are he keeps an electric razor in his office, and uses it daily to remove that five-o'clock shadow.

Birds of a feather are said to flock together. If you want to be accepted in your company as an up-and-coming,

clean-cut young fellow, well mannered and of good breeding—well, isn't it logical to LOOK the part?

KNOW-IT-ALL BREEZER

I should have known better than to hire Ben-the-Breezer Banks. He talked too much. You would have thought he was interviewing *me*, instead of me interviewing him. Besides he was as "cocky" as they come—one of those fellows who says he "can do anything" which surely covers a lot of ground. Another danger signal was his nickname, "Breezer," of which he seemed actually proud. He said he got the nickname in college. Any fool could have guessed HOW.

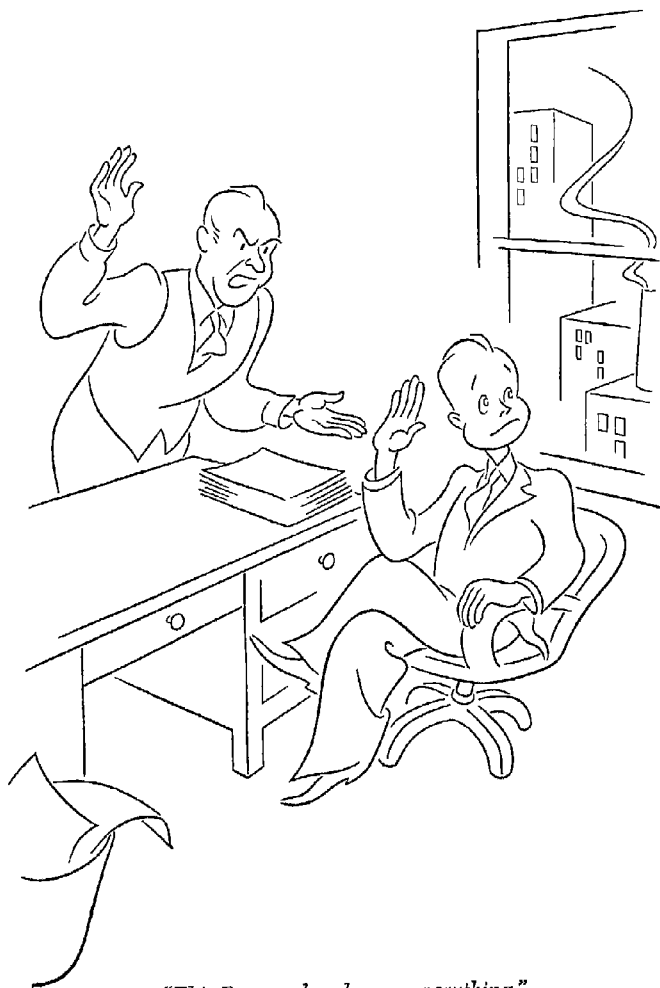
But I hired him—mostly, I think, because his older brother had worked for us several years, and I knew Bill was the salt of the earth. "Blood will tell," they say. But there must have been a biological slip when Ben came along.

In the first department where I placed Ben for a tryout, he lasted just two weeks. The department head came to me with a scornful look on his face. He was too polite to say so, but I think it was his idea that I was a flop as a personnel director.

"You'll have to take this Breezer Banks away from me," he said flatly.

"Why? What's wrong with him? You can't really get to know what a man can do in two weeks."

"Huh, that's what *you* think," he retorted. "Besides, what I know means nothing. This Breezer boy knows *everything*. When I try to give him instructions, he looks out the window. When I am half-way through, he cuts me short. He understands perfectly anything I want him to do, and then he doesn't *do* it."



"This Breezer boy knows everything."

So I had to transfer Breezer Banks to another department. First, I had a heart-to-heart talk with him. At least, that was my intention, but as I recall, he had a heart-to-heart talk with *me*. Among other things, I learned what was wrong with the department head.

Then, in about ten days, down came the second department head—mad as a wet hen.

“How come you slip me a lemon like that human blowtorch?” he demanded. “I don’t care if he is Bill Banks’ brother—that’s Bill’s hard luck. I’m done with Breezer, and don’t argue about it. Take him off my hands, and don’t hand me any more like him.”

Again, my feeble question, “What’s wrong with him?” And again, the same lamentable story! Ben was a bag of wind. Ben wouldn’t listen to instructions. Ben had the big head. Ben had everybody in the department down on him. Ben was a washout. And I could go to the devil if I thought he could use a boy like Breezer.

By that time, placing Ben was becoming quite a problem. The news of boys like Breezer spreads fast. All the department heads agreed that we should try to save Breezer for the sake of his brother, Bill. But no one of them wanted the responsibility of doing it.

Finally, I did succeed in squeezing Ben into the same department where his brother worked. I hoped that Bill would be a restraining influence. But no luck! Ben had a college education. Bill didn’t. I suppose the Breezer had put Bill in his place long before he favored us with his presence.

Of course, by then I was fighting mad at Ben. I took him into my office, closed the door, and tore him apart. I thought he saw the light. So again, out of consideration for brother Bill, I gave Breezer a new lease on opportunity.

Calling the personnel manager of another large company, I arranged a new job under different surroundings. "So," said I, "the kid will now profit by his experience with us. I have *saved* his neck." I felt very holy.

But you know what happened. Maybe it's foolish to try to help these young squirts who won't help themselves. What do they call it? Casting pearls before swine. When a man gets so big in his own mind that he knows everything, he is no better off than a fellow with a fifty-inch stomach. Both are hopelessly handicapped.

Not a month later, my friend in the other company called me on the telephone. He was very sweet. He wanted to know why I had concealed the fact that Ben-the-Breezer was the reincarnation of Napoleon, Alexander the Great, Socrates, Caesar, Cicero, and Jove. And why hadn't I explained more clearly that I was sending him a young genius to RUN the business rather than just work there?

You can guess how much I enjoyed that conversation—but all I could do was hang on and listen. I had not suspected in my friend such descriptive powers. The picture had not changed by a single stroke of the brush. That morning Breezer had actually barged into the president's office with a suggestion about operating the plant. As nearly as I could understand it on the telephone, the president had been a bit stubborn. So naturally Breezer dressed him down.

My friend finally said pleasantly that Breezer was on his way to see me. He was sure I would be happy to greet him.

Business men will take a certain amount of "cockiness" because it is next door to something very much better, CONFIDENCE. You need confidence on the road to success. You surely *do*. But the trouble with Breezer was he had confidence with nothing to back it up.

And that, my friend, is a mental attitude that leads only to sorrow. Sweet wind will blow a small whistle—but it's *only* sweet wind.

Still, it isn't easy to tell a man that he is conceited. No, the easier way is to find some excuse for letting him go. And that's what happens to many young men—like Breezer.

“BUT JOHN SAID”

The only one who gives much weight to an excuse—pardon me, “an alibi”—is the fellow who offers it in lieu of performance. And to tell the truth, he has such a fishy look in his eyes that I doubt he himself expects anyone to believe him. But it's an easy way to dodge while the pressure is on, and less damaging to prestige than to just admit a mistake, or say the task was put off or forgotten.

I doubt if any business leader holds any respect in his heart for these professional jumping-jacks. An executive gets tired of reasons why things cannot be done, even though they seem to be good reasons, and he has no right to challenge them. He will never forget himself so far as to say, “John Doe, you are the slickest liar in the company,” but he may have suspicions that such is the case.

So, what happens? Why, the executive gives up on Mr. Alibi Ike, and relegates him to some spot in the company where there is nothing but routine work to be done—or if he is not in such a benign and Christian-like mood, he invites Mr. Ike to pack up his duffle-bag and move on to some place where his mental acrobatics may be better appreciated. Then he looks around in the company to see if there are any young men who can be counted on to *do* what they are *told*, rather than *tell* why they didn't *do* it.

You know the kind of excuses I mean:

"I am sorry I was late again this morning, but a freight train held up the street-car I was riding for ten minutes."

"No, I didn't collect that money from Conrad because he had just given me an order, and I didn't want to offend him."

"I can't stay to type those letters because mother is meeting me at the library at five-thirty."

"I would have finished that report last night, but some friends came in and stayed until after midnight."

"I surely would have been at the meeting, but John said . . ."

Measly, puny little reasons—and not a one of them would hold water. A fellow really imbued with the desire to get ahead, would be ashamed to offer any of them.

If a worker rides a street-car which is likely to be held up by freight trains, he can always start early enough to allow for that possibility. Just because his go-to-work time is eight o'clock, that's no reason for sweeping up to the door like a stake-horse just in time to punch the clock before the fatal hour.

He didn't collect the money from Conrad for one of two reasons: he forgot to ask for it, or he didn't have the nerve. Instead of the five-case order, a good salesman would have brought in a ten-case order, AND the money.

Which is most important? Meeting mother at the library or making good on the job? The library should be a fine place for mother to wait—she can read a book, or look at the murals.

Some visitors stayed until after midnight! Isn't that a ducky excuse for the poor little weasel? But does he have a curfew in his house? If the boss wanted the report by morning, why couldn't it be finished after the visitors left? Stay up, and greet the milkman! I'll wager this bozo has danced or played cards all night—and boasted he felt as fresh as a daisy. But to be sure, work is more tiresome.

Now the truth is out. Alibi Ike is also a buck-passer. He would have attended the meeting, "but John said . . ." Fiddle-dee-dee—what a Whiffenpouf! He's in a jam, so he tries to shift the blame on a buddy.

You could go on and on writing down the silly little excuses—thousands of them—heard to explain lack of performance. But what's the use? These comments don't apply to you or me—of course not!

A fellow named Columbus—Christopher, if you please—once started on a little cruise. It was something to do with the world being flat, only the dumb bunny didn't believe it. Anyway, he must have felt jittery—just sailing and sailing farther from home, with no assurance of a return ticket. His crew became extremely unreasonable. As I remember, they threatened to toss him overboard unless he called off the tour. Yes, the old boy could have gone home and given his Queen some pretty fair excuses—had he been that yellow.

The fact is, if Christopher C. had been an Alibi Ike the whole course of history could have been changed. Even you and I might not now be talking about how to win the jackpot called Success.

As Carl Wollner once wrote to his salesmen:

There never was, and never will be, an excuse that will buy a single meal in a restaurant. Or that will pay for a hotel room when night comes. Or that will buy five gallons of gas when the tank is low. Or that will get you a suit cleaned. No, excuses will not accomplish one constructive thing in this world.

But getting a reputation for using excuses when you *could* be using elbow grease is rather intangible. The boss knows you don't carry the message to Garcia, but he isn't likely to *tell you so*. No, your excuses are too plausible. So he just passes you up for some other guy who isn't so subtle—who somehow *gets things done*.

BUGS IN HIS BONNET

There's another chap in business who really deserves some sympathy. He is like the fellow who sits in the grass a couple of hours where the chiggers are holding a camp-meeting, and then wonders later what makes him feel so

miserable. An article in *The Saturday Evening Post* one time gave him a title—"Unconscious Malcontent." Or was it "subconscious?" Well it doesn't matter—the meaning is the same. He has the wrong mental attitude toward life—but DOESN'T KNOW IT.

That's why we should, in a way, feel sorry for him. When a man knows he has a few bad work habits, he can get busy and eliminate them. But to go around on his job, hopelessly handicapped but unaware of the fact—that is a genuine tragedy.

In fact, this fellow's affliction is so deep-seated that even those around him see only the *results* and never the cause—and being so elusive, it is seldom that the boss knows himself what is wrong, or feels he has the right to talk about it. You see, the trouble is in the victim's own mind—he peers at the world about him through dark glasses. Thus he imagines many things which are not good for him. And the effect of this crooked thinking is reflected in his work and human relationships.

He isn't such a rare bird either. I suppose we all, more or less, have the habit of taking little things and magnifying them. We fret and brood until we have in our minds, if not in reality, what seems to be a major problem. Yes, making mountains out of molehills—that's the old way of expressing it. And sometimes imaginary troubles make us feel worse than real ones!

Bugs in our bonnets, that's what they are.

The man you work for criticizes some little thing you have done, and means no harm at all. But you *imagine* he doesn't like you. The company announces that employees cannot smoke on a certain floor, and you *think* this is an unfair infringement on your personal liberty—but the real

reason is that smoking there is a fire hazard. A trouble-maker passes along some thoughtless remark made by a friend, and you *imagine* he has turned against you.

Just imagine running wild, until finally your mind becomes so full of poisonous thoughts that you can't judge any act or policy in its true perspective. You have become a negative thinker—"against" anything and everything. And yet you would highly resent any inference that you are not a loyal worker.

Sad—very, very sad!

For actually this mental disease *is* a form of *incipient disloyalty*. And it is manifested in three ways: toward your company; toward your associates; and toward *yourself*.

With respect to the company, the "unconscious malcontent" grumbles because he has to punch a time clock when certain executives do not. He grumbles because he can't take his vacation the month he wants to. He grumbles because his department was moved to the third floor, because orders must be approved by Mr. Soandso, and because he has to go to work a half hour earlier than his brother in another company. But all this grumbling is *inside*—an accumulation of bile in his thinking which sours his mental attitude toward everything the company does.

Thus, if the president calls a mass meeting to hear some prominent business man, who might give him a few good ideas, he calls it "Tommyrot." Naturally, in that frame of mind he gets no benefit out of the meeting. If the company organizes a Credit Union—a fine plan for employees when properly directed—he is the first to point out all the reasons why it won't work. If there is a company basketball team, he never takes his family to see a game. "Kid stuff," he says. If baskets of fruit, candy, and canned goods are



"Bugs in his bonnet."

presented to all the workers at the annual Christmas party, he calls it a lot of hokum. "Why don't they save that dough, and raise our salaries?"

Negative thinking! Incipient disloyalty which can grow into something real and vicious! How can a man call himself loyal if he places an ulterior motive on everything done for his benefit?

In contacts with his fellow-workers, the "bugs in his bonnet" are just as much in evidence. If one of them gets promoted, he never thinks to congratulate him. In fact, he wonders why *he* didn't get the job. If a new man comes to his department, he looks at him with a cold and critical eye. "Huh, if that guy is as dumb as he looks, he won't last a week—and I'll get the blame for all the mistakes he makes I suppose." If the boss is lenient with a wayward employee, he is "too soft." If he discharges him, he is "too hard-boiled."

Not that he *says* these things! They just fester in his mind—often his *subconscious* mind, where they do the most harm.

But the truly loyal worker thinks in a different direction. He is the first to give a big hand to anyone whose good work has been recognized. He remembers that terrifying week when he came, a new man, to the department. Because he remembers, he is eager to give the poor devil all the help he can—to make him feel at home. He believes the first duty of a good soldier is to accept the decisions of an officer in the right spirit. What the boss does is "jake" with him. After all, *he is the boss*.

The "unconscious malcontent" never gives himself a break. He knows his luck is all bad. He suffers with what the world calls "an inferiority complex." He is so perfectly

sure that he *can't* get ahead that of course he doesn't. He goes home and weeps on his wife's shoulder. He isn't *loyal* to his own best self. He sells himself short in the success market. But who will *tell* him that he is a weakling. He wouldn't believe it anyway.

"Unconscious malcontents"—standing in their own sunshine!

What about it? Any of these bugs in *your* bonnet?

That's for you to find out. The boss won't tell you.

He Looks Down His Nose

GERALD STIFFBOSOM, a friend of mine, never will amount to a hill of beans as a salesman. Oh, he'll earn a living as he has done the past twenty years, but he won't become a manager, or even lead his comrades in gross sales. In fact, when any prizes are handed out he'll always take his bow among the last ones called. Gerald *could* be a star, but he is only a flicker in the Milky Way. And a flicker he will be to the end.

Perhaps you are saying this is the wrong way to be talking about a friend, but I mean him no harm. "Gerald Stiffbosom" is not the real name, and I am sure he would not think of himself should he happen to read these lines. Besides, after a late start, I like Gerald, and there need be no connection between our friendship and whether or not he carries a baton in the brass band.

Most folks *don't* like Gerald. They never have taken the time and trouble to break through the crust of self-importance by which his real personality is concealed. And why should they? If a man poses as something different from his actual self, who is to blame if the world accepts the pose?

You see, Gerald has one great handicap in business life—a shortcoming so serious that neither he nor any other man could hope for success unless it were overcome. Gerald looks down his nose at people. Gerald doesn't know how to

make friends. Some time in his early days, he must have been sold the wrong bill of goods. Somebody made him believe that he must walk very erect, looking neither to the right or left; that he must hold his lips in a tight, straight line and never be caught with a smile; that he must pay no attention to anything in which other people might be interested, or bother to toss them a crumb of encouragement.

Yes, Gerald is the lone wolf you read so much about—a fierce, glum old wolf with the heart of a lamb. He doesn't mean to appear conceited or unfriendly. He is only playing the part of the busy business man who according to his interpretation must be dignified, cold, and important. So he stares at the girls in his office with an air of preoccupation, and he mingles not in the conversation of his fellow-salesmen. Not even the nice little package of "oomph" at the reception desk is able to inspire a "Good morning" from Gerald. He must hold his pose of "Big Business Man."

As unpopular as all this stiff-bosomed foolishness makes Gerald among his associates, it still wouldn't be so bad did it not carry over to his selling contacts. He *looks down his nose at prospects and customers too*. I think he even looks down his nose at the things he is trying to sell. And that, of course, is fatal! The few orders he brings to the office are taken *in spite of himself*. It is seldom that a customer gets to like Gerald, or gives him any of that "courtesy" business which falls so abundantly into the laps of salesmen who know *how to make friends*.

YOUR CIRCLE TO DRAW

Probably, no one in his right mind would argue against the importance of having friends—many friends—true

friends. Particularly, do you need friends in business—folks who will gladly speak good words for you—folks who will make their little contribution, or sometimes a big one, to your planned career.

Certainly, it does your cause no good to have people working *against* you, misunderstanding your motives, doing all they can to pull you down instead of push you up. I have known young workers—*very* young in judgment if not in years—who thought they could trample on the feelings of others and walk roughshod to greater responsibility, but not a single one of them who did not make the road more difficult for himself, and usually ended by banging his head hopelessly against a stone wall of antagonism.

Thus, you can add with certainty in your Book of Experience the note that no job in business can be considered rightfully as apart from others—not even the president's—and no worker can consider *himself* as apart from his associates. Yes, business demands *teamwork*, tolerance, consideration, co-operation—in *spirit* as well as in job operations. You simply

MUST
FIND
THE
WAY
TO
MAKE
FRIENDS

and there is nothing in this book so important to the success of your planned career. Without the approval of those all about you, without their *willing* co-operation, you are no better off than is a man who tries to run through a tangled

jungle in competition with others who are running on an open road.

But winning friends in business is not a one-sided endeavor. If you expect people to like you, then you, in turn, **MUST LIKE PEOPLE**. This is a simple **LAW** of life. There are no exceptions to it. As you become interested in others, they become interested in you. Respect breeds respect. Hate breeds hate. You can be pretty well sure that what you *get* from others will be only a portion of what you *gave* to them.

Sometimes, this law of "like and be liked" seems to function in reverse. You try your best to co-operate with a fellow-worker, and he turns his back on your good intentions. In some way that you did not realize, you may have made a poor first impression—as the old saying goes, "you got off on the wrong foot." You are sincere in cultivating his friendship, but finally your bile begins to seeth. You say: "I have done my best to be nice to this old coot, but I am not taking any more of his insults. From now on he can go to the devil."

And so a grudge is born which day by day becomes more bitter! But how much better to continue in the same spirit of co-operation until time may change his attitude. If it never does, at least you have kept your slate clean. This may mean a little swallowing of pride, but in the long run which is more important to your career—a fellow-worker who has finally learned to *like* you, or one who hates the ground you walk on?

He drew a circle that shut me out,
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win,
We drew a circle that took him in.

In those four lines by Edwin Markham, you have a philosophy for human relations which most of us could afford to practice. Because we are human, because we err in tact and judgment, we can never expect to reach that heavenly state where *all* people understand each other all the time; or where the prod of ambition will not now and then breed jealousy and intolerance. The world is small—we just get in each other's way. But often a little patience will win confidence where there was none—will make a friend of one who has been unfriendly.

You can draw these circles if you try. *Big circles!* Big enough to include some who have worked against you—once your enemies, but now your friends.

SHE WENT DOWN TO "BUMP"

Of course, there are some individuals who seem to take delight in making other people angry. They seem to *thrive* on animosity. I suppose they are the devil's own. We don't need to worry much about these queer people, except to stay out of their way, and let them bring about their own destruction. But I can't resist telling you of a servant who once worked for a family friend.

Ordinarily, this girl had Thursdays "off," but once her mistress asked if the day could be changed to Wednesday. "No, ma'am," came the instant reply, "I can't work on Thursday—that's our day to *bump*."

Naturally, the lady was mystified. "Bump?" she asked, "What do you mean?"

"Yessum, bump! I belongs to a club, and every Thursday we goes downtown and in the stores we sees how many people we can back into. We gits in a lot of bumps, but most folks don't make no trouble 'bout it."

Could you have seen this amply built servant, with most of her weight below the belt, you could not have questioned her ability to get in some good bumps. Indeed, the impact must have been terrific.

Ever since I heard that story—and true it is—it has been impossible not to think of this bumping servant when I see a fellow in some company, walking around with a chip on his shoulder, and apparently eager to see how much trouble he can cause. But fortunately the great majority of all of us have an instinctive longing for friends. We don't always know how to win them, but at least we wish we could.

FAIR PLAY AND GOOD MANNERS

From the point of view of company leadership, the necessity of friendly employee relations is unquestioned. When such a spirit pervades an office or plant, a certain teamwork is created which reacts beneficially on both the personnel and the work to be done. Nobody wants to labor in a department where the people are constantly snapping at each other, or where any part of them are not on friendly terms. Rather than put up with such a condition, most executives will eliminate the troublemakers even though their work may be first class.

And that reminds me of two salesmen who once caused me plenty of worry, although I thought the world of both.

They had known each other for many years, having worked for the same company before joining our sales force. They were always one and two in rank, the honor falling to one man for a month or so, and then to the other. Perhaps I fanned the flame of rivalry, as sales managers are prone to do when they have men who are ambitious to lead the pack. But anyway, they would not give an inch to each other.

I stood their bickering and suspicions a long time, but finally it became obvious that to regain peace in the sales department, one of them had to go. But which one? Each was a good fellow at heart. Each was a star in selling. Either would be badly missed.

One day I ordered them to report to my office at the same hour, and then the door was shut. Maybe I should have read them pertinent quotations from Dale Carnegie's famous book, but they were no longer susceptible to reason. Instead, I tried a dangerous experiment which had me shivering in my boots.

"Boys," I told them, "I have here a deck of playing cards. I am going to deal to you alternately until the ace of spades comes out. The one who gets the ace of spades must turn in his license." Neither of them seemed to like the idea, but I had started the conference with all the reasons why it was impossible to keep on the same sales force two men who would not co-operate with each other. So the dealing began.

"Too bad," I said as I drew the cards off very slowly, "that you two men should be so childish. You have both been making more money than ever before, and should appreciate your good fortune. But now, because you are so inconsiderate of each other, one of you will have to suffer. And that includes the wife and kids."

I doubt if you ever have seen two men sweat as did those salesmen as the cards came out. And the more they sweat, the slower I dealt. Then, just as I was beginning to think my plan hadn't been so smart, one of them put out his hand and stopped the dealing. "Will you leave your office for a few minutes?" he asked. "I think we two can get things straight between us, if you will."

That, of course, was the break in the game on which I had gambled. Why, too, as you may have guessed, the ace of spades was the last card in the deck! And, of course, you know the end of the story. When I went back to the room, both of the salesmen were smiling, and one of them said, "I think we can be friends from now on if you'll throw those cards away and give us the chance to prove it." It wasn't idle talk either, for friends they have been from that day to this.

Perhaps it isn't so difficult to get along with the other fellow after all—not when there is a good reason for it—like keeping your job. But the funniest part of this story came out later. I did not know when dealing that "hand of death" that these two men had been born on the same day of the same month of the same year. Yes, in one sense, they were twins—and that's what I called them from the time I found it out.

The basis for teamwork in an organization was never better expressed than by Clyde W. Young, president of the Monarch Life Insurance Company of Springfield, Massachusetts. He had been talking about human relations, and I said, "Mr. Young, the morale of your company is extremely good. By what policies have you managed to create such fine feeling among your employees?"

"We have only *one* policy," he replied, "and it can be explained in five words—FAIR PLAY AND GOOD MANNERS."

Fair play and good manners! What better plan could there be for making friends? But the plan won't work unless *all* of the workers in a company *live up to it*. And that includes *you*, it being true that one bad apple in a barrel will tend to spoil all the rest.

Business is business, but men are men,
Working, loving, dreaming;
Toiling with hammer, brush or pen,
Roistering, planning, scheming.

Business is business, but he's a fool
Whose business has grown to smother
His faith in men and the golden rule,
His love for friend and brother.

Business is business, but life is life,
Though we are all in the game to win it;
Let's rest sometime from the heat and strife,
And try to be friends a minute.

Let's seek to be comrades, now and then,
And slip from our golden tether;
Business is business, but men are men,
And we're all good pals together.

—FORT WORTH ROTARY CLUB

THINGS THAT HELP TO WIN FRIENDS

Many thick books have been written on HOW to win friends, and none will do you any harm. Some of them, to be sure, contain more "shoulds" and "don'ts" than you may like to absorb—especially if you are the kind who prefers to call his own leads once the hands are dealt. This, I think, is the better way to apply the great truths of life to our own labors—let anyone give us the facts and ideas as he wishes, but reserve to us the right to do our own thinking, make our own deductions.

Be that as it may, it seems to me that the difference between making or losing friends is nothing more than the emphasis you or I may place on ourselves as compared to others. People who are "YOU-minded" win more friends, and get along better with their fellow-workers, than do people who are "I-minded." And practically every point that

the experts mention, pro or con in the making of friends, falls into one of these two classifications.

Now think for a moment, and see if this is not true. What are some of the positive factors in the programs that we read for the winning and keeping of friends? Well,

A willingness to share the other fellow's load. This is decidedly a *you-minded* trait. As Carl Wollner once explained it—"pulling your weight in the boat." The fellow so endowed is usually popular among his associates. He is not afraid to get his hands dirty—he joins in any group activity with enthusiasm, and the sincere desire to help.

Always ready with a word of praise when a fellow-worker does something worth while, or gets a promotion—or even praise for some little thing, like a new suit of clothes he is wearing, or the pretty girl he brought to the company party. Sincere praise—not flattery—is one of life's rewards. It makes us feel important. But only *you-minded* people think to say these nice things. So naturally, they have many friends.

The rare ability of being a good listener—which means resisting the temptation to "hog the limelight," and to be genuinely interested in what the other fellow is saying. And while you listen, you are concentrating on "*you*" rather than "*I*" and the man to whom you pay this subtle compliment can hardly help feeling you are his friend.

Accepting honors and good fortune with humility. All the world loves a modest man—all the world detests a braggart. Here again, the humble man is *you-minded*, in the sense that he does not want to flaunt his importance before those not so fortunate.

Using and remembering the names of others—which you could not easily do unless your mind were trained to concentrate sharply on the people that you rub shoulders with. No word has more favor to the average individual than his own name. He likes to hear it pronounced correctly, and with respect. *You-minded* persons remember names better because all their thinking is not turned within.

You can go on with these traits that help to win friends—and they all seem to depend on thinking "*YOU*" instead of thinking "*I*." The *you-minded* individual, because he is interested in others, has a friendly smile for everybody. The *I-minded* individual, because he is interested mostly in him-

self, forgets to smile. Too often, his thoughts are pinned on his own problems.

Some of us are a cross between the two types. We offer refuge to conflicting thoughts—some centered on the other people we meet and know, some centered purely on ourselves. So we win friends when in the one mood; we lose friends when in the other. Edward Sandford expressed this conflict in a little verse that you will like, called "Which is Me?"

Within my earthly temple there's a crowd;
There's one of us that's humble, one that's proud;
There's one that's broken-hearted for his sins;
There's one that, unrepentent, sits and grins;
There's one that loves his neighbor as himself;
There's one that cares for naught but fame and pelf.
From much corroding care I would be free
If once I could determine WHICH IS ME.

Think "YOU" to make friends. "You" in the ways that have been mentioned—"you" in the many other ways that could be added. I suppose they sum up to that vague, but understandable, generality which we call a "pleasing personality." Naturally, when you go around registering a hearty interest in others, when you greet them with a smile, when you listen eagerly to what they have to say, folks are sure to call your personality "pleasing." It is pleasing because you show plainly how much you like them. And so . . . *they like you!* Very simple, isn't it?

NOT SOMETHING YOU WERE BORN WITH

A friend of mine in Texas has some good ideas about making your personality pleasing to others. His name is H. H. (Bert) Fisch, and he is sales manager for Justin Brothers Shoe Company. Perhaps, you have worn some of their cowboy boots—made by men who take great pride in

doing fine work—who make boots with the same enthusiasm with which a musician might write a great symphony, or you might dance a “hot” rumba. You should have a few good Texas friends. They are genuine “You” men, to whom friendship is a religion and flattery is taboo.

“Bert” Fisch tells his salesmen that they do not need to worry about being denied a pleasing personality. He says that personality is not something people are *born* with. It is *acquired*. It is a summary of what you *are* and, particularly, of your thoughts toward others.

“The reason we have so many people with rotten personalities,” he says, “is because they are too lazy to try to correct themselves. Notice how you brighten up when someone smiles. There is nothing through which the light of a smile cannot pass. A smile is the first and simplest step in the development of a pleasing personality. Be sure though that it’s the right kind of a smile—the kind that is *in the eyes* as well as on the lips.”

Then he mentions the importance of a pleasing *voice*. “We pay a lot of attention to the manner of dress, the way to approach a person, and the correct thing to say, but forget the *tone* in which it is *spoken*. Some voices grate on us. Others mumble so we cannot understand what is being said. To train and develop your voice is not simple. It requires hours of self-discipline. First, you must find a REAL FRIEND—one who will tell you your faults, not tell others. If you realize that your voice is not smooth and clear, ask this friend to help you. Practice at home and then ask him for his honest opinion as to what progress you are making. It will be a heartbreaking task, but the voice is an essential part of a pleasing personality.”

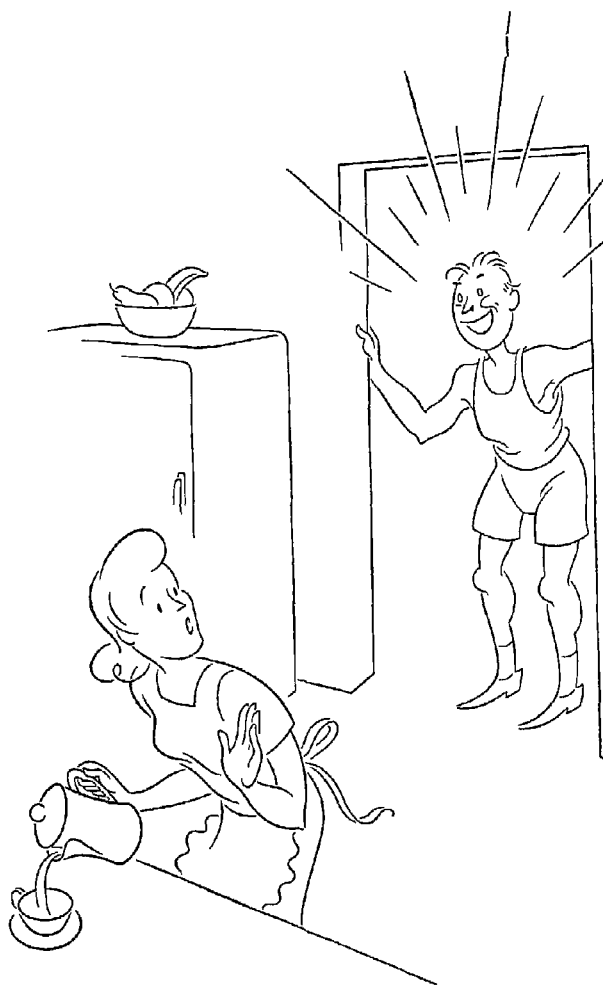
“Sociability,” says ‘Bert,’ “also goes hand in hand with a

pleasing personality." "Ever notice," he asks, "the outstanding personalities in your church, your lodge, your service clubs, in your company? You don't see them spotting one or two persons and pulling them aside for a special chat. You don't see them sitting at the same table each luncheon day with the same group of cronies. No sir! They mix and mingle. They have a friendly greeting for this man, a word of sincere praise for that one, or a word of agreement with another. When they talk, they talk about others, but most peculiar of all, they are usually *good listeners*. That's sociability."

To the ingredients already listed in the Fisch recipe for a pleasing personality, the last to be added is a heaping tablespoon of unadulterated enthusiasm. He quotes Henry Chester: "Enthusiasm is the greatest asset in the world. It overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles. It is nothing more or less than *faith in action*."

Then, speaking for himself, Mr. Fisch concludes: "What does a handshake amount to without a bit of enthusiasm back of it? Enthusiasm is the spark plug that fires the smile. It is enthusiasm that takes the dull listlessness out of the voice. It is enthusiasm that radiates sociability."

Can a pleasing personality really be *acquired*? Why not? Is there any law against your smiling? Is the number of smiles that you may use rationed? If your voice is not smooth and clear, a course in public speaking is the remedy. Nobody *has* to mumble words. Is there any reason why *you* can't "mingle and mix"? Have you ever been arrested for being a good listener? Where does enthusiasm start except in your own mind? You are not forced by any inherited trait to be dull and listless—or to extend a hand which is no better to grasp than the tail of a flounder.



Surprise her.

You know that a pleasing personality will help to win friends. If you aren't satisfied with the brand you are now putting out, what's to stop you from getting a new brand? Smile at the first person you meet tomorrow morning—if that person is your wife, surprise her. Smile on the way to work—even at the neighbor you don't like. Smile at the office. Smile at the supper table. When you go to bed, smile up at God, and thank Him for a nice day.

But remember—not just lip smiles! They can be purely mechanical so that you look like a cat dreaming of a canary. No, no. Smiles must be felt inside. As "Bert" Fisch says, the best smiles are *in the eyes*.

Yes, you can make tomorrow a darned nice day. But no one else can make it for you. You can smile and feel *good*, or you can frown and feel "lousy." And that's no baloney! If you think so, you are just an old grouch, a sourpuss, helping to make other people feel gloomy. You don't deserve friends. You need a padded cell and a crying towel where you can enjoy your own misery without contaminating the people you live and work with.

Someone started the whole day wrong—was it you?
Someone robbed the day of its song—was it you?
Early this morning someone frowned,
Someone sulked until others scowled,
And soon harsh words were passed around—was it you?

Someone started the day right—was it you?
Someone made it happy and bright—was it you?
Early this morning, we are told,
Someone smiled, and all through the day
This smile encouraged young and old—was it you?

A little more smile, a little less frown,
A little less kicking a guy when he's down;
A little more "You"—a little less "I,"

A little more laugh, a little less cry,
A little more flowers on the pathways of life,
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

It seems a pity that somebody should write a message like that, and not receive credit for the good he has done. But the author's name is unknown. Maybe he didn't care about getting credit. He had been trying out his own philosophy of smiling, and he felt so good that he wanted you and me to know about it.

To be sure, there are some who ridicule a poem like that. They call it "Sunday-School stuff." That's okeh with me; I'm not my brother's keeper. But I have heard something about birds of a feather flocking together. I'd rather be seen in a church on Sunday than in a saloon. You know one way to *lose* friends is to make fun of the better side of life. Criticizing good things is like belching—not very popular in public. It's best to hold either down if you can.

HOW NOT TO WIN FRIENDS

Personally, I prefer the positive side of a problem to the negative. It's much more fun to walk in the sunshine than in the fog. But I suppose we must consider how friends are *lost*, just on the bare possibility that some of the reasons might "come close to home." And if the shoe pinches we can always take it off. That's the easy way to avoid an uneasy conscience—also to keep on making the same mistakes.

Again, if you crave a long and lengthy list of faults to peck at, I suggest you refer to the psychologists who have missed nothing in their textbooks. But I still think all they say on the negative side of the subject can be reduced to "I-minded" thinking. The fellow in business who looks only *within*, and whose every act or judgment is influenced by

what it means to *him*, is rather sure to be unpopular among his associates. You don't win friends by thinking always of yourself—and that's that.

However, let's get at the dark side—maybe there are a few reasons for not making friends that in reverse we might apply to our planned careers.

George Moriarity, the American League umpire, once told a group of people at a luncheon club that he could never understand how crowds, hundreds of feet from the plate, could see better and judge more accurately than he could at a distance of only seven feet. Yet they are so sure of themselves, that they often boo and even throw pop bottles at the umpire.

Mr. Moriarity probably didn't realize that his little comment on human behavior contained a tip for those who are trying to get ahead in business. But it did. The majority of our judgments of the folks we work with are of the long-distance variety. We call strikes on a chap when we are too far away to see the true course of the ball, or understand why he missed it. Hence,

WE LOSE FRIENDS BY MAKING SNAP JUDGMENTS

which we might reverse if we knew all the facts. For example, we call a fellow-worker "an old tightwad" because he didn't chip in when a fund was raised to support the company softball team. He heard what was said, and we have lost a friend. But we didn't know how thin he has to spread his wages—that he supports his old parents, and his wife has been in the hospital for three months. Tightwad? No, only a good fellow feeling the pinch of necessity. No doubt he felt humiliated when he couldn't contribute—and our criticism only rubbed salt in his wound.

The other day I happened to overhear a conversation between the driver of a coal truck and a nice old lady. The truck driver had dumped a big pile of coal in the street, and the old lady wanted to know why the company had not sent a man with a wheelbarrow to haul the coal to her bin.

"Don't know nothin' about it," the driver said shortly.

"But the man promised to send somebody," she pleaded. "I'm all alone here. How am I going to get that coal in the bin?"

"That's *your* problem, sister," he retorted.

Naturally, the old lady's problem *was* solved, and the truck driver lost his job for lack of civility. Nevertheless, these examples of insolence and rudeness are as countless as the leaves on that oak tree in your back yard. We see sharp tongues wagging everywhere—employees talking to customers, talking among themselves. We see young men—older men too—held down in business by nothing more than the lack of common courtesies.

Of all the men I have worked with, one stands out above the rest because of his bad manners. He held an important position because of an unusual ability for the job, and might have advanced to executive rank in the company. But nobody liked him. He was doomed to sit at the same desk year after year, the victim of his total inability to get along with other people. During the several years I knew this man, never once did I hear him speak to his secretary when he arrived at the office. This, however, was no special discourtesy to her—he simply didn't bother to be nice to anybody.

As you can imagine, this man made no friends. In fact, because of his own suspicious and unreasonable judgments, there were long periods of time when he was not even on speaking terms with men of equal rank in the office. Finally,

one of them went to him with his hand outstretched, "Come, now," he said with a smile, "I am sorry we haven't understood each other—let's try to be friends." And what was the Old Bear's reaction to this chance to regain a friend? Why, he turned his back and walked away from the outstretched hand. He preferred his grudge to a friend—rudeness to civility.

Life is too short to hold the grudge against one
Who may have been repentant all these years,
Too short for malice, silent or outspoken,
That brings thy brother to the fount of tears.

Let us forgive, as we would hope to be forgiven,
Let us remember trivial things as naught,
Let not these clumsy hands break quivering heartstrings—
Life is too short.

—BERNARD A. PITMAN

To drag any more examples of discourtesy before you would be a needless and nauseating experience. You *know* the evil of bad manners, and how in your own company many an individual is handicapping himself by the inability to meet his fellow-workers with the simple courtesies which we all expect of each other. Yes,

WE LOSE FRIENDS BY LACK OF COMMON CIVILITY
and for that we alone are to blame. No one *has* to go around with a chip on his shoulder. No one *has* to be rude, intolerant, insulting.

There is another form of bad manners which can more easily be forgiven, since it often may be accompanied by good intentions. Perhaps we should call it *lack of consideration of the feelings or habits of others*. For example, I like dogs so much that it is difficult for me to understand why anyone else should not like them. My impulse is to say, "There's something wrong with a guy who doesn't like

dogs," and a little barrier is promptly established between us.

Well, to tell the truth, I am stubborn on that point. I *do*, and I can't help it, look with suspicion on anybody who can't enjoy the comradeship of man's most faithful friend. But there's no sensible reason why I shouldn't keep this opinion, which probably isn't fair, to *myself*. After all, why should I rub anybody's hair the wrong way? That's not the way to keep on friendly terms with the people I have to live and work with.

A FEW BAD INDIANS

I like to think of these thoughtless individuals who irritate needlessly the people they work with as "bad little Indians"—you know, as in the song we sang when we were kids. They don't mean a lot of harm, but they surely lose a lot of friends.

For example—Chief Smoke-in-Your-Face! He thinks a man who doesn't smoke is just a sissy. So he blithely disregards the feelings of the nonsmokers. He blows smoke in the face of his secretary—even thinks it funny when she cringes. He lights a particularly vicious weed in the closed automobile of the man who has been kind enough to take him home—even though he knows that man doesn't smoke cigars. He carries a lighted cigarette into the president's office although everybody knows the "Old Man" hates the smell of cigarette smoke.

Then, there is Chief Rub-It-In. He thinks he is dynamite among the boys. He really has a lot of fun. He takes special delight in "ribbing" a fellow-worker—even though it hurts. He loves to get something "on" you, and spill the beans in some crowd when you are there. He wisecracks

about the colored shirts you wear, or the bald head which is no joke to you. You find it very difficult to like him.

And Chief Me-Come-First. He is the fellow who busts into any conversation, or any office. You may be dictating an important letter, but what's that to him. He is on the move, and wants immediate action. Not all the King's horses, nor all the King's men can stop him. You can stand that kind of bad manners for a while, but eventually they get on your nerves. Finally, you "blow up" and say more than you intended. He has lost a friend.

Have you met Chief Sticky-Fingers? His playground is any place he has no right to be. He loves to poke around in your desk. He takes your umbrella out to lunch at noon, and that night you go home in the rain without it. When you are talking to the "big moment" he hangs around to listen. He should have a wide knowledge of current events, because he is always "borrowing" magazines that he sees on various desks. No, he isn't dishonest—not exactly—just careless and inconsiderate! Eventually, you lose patience—and he loses a friend.

Chief Paw-Paw! There's a great boy—with the girls especially. But he'll slap anybody's back on first acquaintance—even the back of his boss, which surely is no place to start pawing. But the girls are really his favorites. With them old Paw-Paw is really at his best. Perhaps his intentions are not what we think—he may be a biology student in search of case material. But listen, the girls do NOT like him.

Enough of those bad Indians! You can exercise the rest of the tribe at your leisure. But,

WE LOSE FRIENDS BY THOUGHTLESS INCONSIDERATION
and that's not much different from doing the same things

purposely. You see, we don't *have* to be thoughtless. We have some nice equipment to think with—who is to blame when we don't *use* it?

An *overgrowth* of *Ego* can hardly fail to destroy friendship. The fellow who walks about with a sublime sense of his own intelligence—or good looks—or importance—can remove friends faster than you can shave whiskers off your face. He is king of the “I” boys. He loves himself so devoutly, and with such radiant enthusiasm, there is no room left in his mind for anybody else.

This disease is more common among the young than the old, the reason being that the oldsters get a few bumps along the road to success which tend to reveal that they are not at all indispensable—that even the company where they work might go along without them and never miss a heartbeat.

Conceit is bad enough when we only have to sit back and laugh at it. But when imposed on others in the cloak of authority, it becomes unbearable, so that friends fall away from the victim quicker than sailors can jump from a sinking ship. I don't know anything that could do you more harm among the folks you work with than to let authority *go to your head*.

Of course, you wouldn't do that. But “just in case” and for future guidance, let it not be forgotten that true leadership depends on the winning of confidence and respect—not in thundering from the housetops what a great fellow you have turned out to be. Please believe it,

WE LOSE FRIENDS BY TRYING TO ACT IMPORTANT

which is obviously foolish, since the man who *is* important doesn't have to *act* that way.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

In all the talks we have had together in this book, there has been one underlying thought of mine, to which I think you will subscribe. Perhaps you have suspected it.

You know, it seems to me that more than anything else in this world all people crave *happiness*. Thus, when we try to make friends we are really seeking to make happiness for ourselves. It isn't any fun to work among people who are jealous and suspicious of each other. Neither can it be any fun for others when we reflect those qualities.

Selfishly, if you wish to put it that way, and entirely apart from the fact that co-operation helps to win success, there is no doubt but that we get more out of life when we *like our jobs*, and *like the folks we work with*. The time passes faster, the task is more interesting, when we feel a bond of mutual understanding and respect. Why should any sane-minded person NOT want to make his job as agreeable as possible—why should he NOT want to work among friends?

Maybe, I'm just kidding myself—reaching out in life for something life has not to give. But it seems to me that there is a self-satisfaction from *knowing we have friends* which transcends all other worldly possessions. Give me a few true friends—and you can have your pot of gold.

And to know that somewhere along the road we have been able to give a bit of ourselves to some friend who needed consolation or encouragement—that *is* the thrill of thrills. You doubt that? Well, won't argue. Just make all the friends you can. You'll never know how badly you need them—*until you do*.



You can have your pot of gold.

TOUCHING SHOULDERS

There's a comforting thought at the close of day,
When I'm weary and lonely and sad,
That sort of grips hold of my crusty old heart,
And bids it be merry and glad.
It gets in my soul and it drives out the blues,
And finally thrills through and through.
It's just a sweet memory that chants the refrain.
"I'm glad I touched shoulders with you!"

Did you know you were brave? Did you know you were strong?
Did you know there was one leaning hard?
Did you know that I waited and listened and prayed,
And was cheered by your simplest word?
Did you know that I longed for that smile on your face.
For the sound of your voice ringing true?
Did you know I grew stronger and better, because
I had merely touched shoulders with you?

I am glad that I live, that I struggle and strive
For the place that I know I must fill:
I am thankful for sorrows—I'll meet with a grin
What fortune may send—good or ill.
I may not have wealth, I may not be great,
But I know I shall always be true,
For I have in my life that courage you gave
When once I rubbed shoulders with you.

—NEW YORK TIMES (Author Unknown)

What Makes These Big Men Big?

SUPPOSE YOU were asked to list the ten most essential qualities that a man must possess to win success in business. Could you do it?

Well, yes, you probably could. But I doubt very much if *your* list, and mine, and John Doe's, would come even close to being the same. In fact, if one hundred people were asked to do the job, it is improbable that any two of them would select the same ten traits.

And that's not surprising either. Success is not an accomplishment that can be reduced to formula, nor can the ingredients be specified in exact units of measurement, as in the recipe for baking your favorite cake. There are many attributes which help to win success—many others that hold us back. But none of our great leaders in business seem to have the same combination of good qualities, nor can it be said of any man that he is entirely free of faults.

Nevertheless, now and then I see in some business magazine or book an attempt by a well-meaning prophet to tell us exactly what we need to hit the jackpot. You know, we are told, "Be strong . . . be honest . . . be fearless . . . be resourceful . . . be tolerant . . . be thrifty," and on to the end of the writer's list.

But shucks! You know, and I know, that generalities will never point the way to specific performance, or give us any-

thing more than an abstract concept of what a man needs to become great. How strong *is* strong? How thrifty *is* thrifty? A man may guard his money so zealously that he is called a miser, and is scorned by his fellows. Or, he may throw his money to the wind, and with equal contempt be dubbed a spendthrift. The ideal state of thriftiness, then, the one most helpful in winning success, is some place between the two extremes. But you tell me exactly *where*. I don't know.

No, I cannot give you—this last time we are to meet—an exact combination of numbers that will open the safe. I cannot, with holy complacency and cockeyed assurance, set forth the five, or ten, or twenty traits of character which will lead you to the promised land. I respect your intelligence too much for that. It simply cannot be done. I would have no faith in what I told you, and you know that nothing has been said in this book which I did not myself *believe*.

On the other hand, I *do* have an idea which I think will be helpful to you, just as it has been to me. It is founded on my belief that we should expose ourselves as much as possible to the company, and study, of those who *have done* what we still *hope* to do. In short, I have gained more help and inspiration from looking *up* than looking *down*, and often in the life of some successful business man, I have been able to find a principle that could be applied to my own career.

Hence, I suggest . . . *observe* BIG men . . . *mingle* with them when you can . . . *see* how they handle difficult situations . . . *study* their work habits . . . *copy* their methods . . . *decide* why they are big . . . *resolve* to profit by their experience . . . for they have reached the end of the road which you mean to travel.

Last night, I tried to do a similar job for you, and in the

doing, gained much benefit for myself. I sat alone for several hours, letting the business leaders I have known pass in review through my mind. I wanted to select, if I could, the ones who had contributed the most to my life—BIG men who had attained power without the loss of gentleness, men whose attributes I could covet without the loss of self-respect. Surely, I said, in the lives and careers of such a selected group I might find a few common traits worthy of *your* sober contemplation—traits that would help you, too, along the way.

Well, I did that very thing. And what an interesting parade I witnessed—what a thrill it was to now and then touch one of these men on the shoulder, saying, “You are truly BIG.”

No, the group is not large. You deserved only the *best*. But there isn’t a man in the lot who would not inspire and strengthen you, could you sit down with him for an hour, or have the privilege of working under his direction. BIG men all, who have enriched my life.

These are the men who made this last chapter possible—and from what they *are*, I am able to explain what you *can be*. Yes, from these BIG men I have gained a few common principles—principles you can afford to copy in your own battle for success. Consider them with an open mind. Please scorn them not.

“YOU WERE RIGHT AND I WAS WRONG”

Are you big enough to admit a mistake, to place the blame squarely where it belongs, and not try to wiggle or alibi out of it? This is a fair question, and important to your success. But you alone know the answer. Certainly, I have observed that the smaller the man, the more he squirms—

and of course, in the long run, the less he is respected by his fellow-workers.

A few years ago I read a true story told by the famous executive and writer, Bruce Barton.

"One day," said Mr. Barton, "a matter came up about which I happened to have the facts. My boss disagreed, and though I put up a good argument, he somewhat abruptly overruled me.

"I was living those days in a room in the 23d Street Y.M.C.A. for which I paid seven dollars a week. His home was a fair-sized mansion requiring ten servants. The morning after our argument, the telephone rang while I was dressing, and I wondered who in all New York could be after me so early.

"To my amazement it was the boss. Said he: 'I have been thinking about our discussion of yesterday, and I just want you to know that you were right and I was wrong.'

"The boss with an income of \$100,000 a year, calling a \$40-a-week youngster to say, 'I was wrong!' He had been one hundred per cent with me; after that he was the biggest man in town.

"Years have gone by and I have known all sorts and conditions of men in business, in the professions, and in politics. As an employer of men and women in a modest way, it has interested me to observe how they divide into two classes: those who feel they have lowered themselves by admitting a mistake, and so try in every way to pass the buck, and those who come out in forthright fashion and admit the facts.

"Almost always the latter group make better members of an organization and *go farther up the ladder*.

"Business men are better than they used to be. The

crusty old boss of two or three generations ago fought his way up by backing his own judgment against the world, and grew more vigorously positive as the years went by. He pounded his desk and roared his decisions, and woe to those who dared to doubt or disagree.

"Today's executive is usually a graduate of college, and often of a school of business administration. He has studied enough history to know how often the wisest leaders have made mistakes. When he makes an error he does not hesitate to say in quiet tones: 'I pulled a boner there.'"

None of my guinea pigs—the men I remember as contributing to my life—would stoop to cover up a blunder. None of them would hesitate to give credit to an employee who turned out to be "right when they were wrong." Power has not gone to their heads. They still have the all-saving grace of humility. So hang this truth on one of your guideposts to success—hang it *high* where you can read it again and again.

BIG MEN ADMIT THEIR OWN MISTAKES.

Doing this has helped to make them BIG.

"PUT ON THIS COAT AND GET INSIDE"

All along the road of life, you will be bothered and bruised by criticisms that seem unfair. Your natural impulse will be to fight back—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

But here is what I have observed in the reactions of the truly BIG men of business. They do not wallow in the gutter with men of lower ideals or false judgments. They simply *leave them alone*. Their course ahead is charted. The time is short. If ever they are hurt by those who taunt and

heckle, as surely they must be, they keep their thoughts to themselves. As one executive said to me, "I never have considered it worth while to compete with a skunk."

Sometimes, and always if the heckler has any semblance of character, this refusal to engage in verbal controversy turns the critic into a friend. If not, the BIG man marches on to victory, leaving his petty tormentor far behind.

You know, of course, that William B. McKinley ranks among our most highly respected presidents. During one of his congressional campaigns, he was persistently followed by a reporter from an opposition newspaper, who seized every possible opportunity to misrepresent his views, and to hold him up to ridicule. Mr. McKinley took this barrage of unfair criticism with fortitude, and even remarked that at least he could admire the young reporter's determination.

Finally, however, Mr. McKinley's admiration turned to pity. The reporter was ill-clad, and the weather was extremely cold. It was evident that the young man's devotion to duty was causing great discomfort. And one night, the affair came to an interesting climax.

Mr. McKinley was riding in a closed carriage, while the critical reporter sat shivering on the driver's seat outside. The great statesman endured the chattering as long as he could; then, he stopped the carriage, and said, "Young man, come here. Put on this overcoat, and ride inside with me."

"But, Mr. McKinley," the young man stammered, "don't you know who I am? I've been ripping you to pieces during this campaign, and I don't intend to stop."

"Yes, yes, I know who you are," replied the statesman, "but just put on this coat and get inside where it is warm."

You know what a *little* man would have said under the same circumstances. "You little fool, stay out there and

freeze until your big tongue stops wagging. Good enough for you!" But Mr. McKinley was a BIG man—too big to hold a grudge.

In a house magazine called *The Better Way*, I once found a page for my scrapbook. It told in rhyme the tale of "Little Dogs and Little Men." Here's how it goes.

My Dad and I, long years ago, were walking down the street,
When suddenly a little dog came yelping 'round our feet.
He snapped and snarled so viciously, that measly little pup,
It looked for sure as though he thought that he could eat us up.
I turned and threw some stones at him, which always missed the
mark,
And when I'd try to drive him off, the louder he would bark.

"Now son," my father said to me, "just go along your way,
And pay no attention to yelping dogs; remember what I say;
You'll notice if you let him be, and only hold your peace,
The little feist will soon grow tired, and his bluffing cease;
But every time you stamp your feet, and shout to him 'Begone,'
You show that he's annoying you, and he will bark right on.

"It takes a dog to fight a dog—just post that o'er your shelf;
When canines come and snarl at you, don't be a dog yourself.
And later, when you've grown to man, and petty men attack,
Don't stop to pick up stones to throw, don't try to answer back.
Just walk right on and pay no heed to anything they say,
And very soon they'll give it up and go another way."

It's a very old and simple trick these petty minds employ—
They say the gods will first enrage the men they would destroy;
And little dogs and little men, who snarl behind your back,
Will only snarl the louder if you answer their attack.
And they'll have done the very thing they started out to do,
If, being yellow dogs themselves, they make one out of you.

Well? Not an easy philosophy to follow, is it? The slurs of petty critics do get under your skin—and you long to plant four good knuckles on their chins. But BIG men let

the fire die out. They will not lower themselves to the little man's level. Yes, this is another truth I have observed.

BIG MEN PAY NO ATTENTION TO PETTY CRITICS.
That, too, has helped to make them BIG.

HE WAS ONLY THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

One of the funniest experiences in business is to watch some men after they have been advanced to some small position of authority. A bottle of old wine, swallowed in one mighty gulp, couldn't go to their heads any faster. How they strut! What an air of importance they do assume.

George Washington? Remember him? George, you know, was an aristocrat, but he had no illusions about dignity when there was work to be done. And he must have been "all man" to stand that winter at Valley Forge!

Anyway, one day was especially cold. The general, leaving headquarters, drew his great coat, turned up the collar, and pulled his hat down to shield his face from the biting wind. As he walked about the camp, he came to a small group of men who were building a wall of logs. A corporal stood at one side, barking orders.

"Up with it," he cried, "now all together! Push! What's wrong with you fellows? Push, damn it, push. Up with it. Up I say."

But the log was very heavy, and just before reaching the top of the pile, back it fell to the ground.

The corporal, his face bloated with anger, shouted again: "Come on, you loafers. Up with it. Up. Push."

The men tugged and strained once more. The log nearly reached the top. But back it fell.

Another struggle followed, and another. Each time the

corporal flew into a frenzy of abuse. Finally Washington ran forward and added his muscle to that of the others. As the log rolled into its place, the men began to thank him. But Washington turned on the corporal.

"Why didn't you help these men?" he asked sharply.

"Me?" replied the other. "Why, don't you see I am a *corporal*?"

"Oh, indeed!" Washington said, throwing open his great coat and revealing his uniform. "Well, I am only the *commander-in-chief*. Next time you have a heavy log to lift, send for me."

BIG men are willing to lift heavy logs—shoulder to shoulder with the others. LITTLE men think they have advanced beyond the need of co-operation. They think work is beneath their dignity. And that reminds me of Clarabell

It was a Saturday morning, and several of our sales managers were taking a night train east for a dealers' meeting. Naturally, they were anxious to clean out their mail, and the transcription department received an unusually large number of "rush" cylinders.

About ten o'clock, I went upstairs to make sure the letters would be typed for the sales managers to sign before they left. I found about a dozen typists working furiously, but the head of the department—recently promoted to that position—was doing nothing.

"Well, Clarabel," I asked, "are you going to get all the letters out?"

"You know we can't," she replied with a long face. "Anyway, it isn't fair to wait until Saturday morning, and then dump all these cylinders on us. Why do these men have to wait until the last minute? You'd think they would have more consideration than that."

Of course, I ignored the criticism, although I knew it was just in one sense, if not in spirit. "Clarabel, these letters *must* be finished, even if it means overtime. Meanwhile, why don't *you* help out?—you're a good typist."

From the look on Clarabel's face, you would have thought I had said some horrible thing. "Me type them?" she asked in a pained voice. "Why that wouldn't look right to the other girls. After all I am the head of this department, and must keep their respect."

So I lost my temper (BIG men don't)—and Clarabel wept.

But tell me, my friends, how *can* these petty people, in positions of little authority, get such "high-falutin'" ideas of their own importance? How can they possibly imagine that "helping out" would *lose* respect? Seems to me that's the way to *win* respect. You have a boss. Tell me, do you think the less of him when he takes off his coat and helps in an emergency? No, I can't believe it.

Six centuries before Christ a Chinese philosopher said: "I have three precious things which I cherish and prize. The first is gentleness; the second is frugality; the third is humility. Be gentle and you may be bold; be frugal and you may be liberal; avoid putting yourself above others and you may become a leader."

I think that Chinaman had something on the ball. Queer, isn't it, that a fellow twenty-five hundred years ago knew a truth about leadership which a lot of little men don't know even now?

Be that as it may,

BIG MEN SCORN TITLES WHEN WORK IS TO BE DONE.

And, that's a third trait which has helped to make them BIG!

ISOCRATES HAD THE ANSWER

Having sipped the wisdom of the Chinaman who lived six centuries before Christ, we might just as well stop and say, "hello" to Isocrates who was born four hundred and thirty-six years before the Master came, and died at the age of ninety-eight. Isocrates, too, was a philosopher, and you'll agree he stayed around long enough to pick up a few crumbs of wisdom.

In fact, when I read what the old boy said so long ago, I sometimes wonder if we are only fooling ourselves about the progress of civilization. Oh, of course, the ancients had a lot of habits that we call barbarous, and some funny notions about the world in which they lived. We have advanced in the sciences, and surrounded ourselves with a lot of gadgets that contribute to luxurious living and good health. But when it comes to honest-to-goodness thinking, are we really any smarter or wiser than in the past?

Yes, no doubt if we go back to primitive man, but that is quite a distance, and we really don't know much about it. But here's what I mean. You can search the whole of all that has been written in the past one hundred years—read every word of it—and you'll find nothing more profound, nothing more clearly stated, nothing more applicable to the man-you-want-to-be in business than the following words of old Isocrates:

Who then, do I call educated? First, those who manage well the circumstances which they encounter day by day and who possess a judgment which is accurate in meeting occasions as they arise and rarely miss the expedient course of action.

. . . Next, those who are decent and honorable in their intercourse with all men, bearing easily and good-naturedly what is unpleasant or offensive in others, and being themselves as agreeable and real to their associates as it is humanly possible to be; further—those who hold their pleasures always under control and are

not unduly overcome by their misfortunes, bearing up under them bravely and in a manner worthy of common nature.

... Finally, and most important of all, those *who are not spoiled by their successes and who do not desert their true selves*, but hold their ground steadfastly as wise and sober-minded men, rejoicing no more in the good things which have come to them through chance than in those which through their own nature and intelligence are theirs by birth. Those who have a character which is in accord, not with one of these things, but with all of them—these I maintain are educated and whole men, possessed of all the virtues of a man.

Maybe you are saying "What's new in that?" Well, nothing. Just a philosophy that no man could follow and not be BIG—and spoken twenty-four centuries ago. Nothing new, but all *true*; for truths are eternal.

Particularly, in Isocrates' words I like the underlined phrases—"Men who are not spoiled by their successes and who do not desert their true selves." How often in business, in politics, and in other forms of human activity we see men "desert their true selves" in the lust for power which transforms them from likable, warm-hearted, generous-minded fellows to ruthless, conceit-inflated, pompous demigods with personalities so different that you can hardly believe they are the same men.

Yes, success is a dangerous thing—and often not good for the soul. BIG men think only of it as a means to an end—they use the power which they have acquired for the benefit of others, and so come closer to God. Little men think only of what success *means to them*—they use their power for the gratification of their own Ego, and God knows them not.

Put it down—the fourth quality I have discovered in all of the big men I have known.

BIG MEN ARE NOT SPOILED BY SUCCESS.

And *not* being spoiled has helped to make them BIG.

A PERPETUAL DAWN

I want you to read an editorial taken from the magazine, *Harper's Weekly*. It discloses a state of mind to which we all at one time or another fall prey.

It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time.

In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs, as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent, upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried.

It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel indifference—which happily, no man pretends to feel—in the issue of events.

Of our own troubles, no man can see the end. If we are only to lose money, and by painful poverty be taught wisdom, no man need seriously despair. And yet, the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity.

Pretty gloomy, isn't it? The writer evidently was weighed down by present problems—and quite ready to sell our nation short. Did I say "present" problems? Excuse me, please. No, far from it. The editorial was printed in *Harper's Weekly* on October 10, 1857.

That's correct—1857. So we see that this thing we call the "jitters" is not a modern disease. People in all ages have had their periods of mental depression—periods when faith was lost, and there seemed to be no hope that calamity could be avoided. This despair is witnessed in the history of nations, corporations, and individuals. But always, there are a few leaders who hold the torch high, no matter how dimly it may be burning. They are the BIG men who walk *through* the darkness—confident that by hard work and unconquerable faith, there must be a solution for any problem.

This braveness of spirit in the face of obstacles—this ability to look with optimism on the future when others are singing the blues—is a trait possessed by all the BIG men in my selected group. So add this fact to the others,

BIG MEN SEE LIGHT WHERE LITTLE MEN SEE SHADOW

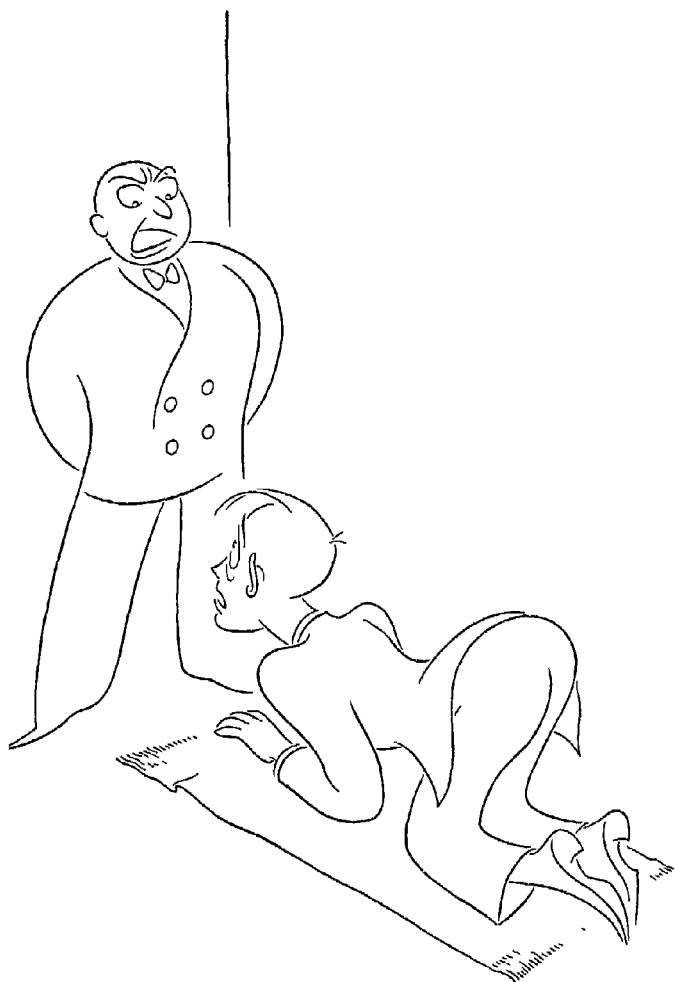
"Existence impresses me as a perpetual dawn," said H. G. Wells. Seeing dawn instead of night also helps to make men BIG.

"NOW I CAN HAND IT OUT"

Consideration for others is a human trait which no man can lack and still call himself BIG. Especially is this true in the relationship between a leader and his workers. To be "called on the carpet," is an experience which most of us have undergone more than once, but if the criticism is presented privately, and in a spirit of helpfulness, we have no cause to resent it. In fact, no doubt you have gone away from such interviews with an even deeper respect for your superior, and appreciating the kindness with which he pointed his finger at your fault.

But being "on the carpet" with others present to watch us squirm is a humiliation which burns and burns, until all respect for our tormentors is destroyed. Unfortunately, I have had to sit in the grandstand and witness some of these incidents, and even as a bystander I felt humiliated when the lambs were slaughtered. This abuse of those not in a position to defend themselves is the very antithesis of good leadership, and you'll never find a BIG man berating an employee when there are others around to hear him.

Of course, now and then, you encounter an organization where a spirit of "dog eat dog" seems to prevail, and where the humiliation of the small fry seems to be taken for



"Now it's my turn to hand it out."

granted as a privilege of authority. Personally, I would stay in such a place no longer than it takes to put on my hat and walk out. And if, by unhappy circumstance, you ever find yourself working where your deficiencies are paraded for public ridicule, *get out* before your spirit is broken. Don't walk out. *Run*. Jump through a window. For all your chances of happiness and success are endangered so long as you stay.

One day I remember.

The vice-president of a large company had called me to his office for advice on a problem. I don't know why I was forced to wait near his desk while two of his department heads were placed on the spit and barbecued—unless he wanted to flaunt his power before me. Some little mistake had been made the day before, and there as I listened, the two men were scorched with unbelievable sarcasm.

After they had gone—white-faced and lips quivering—I dared to ask their tormentor why he had not talked to them privately, and with more consideration for their feelings. He didn't seem to resent my question. On the contrary, it gave him the chance to explain a perverted theory of leadership in which he found an unholy satisfaction.

"Consideration?" he countered with a big laugh of derision. "Mr. Frailey, *now* I am the vice-president, but for twenty years I worked here before I moved into this office. Like those two men, I had to take orders, do what I was told, and if I made a mistake, I was told plenty. I had to *take it then*—but now it's my turn to *hand it out*."

Naturally, we got into a little argument over that, but it did no good. To this executive, leadership meant the *right to humiliate* those of lower station. He had taken his share of abuse—now, he was determined to even the score.

Some day, *you* may hold a position of authority. If you want to be respected—to get the most in loyalty and effort out of your followers—remember,

BIG MEN DO NOT HUMILIATE FELLOW-WORKERS.

And that, of course, is another reason why they are BIG.

THE THOROUGHbred DIDN'T SQUEAL

When the great president, Theodore Roosevelt, was a boy his father once said, "Ted, do you know what a thoroughbred is? Well, I'll show you. Do you see those two dogs?"

Then he picked up an ugly pup, gave him a gentle shaking, and waited while his yelps and squeals rent the air. "*This one is not a thoroughbred.*"

The other dog got a much harder shaking—but not a sound came forth. "There," said the father, "is your thoroughbred. No matter what happens, *he won't squeal.*"

Here again, we have one of the universal traits of BIG men. When things get tough, you never hear them squeal. They are gluttons for punishment, and often in defeat are just as much to be admired as in victory. They, too, are *thoroughbreds*.

It's hardly my province to ask whether or not *you* can "take it." That's none of my business. You can, or you can't, and there isn't anything I could do about it. A man can change his personality in many ways. He can develop new abilities—improve his mental attitude—correct bad habits—do most of the things that are necessary to progress in business. But when it comes to that inner something which we call "guts"—or the more polite term, intestinal fortitude—I'm not so sure you can change it. As the colored

boy would say, "you is or you ain't." Thoroughbreds and mongrels are born what they are. So are men with respect to fortitude—or at least, so it seems to me.

On the other hand, many a man is stronger within than he appears without—stronger even than he rates himself. In some way—perhaps as a child—he *acquired* a nice set of inhibitions. I believe the world calls one of them an 'inferiority complex.' So he gets in the *habit* of seeing himself in the wrong light. He *encourages* cowardice in his thinking. But he doesn't *need* to be a weakling. He has simply let the good stuff of which he is made *go to seed*. And now and then something happens to jar him out of his weak-kneed habits. He becomes a *man*—the man he could have been all the time except for his own negative appraisal of himself.

Maybe you have been suffering with an inferiority complex. Why don't you start a revolution? Kick it downstairs—out the door. Smash the window. Assert yourself. Start looking straight in the eyes of other men. They are no better than you are. *Prove* it. Do some of the things you don't like to do. Punish yourself. If it hurts, laugh.

Play the game for all it's worth, but if you lose—so what? You didn't get the promotion? So what? There will be another chance. You aren't feeling good physically? So what? Throw away those pills, and forget it. You aren't going to die—or if you do, so what? The Supreme Boss has a better job for you.

BIG men take adversity without a whimper. They really do. They have *poise*, and you can't shake them out of it. What's the use to fret and whine about things that can't be helped?

One day Major-General Goethals stood at the top of the

cut at Cucaracha and looked upon a scene of disaster. Another big slide had ruined the work of many months—the huge ditch was choked. Frantic with despair, Goethals' aid asked, "What will we do now?" Lighting a cigarette, and as cool as if nothing had happened, Goethals replied, "*Dig it out again*, of course."

Nothing remarkable about that! All of the BIG men on my list would have said the same thing. "Dig it out again," what else? Goethals could *take it*. Goethals was a thoroughbred.

All the weaklings whining about the dirt in that ditch—"Oh, dear, oh, dear, why did this have to happen"—wouldn't have removed a teaspoon. But *digging* got it out.

What did General Robert E. Lee do after his defeat at Gettysburg? Did he cry out in despair? Did he fly into a tantrum, like despicable little Adolf Hitler? Did he squeal like that mongrel pup? No, he gathered his generals about him and said quietly: "All this has been my fault. It is I who have lost the fight, and you must help me out the best you can."

Washington, Lincoln, and Grant were great men—but they were successful. Lee was equally great, though he failed. As Gamaliel Bradford says of him, "His soul was tranquil and serene . . . with no dark corner in it for violence or hate."

Yes, put this in your notebook too,

BIG MEN CAN "TAKE IT" AND ASK FOR MORE.

The ability to endure adversity helps to make them BIG.

DEATH TO THE LAST MAN

Years ago on a sales trip, I stood alone in San Antonio's historic Alamo. No, no, you are too sharp. It was on a Sun-

day. I was *not* loafing when I should have been selling.

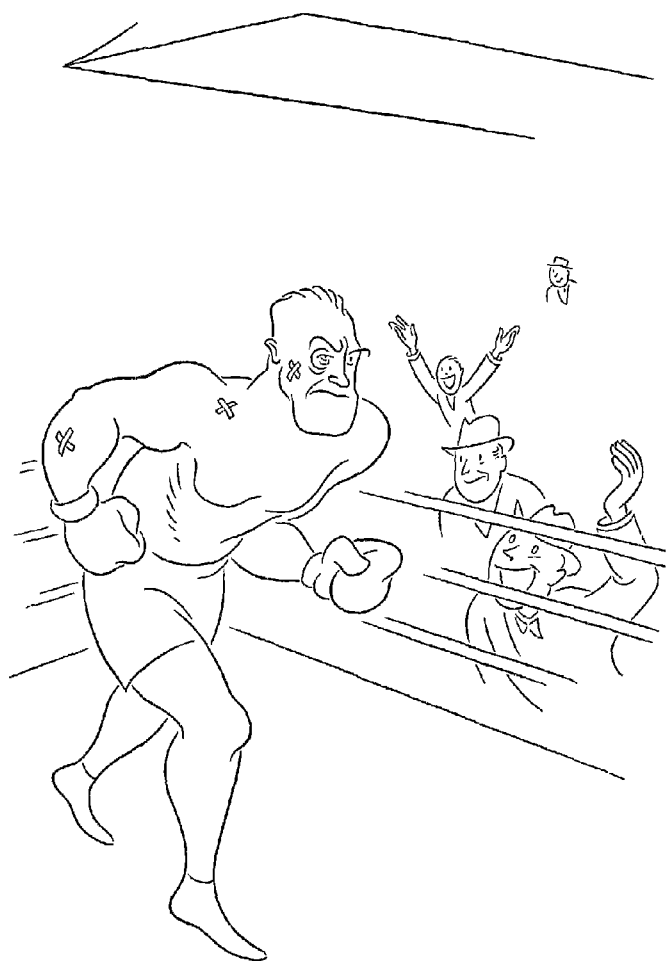
The Alamo, you know, was built by the Franciscan Fathers as a school and church for the Indians. It was also a place of refuge for the early settlers, and behind its walls two hundred men dared to defy the overwhelming army of Santa Ana. On March 6, 1836, they waged their hopeless battle—and not a single man survived.

In the thick volume of American history there is no finer page. Surrender or die as the ultimatum—and to the last man they chose death. Somehow, standing in that sacred place that Sunday afternoon, I *felt* the glory of a courage which no words will express. The same courage which in all parts of the world has driven American boys to fight to the bitter end, knowing their rendezvous with Death.

This willingness to *fight on* counting not the odds is *your* inheritance, the *privilege* of risking all for a just cause. It may be expressed in battle or in the more commonplace walks of life. The BIG men I have known in business *do not quit under fire*, though often their mental anguish may be as bitter as to feel the clammy hand of Death. We see these heroes all about us—lawyers, ministers, teachers, doctors, social service workers, civic leaders, men in all kinds of human endeavor—men to whom a responsibility is an obligation that must be carried out. They are the “toughies” who never surrender—not even in defeat.

Defeat may serve as well as victory
 To shake the soul and let the glory out.
 When the great oak is straining in the wind,
 The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk
 Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.
 Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
 Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come
 To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

—EDWIN MARKHAM



J·A·KÖENIG—

"Fight one more round."

You all remember the story of Gentleman Jim Corbett. How he would have fared against the more recent heavy-weight champions is purely idle speculation, and it matters not. But we do know that he was a great prizefighter whose heart was as warm as it was stout. What makes a man a champion? Well, in his autobiography, Corbett says:

Fight one more round!

When your feet are so tired you have to shuffle to the center of the ring—fight one more round.

When your arms are so tired that you can hardly lift your hands to come on guard—fight one more round.

When your nose is bleeding and your eyes are black, and you are so tired that you wish your opponent would crack you on the jaw and put you to sleep—fight one more round—remembering that the man who always fights one more round is *never whipped*.

There you have it, friends—a battle cry for your planned career—**FIGHT ONE MORE ROUND.**

You know what you *want*. You looked ahead and made the *plan*. You have *worked hard*. You have been your own self, at your very best, all the time. There has been no skimping of effort—no sparing of co-operation. You have fought the good fight the best you knew how. But you *haven't won*. You are discouraged and *tired*. So let them count you out. Oh, no—not yet! *Fight one more round.*

Gentleman Jim, in your corner—can't you hear him? "Fight one more round—fight one more round."

Once I read about a farmer who had a horse which had outlived his usefulness. One day the horse fell into a well and the farmer found him there, standing knee-deep in water. There seemed to be no way to get him out, so the farmer had a bright idea. He had wanted to fill up the old well anyway, so why not do it now—and bury the horse.

So he shoveled and shoveled dirt into the well. But the horse was smart. When the dirt began to fall into the well, he started to tread it under his feet. Gradually the well filled up, and the horse rose higher and higher, until finally he was able to step out and walk away to his favorite pasture.

The farmer had intended to bury the horse. But the horse said, "No." A man can stand in a well of discouragement—with worries and troubles pouring upon him. But he doesn't need to be buried alive—not unless he's willing.

Be that as it may,

BIG MEN FIGHT ON IN VICTORY OR DEFEAT.

Always they remind us—a quitter never wins and a winner never quits. The unwillingness to surrender helps to make them BIG.

"RICHLY ARE THEY BOUND"

Up 'til now, I doubt if you have noted much to pick at in these intimate candid shots of the men selected for you as truly BIG, nor do you wish to quarrel about the qualities which in my opinion are common to all. To be sure, these qualities are what might be called "overtones" in character and work habits, rather than the more trite and ordinary traits usually covered in an analysis of outstanding business executives.

For example, I have purposely stayed away from such obvious essentials as honesty, imagination, persistence, patience, and the hundred and one other necessities in the makeup of a man which in various degrees contribute to his success. Granted that no individual this side of Heaven can be expected to exemplify the perfect whole, the great pre-

ponderance of these human virtues are to be found in any successful executive.

No, what I was after in the survey of my selected group of BIG men, and what I have tried faithfully to set down, were those major qualities which seem to go with supreme achievement—that “something more” which top leaders possess in greater degree than those farther down the line.

There is just one more of these qualities which desires a “ride” and it is the only one that may be open to some question in your thinking. Nevertheless I believe it to be the most important of them all, and in all fairness to you as a seeker of the success which these men already have attained, I could not withhold it from your consideration. Nor would I *want* to do that.

Personally, I am sure, although it is something they do not talk about, that most BIG men have an incentive for success which reaches much higher than the mere desire to get ahead on the job. This incentive comes from their strong conviction that there is a *purpose* for living which extends beyond the grave, and that we are *expected* to make the most of our potential abilities. Anything short of that is spiritual waste, for which we are likely to answer in some later state of being.

What I am trying to say—to put it plainly—is that the BIG men I know have a sense of closeness to God, and a deep appreciation of the physical beauty of our present world. Contrary to popular belief, their chief objective is *not* the acquisition of money, or the satisfaction of worldly desires. Their work is an obsession, and because they go “all out” for it, a certain amount of wealth is the inevitable by-product. But when you examine the personal life of these outstanding men, which the world seldom does, you

find that a generous portion of their money is used for the good of society through philanthropic agencies in which they have deep-seated interest.

Hence the average BIG man in business is not a "play boy" of the kind to indulge in a lot of trivial pleasures which have no meaning in this life or the next. Oh, yes, you can cite what appear to be some striking exceptions—men whose family names are famous in business and who make the headlines regularly because of their many marriages or escapades—but look closer and you will see that these men have usually *inherited* their money, and are contributing nothing to the companies of whose stock they happen to hold large amounts.

Believe me, the typical BIG man of business lives a simple and wholesome life. He may have a hobby such as golf, or yachting, or the owning of a baseball franchise, but he enjoys his family, reads a lot, is active in his church, and at heart not unmindful of his spiritual obligations. When he slips away from his business, it is likely to be for a month in the woods of Canada, in his mountain lodge, or to enjoy some of the scenic spots which Nature has so abundantly provided.

Because he has money—lots of it—and can have anything money will buy, the outstanding business executive finds it seldom necessary to run around in mad circles looking for ways to give pleasure. He uses so much of his energy in directing his business affairs that he prefers quiet relaxation to a daily round of the "hot spots" to which less responsible men may be drawn. He is not guilty of the charge made by the old Indian, as related by lecturer Charles Eagle Plume.

This old Indian was entertained in one of our large cities.

He was taken to night clubs, and to hear all the swing bands. He sat through a number of movies. He was feverishly rushed from place to place, so that he could see how white men have their fun.

And this was the old Indian's reaction. "White man must be unhappy—work so hard for have good time—no have good time at all."

All right,

BIG MEN LIVE CLOSE TO GOD AND NATURE.

And that's the last of the common qualities which I unearthed for you. Living close to God, and enjoying the works of Nature, help to make men BIG.

Quickly now, let's rewind the film, and view again these attributes which all truly BIG men possess. Contemplate them soberly, for according as you may attain them will your own career be enhanced.

1. Big Men admit their own mistakes
2. Big Men pay no attention to false critics
3. Big Men scorn titles when work is to be done
4. Big Men are not spoiled by success
5. Big Men see light where little men see shadow
6. Big Men do not humiliate fellow workers
7. Big Men can "take it" and ask for more
8. Big Men fight on in victory or defeat
9. Big Men live close to God and Nature.

These are nine of the guideposts that may help to chart the course of your own planned career. Copy or change them as you wish. But there's a slang expression that seems to fit—"Why criticize success?" If the above nine qualities have helped other men to reach their goal, is it not reasonable to assume they might do as much for you?

EPILOGUE

And so the hour is late, and I must go. Tomorrow we will both be working. Trying to *do* some of the things we have talked about . . . trying to carve a little success for ourselves . . . while the sand runs on! But now I have lighted my pipe again, and stand silently at the door. There is always that little pause in the going—as two friends may wish to stretch a little longer the fellowship they have had together.

And standing there, wishing you well, I catch myself wondering what you will remember of this book—what you will be ten years from now—what might stay with you to help along the road.

The man in your mirror . . . What does he want . . . There's a high way and a low way . . . What are you good for . . . Walking to Ireland . . . Oh, no, straight ahead . . . With nails like Sam's to mark the route . . . Blind alleys . . . Fiddlesticks . . . Only for the blind . . . "I've got to work here," said Eddie . . . Consider the grasshopper . . . That all-American . . . No cheers for him now . . . Not like the platypus . . . Fat Pauline . . . Became a lady . . . A planned career.

Brick scales and goatfeathers . . . Didn't have time . . . Mental momentum . . . Think tall to be tall . . . Bridge was done . . . Pictures weren't ready . . . Poor little snipe hunters . . . Empty bags . . . Mosquitoes . . . Big Tim . . . Washed his mind clean . . . Lift your ceiling high.

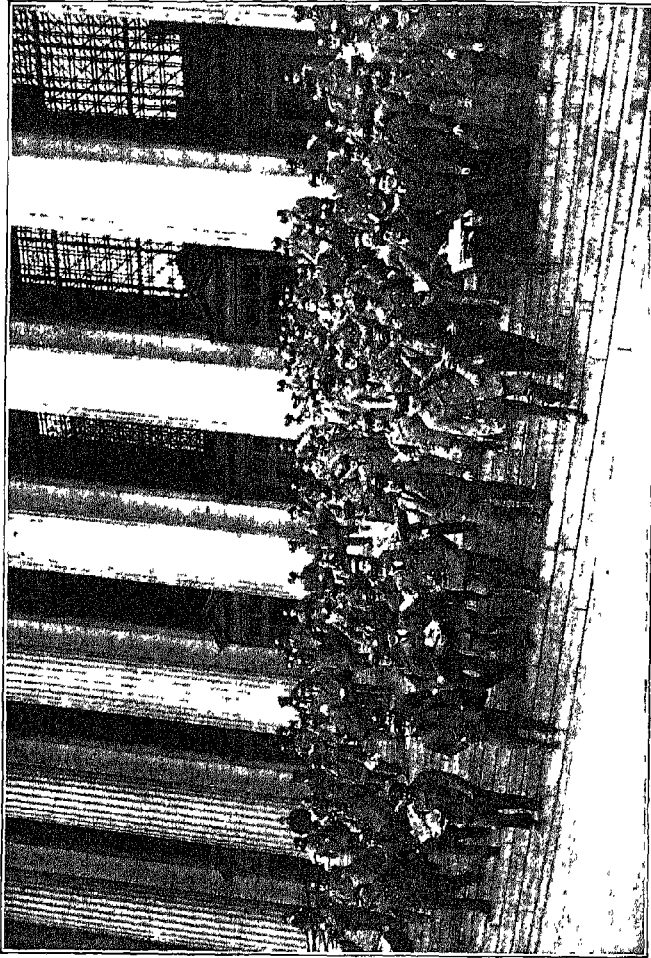
Whangdoodles and whiffenpoufs . . . Gil found a tub . . . Hustling for life . . . Stir up the gift of God which is in thee . . . The gumption to git up and graze . . . Tony sells apples . . . She not so bad . . . His liver squeezer . . . Climbed through the tiansom . . . Sunshine of life . . . Fellow on roller skates . . . Fun to sell . . . Gone with the wind.

Oomph at the switchboard . . . He wasn't supposed to know . . . Brass cuspidors . . . He loved to hunt . . . Deacon and the frog . . . Processionary caterpillars . . . Semper Fidelis . . . Know-it-all Breezer . . . Bugs in his bonnet . . . Your circle to draw . . . She went down to bump . . . What makes big men big . . . Isocrates . . . Thoroughbreds and mongrels . . . Living close to God.

Shut the door, my friend, and turn out the lights. A good night's sleep, and a new day tomorrow! YOUR day—yours to make the most of! Some day, maybe, the crossing of our paths again! Until then, good fortune in all that you mean to accomplish. "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee."

Leave-takings are but wasted sadness. The sunshine of life to you—all the way.

L. E. F.



A HOST OF LETTER CARRIERS LEAVING THE GENERAL POST OFFICE IN NEW YORK CITY
Courtesy of Acme Photo

BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE

PART 1

CHAPTER I

THE IMPORTANCE OF LETTERS TO BUSINESS

One hundred years ago, business was largely a one man show. Each company operated in a small area, and the owner or president knew intimately what was going on. In fact, he made the sales, kept the books, collected the money, and carried the key to the front door. Practically all details of the business were handled by personal contact. When any letters had to be written, the owner took a quill pen and wrote them in longhand. There were no typewriters, no Dictaphones, no duplicating machines, no fast mail trains and no airplanes to carry a letter across the continent in less than twenty-four hours.

In those early days, no business man had a "secretary." If he needed help, he hired a man clerk. No woman would have dreamed of working in an office. For the men, working conditions and regulations were quite different from what they are now. For example, here is a copy of a notice posted in a Chicago store in 1858. I wonder how much you would have enjoyed working there.

"This store will be open from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. the year round.

"On arrival each morning, store must be swept, counters, shelves, and showcases dusted. Lamps must be trimmed, pens made, a pail of water and a bucket of coal brought in before breakfast.

"The employee who is in the habit of smoking Spanish cigars, being shaved at the barber's, going to dances and other places of amusement, will surely give his employer reason to be suspicious of his integrity.

"Each employee must pay not less than \$5 per year to the church, and must attend Sunday School regularly.

"Men employees are given one evening a week for courting, and two if they go to prayer meeting.

"After 14 hours of work, leisure hours should be spent mostly in reading."

Times have changed since then, haven't they? Folks no longer trim lamps, carry buckets of coal, or work fourteen hours. In fact, I have known young men and women to grumble when they had to give an extra hour or two to their jobs.

Be that as it may, business now has become complex and big. Great corporations are selling their products from coast to coast, and many of them in foreign countries. The head of one of these corporations sits in a palatial office, and is responsible only for plans and policies. He knows nothing of the details and routines in the business. Instead, the various functions have been delegated to various department managers—advertising director, the sales manager, the treasurer, the chief accountant, and many others. Surrounding these leaders are a multitude of less important workers, assisted by mechanical inventions which would have seemed miracles a hundred years ago.

Part of Letters in Business Growth

Significant in this fascinating picture of change and growth has been the ever increasing importance of the business letter. As a company grows in size, as it reaches out to serve distant territories, personal contact with the consumer becomes more and more impossible. This you can easily understand. If a company in Maryland has an inquiry from a man in Arizona, the president cannot step out of his office and talk to that man in person. If a woman in North Dakota owes that company three dollars for a book, the treasurer cannot go personally to collect the money. No, but letters will quickly bridge any distance. Letters make possible thousands of transactions which otherwise could not be consummated.

Furthermore, there is no limit to the size of a job that letters can do. Suppose, for example, that you were publishing a magazine for women, and you wanted to increase the number of subscribers. Well, you could do that in two ways, by hiring solicitors to make personal calls, or by mailing a sales letter to a list of prospects. But the time of your solicitor would be limited. At best he could ring thirty or forty doorbells in one day—talk to that many women. On the same day, however, you could mail as many letters as you wanted—a thousand, ten thousand—and each letter would “talk” to a woman prospect in much the same way as would your personal salesman.

Of course, I could give you thousands of other examples to illustrate the use of letters in business. Every hour of the day and night, more than a million letters are given to Uncle Sam and this amount is increasing so rapidly that even that figure may now be too conservative.

What does all this mean to you, the reader of this book? Simply, that no man or woman can hope to advance far in modern business unless he knows *how* to write an effective letter. A knowledge of the fundamentals is absolutely essential, and you cannot do without it.

Fortunately, this is not a discouraging fact for you to face. The essentials of letter craftsmanship are not hard to master or hard to understand. Letter writers are *made*—not *born*. You do not have to be a genius to learn how to write good letters. Study the pages of this book seriously, apply what you learn to the letters that you write, and you will be able to hold your own in this important phase of business.

Cordial Contacts to Build Goodwill

I do not need to tell you that the ultimate aim of all relationships in industry is *goodwill*. A company is no stronger than the opinion of the public toward it. A customer will return to the place where he has been well treated. Friendly service is the biggest asset in any business. Cordial contacts between company and the public are absolutely necessary if the company is to prosper. Start your study of Business Letters with that basic thought rooted in your mind. Under no circumstances, under no provocation, is a nasty letter ever justifiable. No matter what may have been said to *you* in a letter, no matter how unreasonable your reader may have been, you must go back at him sincerely anxious to gain and hold his goodwill. You can never ridicule, never humiliate, never bully, never be angry in a business letter. If your reader is angry it is your job to make him smile. If he is unreasonable, you must be patient. If he doesn't understand, you must explain. You are always the Ambassador of Goodwill for the company that you represent.

Of course, I am not claiming that *all* letters used by business men are friendly. I only say they *should* be. Before we have reached the end of this book, I will show you some very ugly letters—letters written by small-minded men who couldn't

control their tempers—letters that made enemies instead of friends. I will show them to you just as I would a den of poisonous snakes in a zoo—and you will like them no better.

It was about twenty years ago that I first learned in a way I could never forget how an ugly letter can come out of its grave to haunt the man who wrote it. It's a true story. Let me tell it to you.

In those days, I was selling rice for a chain of southern mills, but business had been none too good. Occasionally, I was able to make a pool car of small orders, but straight carload sales seemed impossible. You can't imagine how badly I craved large orders. And then one afternoon in Austin, Texas, the Goddess Ganesa smiled at me.

Out of the Grave to Haunt Me

The buyer to whom I had displayed all my samples was very much like the southern gentlemen you see depicted on the stage. He was tall and thin and, even on that hot summer day, he wore a black coat which reached to his knees. He must have been in the seventies—his hair, mustache and goatee were pure white. I can see him now as he poked a long finger in my boxes of rice and finally said, "You all can put me down for two carloads of this number, sir."

Two carloads! How eagerly I wrote that order blank for him to sign. Santa Claus never looked better to a youngster than that old gentleman looked to me. Only his signature was needed to make me happy.

And then Ganesa changed her mind. As the buyer took the order blank, for the first time he seemed to notice the firm name of the company that I represented. "Just a minute, sir," he said, "I seem to recall a letter I once got from this firm of yours, sir. Let me ask Miss Annie."

"Miss Annie" was the little old lady who had been making entries in a big ledger while we talked. She went to the file and in no time at all produced a letter which the old gentleman read and then stiffly passed to me. "Read that letter, sir," he said.

It was written in longhand and dated "1898" and it seemed to be about a bill which had not been paid. Frankly, I didn't know much about letters then, but I could see that the man who wrote that one for my company had been tactless and domineer-

ing. For twenty years, his letter had been buried in that file, waiting to betray me. Out of the grave it came to prove how utterly foolish it is for a business man ever to write "hard-boiled" letters.

Of course, you know the end of the story. The old gentleman would have nothing more to do with my rice. I lost the two-carload order—because of a letter he had remembered for twenty years.

Why did I tell you that true story from my own selling experience? Because I wanted you to realize how much harm a thoughtless letter can do. You see, a letter is not just a collection of words on a piece of paper. It is a living thing with just as much power to cause evil or good as any human being. A letter is a man talking. It is a conversation between two individuals—it can build goodwill or it can do the opposite. Keep that thought in mind as you study this book.

A Sales Twist to Every Letter

The modern executive thinks of a letter as both a salesman and an advertisement. He wants the reaction of the reader to be favorable. He wants the reader to say, "The man who wrote this letter is anxious to serve me, he must work for a fine company." Accordingly, the modern correspondent in business is not content to merely give information. He seeks in every possible way to put a "sales twist" in every letter that he dictates.

For example, a couple of years ago I wanted an interview with the president of the Illinois Central Railroad so that I could write an article about him for a business magazine. When my letter arrived, asking when I could call, Mr. Downs, the president, was out of town. And what do you suppose his secretary wrote to me? Did she only say that her "boss" was away, and that she would let me know when he returned? Oh, no, she was a better secretary than that. She knew how to sell the Illinois Central even in a routine memorandum. This was what she said:

"It will remind you that Illinois Central Service extends far beyond its own rails when I tell you that Mr. Downs is in California contacting some of our large shippers. He will return to his office in about ten days and I will then let you know what day you may see him."

Do you see the *two* things that little note did? First, it

gave me the necessary information; second, it gave a selling thought about the Illinois Central. And the double job was done in exactly two sentences!

I wish I could tell you that all people who write letters in business are just as alert and sales-conscious. But that wouldn't be true.

Once, a friend of mine inherited an old, old watch. It was indeed a queer looking instrument, as big as half an orange. My friend carried it for a few days just for fun and many were the joking remarks it provoked. But it didn't take him long to discover that the old timepiece kept split-second time. "Why," he said to me, "this old turnip keeps better time than any watch I ever have owned. I guess I'll write to the company that made this watch. I'll bet they will be glad to know how faithfully it is still on the job."

So, he sat down and wrote to that company, and what kind of a reply do you suppose he got? Remember, he was placing the perfect tribute at the feet of the manufacturer—the true story of how well its watches were made. Did the man who received my friend's letter see the opportunity to make a sales point for his company? Did he write back that he wasn't surprised, that *all* watches made in his plant were good for many generations of service?

He did not. Instead, this was the stilted, cold letter that he actually wrote:

"In response to your inquiry regarding movement 2402627, we wish to advise that our records show the date of manufacture to have been July 2, 1896. We note your appreciation of our product and trust this information will be of interest to you."

Of interest to the owner? Why, yes, of course. But surely of far greater interest to the company. You've heard the slang expression of "missing the boat." Well, letter writers can miss it, too, and that letter is a perfect example of how it can be done. Notice, also, the queer language of that letter—you'll read a lot more about such language in a later chapter. Remember this letter when you do.

The Cost of a Business Letter

One thing a business man can never afford to forget is that letters cost money. Because they do, it is important that we

try to get the most possible value out of every dollar spent on them. You often hear somebody say, "Try a letter—it only costs a few cents for postage." But postage is a small part of the total cost of each letter mailed. Fortunately, I don't have to guess about the actual amount. Several careful surveys have been made to determine it, and they all give about the same answer.

Believe it or not, every time a business letter goes into Uncle Sam's sack, the company which mailed that letter has spent from thirty-five to fifty cents. The variation, of course, is caused by factors which vary in different letters and companies. Obviously, a two page letter costs more than a one "pager." One company may buy better paper than another, may spend more for ribbons and typewriters and carbon paper, may have a greater expense in overhead and salaries.

But take forty cents as a fair average, and let's do a little figuring. I think you will be surprised to see what correspondence can cost in a year's time. We'll take for our estimate a medium sized company—one in which an average of two hundred and fifty letters are mailed by all departments in a day's time. All right, now do your figuring. At forty cents a letter, how much would the total be for one day? How much in a month of twenty working days? How much in twelve months? Here are your answers.

1 day.....	250 letters × 40¢.....	\$100.00
1 month.....	20 days × \$100.00.....	\$2000.00
1 year.....	12 months × \$2000.....	\$24000.00

Quite a lot of money, isn't it? But what about the big corporations that mail thousands of letters every day? Think what a tremendous sum it must be for General Motors, Westinghouse, Montgomery Ward, or any other of the companies that use letters in vast numbers.

Perhaps you are wondering "how" a letter can cost from thirty-five to fifty cents. Well, here are the results of a survey made by the Dartnell Corporation in Chicago. It covers the correspondence cost in one hundred companies, step by step:

Dictator's Time

Based on a salary of \$50 a week of 40 hours, and
average of eight minutes for each letter. .166

Stenographic Cost

Based on a salary of \$18 a week of 40 hours, and

average of 24 letters a day, including time for dictation	.15
Non-Productive Labor	
Time lost by dictator and stenographer due to waiting, illness, vacations, and other causes—10% of labor cost	.031
Fixed Charges	
Depreciation, supervision, rent, light, interest, taxes, insurance, etc.—40% of labor cost	.126
Materials	
Stationery, carbon papers, typewriter ribbons, pencils, and other equipment	.007
Mailing Cost	
Postage, gathering, sealing, stamping and delivering to Post Office	.032
Filing Cost	
Clerk's time, depreciation on filing equipment, cost of supplies, etc.	.012
Total per letter	.524

Against this imposing total of more than fifty cents for each letter, the same survey then went ahead to suggest possible short cuts and savings which if all carried out would reduce the amount by .115 cents, but even then you have a balance of 40.9 cents. And that according to the survey represents the very lowest possible cost for the average business letter.

Why have I bothered you with all those figures? Because they prove better than words that you are studying a phase of business which is of tremendous importance, and the more you know about it the greater will be the value of your own services. Letter expense is necessary. But for every dollar spent an executive is justified in expecting the maximum return. The better you master this book, the better able you will be to make each letter dollar do the best possible job.

A Fascinating Subject to Study

Perhaps, from what you have read so far, you are thinking that the study of Business English is going to be a dull chore. Not so. I know of no subject that you could undertake which would exert a better influence on your business career, and yet be so interesting. For years, I have collected letters, just as some folks collect postage stamps, or pipes, or guns, or china.

Even now, as I chat with you, within an arm's length are thousands of letters—letters that run the gamut of human emotions, letters that have filled every conceivable business need. Some of them are very, very good examples of writing, and some are very, very bad. Some are signed by great leaders in our world, others by unknowns who someday *will* be great. Some sell goods, some collect money, some ask only for my friendship. Some are funny, some serious, some sad.

Do you know why they are all so fascinating? Yes, probably you have guessed. Because they aren't really letters to me. They are human beings *talking*. They are there in my cabinets, ready for a friendly visit any time I like.

By all means, if you are determined to become a letter craftsman, start a collection of your own. Get a few folders and classify your exhibits as they accumulate. Let the collection grow. Not only will you find the hobby interesting, but many times you will turn to your collection for ideas and inspiration.

Yes, letters are interesting because people are interesting. Would you like proof of that? Well, let me introduce you to a Montgomery Ward customer. He isn't much of a speller, but he knows how to go to the point. This is how he answered a Montgomery Ward collection letter.

"Dear Meester:

"I got your letter about what I owe you. Now . . . you be pachent. I aint forgot you. Pleez wait. If this was judgment day and you wuz no more prepared to meet your Master as I am to meet your account, you sure would have to go to Hell. Trusting you will do this, I am,

Yours truly,"

Can't you *see* that fellow writing his letter? He doesn't think of the company as an institution. No, he addresses his remarks to "Meester"—he writes as he would talk. All right, here's another customer of Montgomery Ward's. She, too, lives in one of my letter cabinets. She has a problem, and she turns to "Mr. Ward."

"Dear Mr. Ward:

"I imagine this letter will make whoever reads it laugh, as the very idea of such a thing made me laugh too. But to end the argument with my husband I am writing to find out.

"We bought a cow and she has only a stub for a tail. Now my husband says you used to carry cow tails in stock for just such cows, which he says were made to clamp on the stub.

"Please, Mr. Ward, do you still sell spare tails for cows?

Anxiously yours,"

Do you think I am spoofing you? No, I'm not. Those two letters did come to Montgomery Ward & Company, and hundreds more like them. They are written by human beings whose purchases throughout the years have made possible the growth of this great company. And here's a third letter—this time addressed to "Mr. Montgomery." There's a lesson in it for the letter writer. See if you can put your finger on it, before I tell you.

"Dear Mr. Montgomery:

"The way it comes is like this. My wife gets all the money and blows it — so how can I pay you? Well, I will send you a little now, and I don't want you to ask for any more, Mr. Montgomery.

"Hope this finds you well and your family. We uns are all well and hope this trouble won't cause any hard feelings between our two families.

"Not much news in this neck of the woods, except Pete's dog tackled ourn and ourn licked hisn.

Goodbye,"

Now why did I let you read those three letters? Just because they are funny? Not exactly. They *are* amusing, but the primary purpose of this book is to help you write better letters. There's a big hint for you in those funny letters—something that you must always remember. All three of those people went to Montgomery Ward with almost childish faith that they were dealing with human beings—not a corporation. It's the *human* side of letter writing that I wanted you to catch, and whenever a company can inspire that relationship with its customers success is assured.

Of course, it isn't only Montgomery Ward & Company that gets these human letters. For example, here's how a young lady wrote not long ago to another large mail order house. Maybe she had a touch of spring fever.

Dear Friends:

I received my oil stove today. They did not send any legs for it.

Was the fellow who was out here with the stove married, or does he already have a girl? If he isn't married already, can you get me a date with him? Or if he is married or has another girl will you get me a date with some person who is O. K. or worthwhile? You know what I mean.

Thanks a lot, and I'll do as much for you when you want a favor.

Josephine Jeebers

P. S. The legs are here, I found them. But don't overlook the balance of my letter.

You *must* like folks to become a good letter craftsman—you must know how to win their confidence—how to talk their language—how to make them feel that you sincerely want to please and serve them. That is the last thought of this chapter, and nothing in this book will be more important. Acquire the right mental attitude toward your letter job. Learn to meet other human beings with tolerance and understanding.

And now you are ready for the second chapter. It will show you how to *plan* a business letter—how to *think* it through before a single word is written. There's an old saying that "battles are first won in the minds of generals." So it is with letters. First, the plan. Come, let's talk about it.



THE SUCCESSFUL SALES LETTER MUST BE CAREFULLY PLANNED
Photo by Underwood & Underwood

CHAPTER II

BEFORE THE LETTER COMES THE PLAN

The surest way to make a mess of any important business letter is to "dash it off" without a plan. This, to be sure, is true of all the things we do in life. A letter written without a plan is like a ship without a chart. Neither goes straight to port.

If you were going to build a house, you wouldn't take some workmen out to the lot and say, "Here are some bricks, lumber, sand, cement, tile, pipes, and paint—get busy now and build me a house." The workmen might be skilled tradesmen, but they would want to know what *kind* of a house. They couldn't begin without some blueprints.

All right! Isn't it obvious that a letter-writer faces the same problem? How can he do his job until he has decided what he wants to accomplish, and devised the most logical method of reaching that objective? You couldn't make a good speech without an outline of the points you wanted to cover. You couldn't be a good salesman without planning the presentation of your arguments. No, and you can't write a letter and get results without preliminary preparation.

Of course, I am not talking about the unimportant, routine letter which merely asks or answers a question. It doesn't take any special thinking to say, "Thanks for the check," or "Yes, your subscription still has one year to run." If all business letters were as simple as those to write, there would be no need for me to write this book, or for you to study it. Any fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk can handle routine information, but what you want to learn is how to write the *important* letters, the ones which require executive ability and judgment. When you can assume such responsibility, your salary rises above the clerk's level. You become a worker of importance in your company.

Before a major letter can be written, there are five thinking steps to be taken. They are the steps I take before I write any sales letter. There is no way you can escape them.

1. Know the purpose
2. Get all the facts
3. Visualize the reader
4. Select the best appeals
5. Arrange the material

Now let me show you what each of those five steps means—how each has its part to play in making your letter effective.

That you must *know the purpose* seems so obvious that you may wonder why it even has to be mentioned. You would think that anybody would know what he wanted before he started after it. But every day I get letters of great length and when I finish reading them, my first reaction is "So what?" The writers talk about their product in such a rambling way that for the life of me I can't decide what they want me to do. They place me on the end of a limb, and then start sawing near the trunk.

Know What You Want to Accomplish

Whenever you get a letter of that sort—one which runs here and there like the babbling brook—you can be sure that the writer was not himself sure of his purpose. He was told to write the letter, or perhaps he is answering yours, and without taking any time to think, he says what he hopes is the right thing.

To the contrary, the letter-man who takes pride in good work always starts by asking himself this question: "*Why* am I writing this letter and *what* reader reaction do I want?" In other words, he thinks to the bottom of the problem before he tries to solve it. And that you will agree is the only way problems *can* be solved!

Picture yourself, for example, the sales manager of some important company. You are starting to dictate your morning mail. What's the letter on top of the pile? You start thinking:

"Here's a salesman, John Doe. He has great ability, but he wants to resign. His sales have been slipping. He is discouraged. It won't do any good to pat him on the back and tell him he is a great fellow. No, my purpose in this letter to John is to give him concrete evidence that conditions are improving—and a few new sales ideas that he can use to get better results."

You see, by thinking about John Doe's problem, you arrived at what seemed the best solution. Instead of sending him empty words of encouragement, you are ready to supply real

proof that better days are ahead, and some immediate *ideas* that he can put to work. By knowing clearly in your own mind the *purpose* of your letter, you were able to give John Doe tangible help rather than a "pep talk."

The second step in planning the business letter is to *know the facts*. Facts breed confidence in what you say. No man or woman gets very far in a letter, or in life, by guessing. *Know* the facts, and your reader will listen with conviction to what you tell him. Try to "bluff" or "get by" and he will quickly give you the cold shoulder.

Have you ever played chess? Maybe not, but at least you know it is a difficult game, far more complicated than checkers. There are different pieces that move in different ways, and many books have been written about the various possibilities of the game. Now suppose someone asked you to explain how to play—could you explain in just a few words?

A Lady Wants to Play Chess

Before you answer that question, I will tell you another true story. A lady in Michigan bought a set of chess men from one of the Chicago mail order houses. Then she wrote, "I got the chess game, but you didn't send any instructions. Please let me know how the game is played." Well, that letter fell in the hands of a clerk whose ambition far exceeded her common sense. And this was her reply:

"Dear Madam: We do not have any special directions for playing chess, but I would suggest that you take one chess and move it from the bottom toward the center, following the game through to the finer points. The first party that fills in the top of the board, wins the game. We assure you, that if you will follow these instructions carefully, you will be able to play the game to your satisfaction."

There you have what happens when anyone tries to write a business letter without getting the facts. Can you imagine the reaction of the Michigan lady to such directions? Do you think her confidence in the company where she bought the game was increased? No, it is by such letters that customers are lost.

Is that a typical example? Are other letters being written which are just as silly? Well, yes and no. Probably that chess letter takes first prize, but I could show you many others almost

as absurd. For example, a letter received not long ago tells me how to cure my baldness. But I am not bald. Another consoles my wife, and tries to interest her in a tombstone for my grave. But I am not dead. A third sends me a credit card for a hotel, and thanks me for "past patronage." But I have not been in that hotel.

Why do people write in such harum-scarum fashion? Maybe sometimes they are in a hurry, but usually they must be just too lazy to get all the facts. They are like a magazine editor who wanted me to renew a subscription. He said in the first paragraph, "I am really disturbed that you have not renewed your subscription," and then in the postscript, "If you *have* renewed, please disregard this letter." Or the president of a seed company who began: "We have been mighty busy lately and have not had time to check your name against our order list. If you *have* ordered do not pay any attention to this letter."

Rather pathetic, isn't it? Can you imagine "grown-ups" in business writing such nonsense?

Another letter in my file tried to sell me a tax service. Perhaps the arguments were good, but I had no faith in them. You see the man who signed the letter as "president," destroyed my confidence in him by making a mistake so ridiculous that I was afraid he might be just as careless in what he said about the service. Attached to the letter was a postage prepaid card which in the last paragraph he urged me to promptly return. In the top margin, however, was a postage stamp with the following memorandum: "I am attaching stamp for your use in replying."

That *was* a queer one. Did he want me to use the card or the stamp?

A Mental Picture of the Reader

Know what you want to accomplish, get all the facts—those are the first two steps in planning a business letter. The third is to *visualize your reader*. Remember, I have described a letter as a *conversation* between writer and reader. The more you know about the fellow who gets your letter, the closer you can come to pleasing him. No two human beings are alike. You have your opinions, and I have mine. If you have the correct mental picture of me, then you have a better chance to talk my language, to avoid saying things which might irritate me.

In Buffalo, I once called on the president of a very large corporation. Over his desk, I noticed a big picture frame, but behind the glass was only a plain white cardboard. Curious, I asked for an explanation. "Oh, that's the fellow," he said, "to whom I write letters. Each time, I try to visualize in that frame the man who is going to read my letter. Perhaps it seems like a foolish idea to you, but it really helps me to meet my readers face to face."

Was it foolish? I don't think so. That blank picture helped the owner to put more "You" in his letters—to keep his reader's point of view uppermost. And there, again, you have a thought of tremendous importance to the student of letter-writing. Always write in terms of what you can do for the reader, not about yourself. If you are trying to sell him something, talk *benefits* to him. He isn't interested in your company, except in what it can do for *him*.

Here, for example, is a letter signed by the president of a company in the South. He talks about a new office building, about the success of his company in doubling sales this year, about the founding of the company by his great-grandfather, and about his pride in the business.

But the psychology of that letter is all wrong. What does the reader care about that new office, or those increased sales, or the president's honorable great-"grandpappy"? The reader has his own problems, his own family and home to worry about. Letters which merely boast "how big we are" are sure to fall flat. But suppose the president had explained how the new office made it possible to give quicker service than ever before, and how doubling sales made it possible to reduce prices. That would have been writing from the reader's point of view—showing him how the success of the company meant *benefits* to him.

Of course, many times you are writing your business letters to strangers. Try as you will, it is almost impossible for you to get the correct mental image of your reader. In that case, you can proceed only with extreme caution, avoiding every possible irritation point, staying away from controversial matters. For example, you must taboo references to race, religion, or politics. How do you know if your reader is for the president or against him? You might be tempted to tell a perfectly good story about a WPA worker who broke his shovel leaning

on it, but what if your reader was a New Dealer? Or maybe you know a swell joke about Hitler. But what if your reader admired Hitler—wouldn't your joke antagonize him?

Where is the Reader Vulnerable?

Choosing the best appeal is step number four in planning your business letter. You can see that success in doing this depends a lot on how well you have been able to analyze the man to whom your letter is directed. Just as the smart tennis player varies his game to attack the weakness of his opponent, so does the letter craftsman try to touch the "soft spot" of his reader. When he can't be sure where the reader is vulnerable, he often plans a series of letters, each one carrying a different appeal.

For example, you might be the owner of a new real estate subdivision. To get prospects, or "leads," for your salesmen you prepare a letter campaign, each mailing stressing a different reason why the reader should be interested in buying one of your lots. The first letter might talk about "freedom to do as he pleased"—away from the distractions and annoyances of life in an apartment building. The second could dwell on the opportunity to have trees, flowers, and a vegetable garden. The third could talk about the advantages for children—plenty of room to play, away from dangerous traffic, the companionship of dogs and other pets which mean so much in a youngster's life. The appeal in each letter would be slanted at a different group in your list of prospects. The first would strike a "raw nerve" in John Smith, the second, in Sam Jones. Thus, the entire campaign would develop the maximum number of prospects.

That such a plan is good salesmanship, you will quickly agree. Why do human beings buy things? There is no one reason that you could give. What appeals to you may leave me utterly cold, or visa versa. For instance, what are the motives that influence people to buy automobiles? Well, one man may be a salesman who must drive his car two or three hundred miles every day. He wants *durability*. Another man has a fishing camp where he spends his weekends. He wants a car that will take him to that camp and bring him back in a hurry. *Speed* is what he wants. A third prospect is a city fellow with plenty of money. He is prominent socially. He doesn't drive his car

so far or so fast, but he does like to give the impression of affluence. *Style* is what he looks for in an automobile. A fourth prospect is just the opposite. His salary is small but he likes a car for his family. He wants *economy* of operation.

In another book of mine, I tell the story of a merchant in Texas who wouldn't buy a modern cash register. He had the money but he insisted that the old time cash drawer under the counter was plenty good enough for him. The salesmen of many companies tried hard to change his opinion, but not one of them made the slightest dent in his resistance. Then some of the "big shots" took a shot at him—sales managers and other executives who had heard about him from their salesmen. But they, too, failed. You see, in all those years nobody was able to choose an appeal which would impress that merchant. They couldn't find his "soft spot." And then one night, he astonished his wife by saying, "Miranda, tomorrow I am going to order one of those new-fangled registers."

"But you have always said you never would," declared the wife. "What has happened to change your mind?"

"Well, I guess it's something in this letter," drawled the Texan. "It made me think of our boy working in Dallas, and how I wouldn't want temptation put in front of him."

And this was the one paragraph in that letter which finally broke down the merchant's opposition.

"If some man should make your boy a thief, loving him as you do, why do you leave that open, unprotected cash drawer in front of your clerks—other men's boys? They know you have no check on your cash, and if one of them steals—WHO IS TO BLAME?"

So you see, if one appeal doesn't work you can always try another, but being right the first time is the goal of every good letter writer.

The One Best Combination

Now for the fifth and last step—and then we are through with this chapter. *Arrange the material*—what does that mean? Did you ever listen to a lawyer plead a case before the jury, or a statesman talk to a political mass meeting? Have you read any of the great speeches made by men like Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln, Robert Ingersoll, or William Jennings Bryan? Did you ever stop to think *how*

those speeches were prepared, or wonder why one argument came before another? Perhaps you thought these famous men just jotted down the points they wished to make, and then discussed them in whatever order they happened to be recorded. If so, you were wrong.

Back of any attempt to influence human beings, either in speech or in writing, there is a continuity of thought based on what seems to be the most logical arrangement of material. This is done on the assumption that there is *one* combination or sequence which will have the most persuasive power. Maybe all of that sounds complicated. I'll try to make it easier to understand.

Suppose you had been trying to collect money owed by a customer. You have written him several letters over a period of four months, and have reached the point where there is nothing left to do but place the account with an attorney. But you decide to make one more attempt with what we call the "last resort" letter. All right! You have five trumps to play.

1. If sued he will have to pay the bill anyway, plus the court costs
2. His biggest asset as a merchant is the credit rating—can he afford to lose it
3. You have tried to be patient and still want his friendship—why not retain this cordial relationship
4. You shipped the order in good faith—isn't it only fair play for him to treat you right
5. You are still willing to arrange some plan by which he may pay the account so much each month

Now remember those are the five "reasons why" that you decided to use, but jotted down in the order in which you happened to think of them. Is that the very best arrangement to make the most persuasive appeal? That is the question which you must answer.

Since the letter is intended to be a man to man plea for your debtor to use the Golden Rule, I would not start with a reference to court costs. That puts an ugly picture in the debtor's mind, and he would be on the defense against anything else you had to say. Rather, point number four—the plea for fair play—strikes me as the tactful take-off. Then, in the following sequence, I would discuss points two, one, five and three.

Examine that arrangement, you will notice that the letter begins and ends in a friendly way. The threat of legal action,

which of course has to be firmly made, comes in the middle, and is followed immediately with the suggestion of a plan under which he may work off the obligation gradually. So there you have a demonstration of what we mean by "logical arrangement of material," the search for the combination most likely to get results. The letter expert does not let his chips fall as they may. He first thinks of all the arguments or reasons that he can use to convince his reader, and he then proceeds to *arrange* them in the best way. He is like the coach of a basketball team who knows that he has five star players, but must decide to what positions they should be assigned.

While I have used a collection problem to illustrate this last step in the planning of a letter, of course you understand that the same procedure should be followed for any other kind. Particularly in the sales letter is *arrangement* of the utmost importance. There you select at the beginning material most likely to get the reader's attention, and follow with other points which will quicken that attention to interest and desire. Finally, in the close you play your strongest trump—the one most irresistible argument which will sweep the reader into a mood of action. But no more will be said about the sales letter now as you will encounter a complete section of Part II devoted to it.

Consider seriously what you have read in this chapter. Memorize the five steps and try to follow them in all the important letters that you write. They are absolutely essential to success in this art you are trying to master. Before a good letter can be written, there *must be straight thinking* about the problem it aims to solve. You must have a PLAN.



THIRTEEN HUNDRED APPLICANTS TAKE TESTS FOR GOVERNMENT JOBS
Photo by Underwood & Underwood

CHAPTER III

THE PHYSICAL ASPECTS OF BUSINESS LETTERS

There is an old saying that "Fine feathers make fine birds." While this is not entirely true, the fact remains that appearances are important in a business letter, and they influence the final as well as the first impression of the reader. The letter which talks about the quality of a product must *reflect* quality—in paper, letterhead design, printing, typing, and those other physical factors which determine appearance. In this chapter, we will consider these factors, and the part each one plays in getting results.

As you may remember, when Polonius was advising his son, he said, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy . . . rich not gaudy . . . for the apparel oft proclaims the man." To you as a student of letter writing, those words of Shakespeare aptly apply. A letter carelessly typed on cheap paper is handicapped at the start, sometimes so badly that even good copy cannot win against such heavy odds. I'll tell you a true experience to prove that point.

The advertising director (he missed his calling) of a printing company in Wisconsin once sent me the copy of a letter he had mailed to three thousand prospects. He had stubbed his toe, and wanted to blame me. "Frailey," he said, "you are always preaching about the use of letters to get new business, but I am beginning to think you are a fake. Here's a letter on which I spent a lot of postage—and not one reply did I get. What have you got to say about that?"

Well, I took one look at the copy, and marveled that any printing company could have been so penny wise and pound foolish, or any advertising director so dumb. I wish that I could reproduce the letter for you to see, but it would not be fair to reveal the name of writer or company. Remember, however, that this was a letter which left the office one day in search of printing orders. The letter itself was a sample of the work which it was trying to sell—and there was cause of its misfortune. Instead of being a *good* sample, it was very, very poor.

It went after three thousand orders and got three thousand kicks in the pants.

The paper on which the letter traveled was a cheap sulphide bond, meant to be white but because of its impurity decidedly grey in tone. The letterhead design was only fair, and the printing far below average. I can't think of a word to describe the typing, but call it "terrible" and that would be inadequate. Either the typewriter used was very ancient, or the typist had sore fingers. Her "touch" was so uneven that half the letters stood out plainly, and the other half could hardly be deciphered. One word had been misspelled, but the "advertising director" did not mind a little thing like that. He took his pen and corrected the mistake in longhand. The whole effect was sloppy—and yet by such a sample of his wares, the writer expected to *sell* them.

The Best Is None Too Good

Since all letters must start with the paper on which they are written, stationery is the first factor in securing good appearance. Paper runs a wide range in quality—from the cheapest made entirely from wood pulp to the most expensive made entirely of rag. For business purposes? I recommend the middle of the range—a combination containing about fifty per cent rag. This insures a durable, firm texture which will stand the rigor of handling and not show the typist's erasures.

The most common size for each sheet is $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ inches, although some executives like to get out of the groove by using smaller shapes. While these variations are interesting, the big argument against them is that they do not conform to the folders and drawers in our modern filing cabinets. I doubt, however, if the good filing clerk is as much bothered by the odd sizes as the conformists would have us believe. In England, and other foreign countries, sheets larger than our standard are frequently favored, and since they have to be folded to fit our files, they are somewhat of a nuisance.

The weight of the paper selected is just as important as the kind of material from which it is made. Paper, you know, is sold by the pound. It comes from the mills in various large sizes, according to the uses to which it will be put. The "folio" size, 17×22 , is the one from which business stationery is usually cut. Five hundred of these folio sheets are packed in one "ream." When 16 pound paper is mentioned, it means that one

ream weighs that much. Since the number of sheets in a ream remains constant, you can readily see that a sheet of 20 pound paper is thicker and heavier than a sheet of 16 pound.

There is entirely too much of the low weight paper being used in American business. It is flimsy and cheap looking, the "feel" of it is displeasing, and it adds to the difficulty of the typist's job. The 20 pound grade is probably satisfactory for most purposes, but since the difference in cost per sheet is infinitesimal, I prefer the 24 pound weight. Suppose you do pay a dollar more for a ream of the heavier paper—what does it amount to per sheet? There are two thousand $8\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 sheets in a ream. Divide that two thousand into one dollar and the difference on one sheet becomes one twentieth of one cent. It is certainly splitting hairs to worry about such a small fraction when you remember that in the first chapter you discovered the total cost of mailing a business letter is between thirty-five and forty cents.

A lot of folks might tell you that only white paper should be used for business stationery, but that's nonsense. It would be just as logical to tell you that only white shirts can be worn with good taste. The various paper companies are producing many attractive tints, and they are being used by leaders in various fields of business. Of course, some of the colored papers are too "loud" and I do not defend their use. Good taste is the determining factor in your choice.

Men Prefer Violet!

There is, however, an added attention value to colored paper which should not be ignored. When a stack of unread letters is placed on an executive's desk, doesn't it sound reasonable that one written on tinted paper would command a bit more attention than the rest on white? In fact, substantial mailing tests made by several firms during the last few years have given us some information about color which is food for thought. Believe it or not, the largest of these surveys not only indicated that letters on colored paper out-pull those on white, but also that first choice of color differs between men and women. Blue ran first with the women, and much to my dismay, violet ran first with the men. Of course, none of these tests—not until many more of them have been made—can be taken as infallible. We can only consider them with open minds.

All right! Assuming that the paper has been selected to reflect the quality of the firm which it is going to represent, the next physical factor relating to appearance is the letterhead. By "letterhead" I mean that part of the printed page which remains constant—the name and address of the company, perhaps a trademark or a slogan, the telephone number, and sometimes the names of certain officials. Arranging this material in a modern and attractive design is the job of the commercial artist. From his drawing, plates are made and then the printer or lithographer does his bit to make the letterhead complete.

The trend in letterheads is definitely toward simplicity, but handled with enough imagination and freedom to make them interesting and "different." Just as automobiles are being streamlined, and even kitchen pots and pans are getting a "Sunday dress," so are letterheads getting away from the old conventional designs. To realize how far this trend has gone, you need only to look at business letters written thirty or forty years ago, and compare them to those of our own day. How queer those old letterheads do appear!

Letterheads of the Gay Nineties

Apparently, the first aim of the executive in those earlier days was to cram as much as he possibly could on his letterhead. He started with the firm name in heavy script or shaded type, and then added pictures of himself and his brothers, pictures of the plant, perhaps down the side a list of the products sold or the names and titles of the various officials, and for the final touch, a trademark or two to make the ensemble complete. No doubt, because he didn't know any better, the reaction of the reader in those days was quite favorable—just as your great-uncle Dudley thought his first two-cylinder automobile was the last thing in style. But why talk about the old-time letterheads when I can show you one actually used by Montgomery Ward and Company in 1897. Examine the copy in the letter, too. It is just as interesting. I wonder what they meant by "Graphophone Dictation"?

That the appearance and language of that old letter made you smile, I do not doubt. And yet it is quite typical of *all* letters of the gay nineties, and no place today could you find better business letters than in the same company where that old-timer originated.



Mr. J.R. Harmon,

Box 400, Mt. Carmel, Wabash Co, Ill.

Dear Sir:-

We have received your letter of recent date in which you ask for quotations on the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte by Abbott and in reply we quote you the History of Napoleon Bonaparte by Jacob Abbott with maps and illustrations and portraits on steel, two volumes, royal 8 vo. cloth binding- publisher's price \$5.00; our price \$3.50; sheep binding \$6.00; our price \$5.50 ;postage extra per set 64c/

We have also Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena by Jacob Abbott, containing interesting anecdotes and remarkable conversations of the Emperor during the five and one half years of his captivity. Royal 8 vo. cloth, publisher's price \$2.50; our price \$1.75; or in sheep binding \$4.00; our price \$3.00 postage extra 24c/.

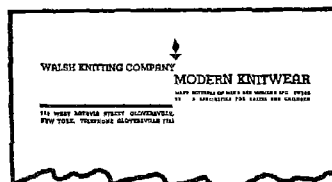
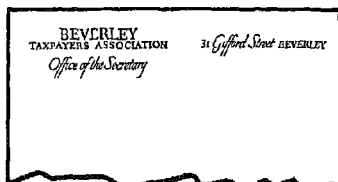
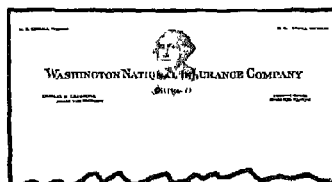
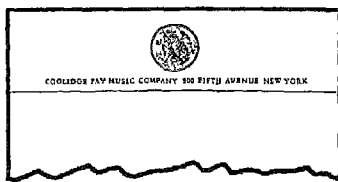
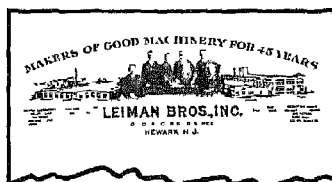
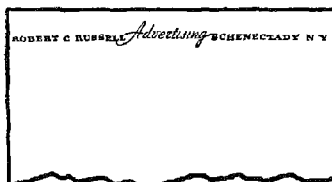
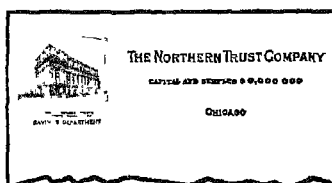
Under separate cover we forward you our general Catalogue #61 for which you remitted 15c to cover the transportation charges on same. Hoping we shall be favored with a continuance of your orders, we are,

Yours truly,

Montgomery Ward & Co.,

LETTER No. 1. Reproduction of a letter written in 1897. Notice the quaint letterhead design which was considered quite good style in those early days.

Unfortunately, however, a number of business houses are still clinging to letterhead designs as old-fashioned as side whiskers or hoop skirts. Probably, the users would tell you that



Letterheads of New and Old Design

they "wouldn't dare change them" for fear of losing business. To my mind this is not straight thinking. In fact, the real

danger of clinging to the past in any business practice is that the company will be accused by the public of not keeping up-to-date.

Attributes of the Modern Letterhead

There are several distinguishing attributes of the modern letterhead. First, the amount of the information given is far more limited than in the past. Many of our best letterheads contain only the name of the company, the address, and telephone number. Some also have a short descriptive line about the business, and some the name of the president. Second, the type and illustrations are never of the "billboard" variety. If one or two words are set in bold type, the balance is quite inconspicuous. Third, an attempt is made to avoid the deadly regularity of older styles. While the design must be pleasing to the eye, it is not thought necessary that a picture *must* be in the center of the page, or that a line on one side must balance exactly with a line on the other. While it may sound like a paradox, balance is attained by *lack* of balance—one strong line and lots of space being offset by several smaller lines. Fourth, the modern designer leans to a dash of color, to a bit of the bizarre, to anything which in good taste will lift the letterhead out of the beaten path and reflect true personality.

Study the ten letterheads reproduced in miniature on the opposite page. See if you can tell which are old—which are new.

Did you spot the three old-fashioned ones? Okeh, we will turn then to the third vital factor in securing good appearance—how the copy should be typed on the page. Even the best of paper and a letterhead of distinction cannot guarantee a nice looking letter unless the typist or secretary does her part. She, in turn, cannot be held responsible unless she has been given good tools with which to work. The best companies, for example, have a plan by which old typewriters are traded for new ones at regular intervals. The typist, of course, is expected to keep her machine oiled, and the keys well brushed, but she should never be handicapped with one which "has seen its best days." Moreover, she is supplied with typewriter ribbons of the best quality. A cheap ribbon, costing perhaps twenty-five cents less than a good one, is about the worst investment you could make. Cheap ribbons smear and blur easily—they make life miserable for the poor typist who is expected to turn out neat work.

Keep the Typing Standard High

But tools are always second in any craft to the person who handles them. A good typist is fast and accurate, and she types with an even touch. Furthermore, she takes real pride in doing a good job—she knows how to “balance” a letter on the page, she would rather type a letter over than let one with a mistake or smear go out. This spirit of craftsmanship is necessary to fine work in any trade, and the typist is no exception. The business man who has a girl to type his letters should take pains to find one who has been well trained in the mechanics of typing, and who has had a good general education. She should be intelligent and eager to cooperate. Of course, she should be paid a salary commensurate with those high standards. You can hardly hope to pay a typist fifteen dollars a week and get high quality work.

Once on the job, you should insist that every letter typed is a perfect job. Workers usually measure up to the standards which are set for them, especially if time is taken now and then to praise them as well as criticize. Never accept a letter which does not look right. Never correct a typed word with ink. If the typing isn't perfect, send the letter back. It won't be long until your typist learns that only the best will be approved. Once, I had a secretary for ten years. She told me that many times during the first year she was ready to quit. She thought I was a regular tyrant in refusing letters below par. But because I kept the standard high, she soon became the best secretary in our large office where many girls worked. When she finally confessed how she had hated me at first, she went on to thank me for having been so insistent. She was proud of her reputation for beautiful typing.

When it comes to approved typing forms—for punctuation, indentation, and position—there are several schools of thought, and I cannot truthfully say that one is better than the rest. I will explain some of these variations, but leave it to your own judgment and taste to decide which pleases you most. But once you have selected a style, stick to it consistently.

Open and Closed Punctuation

Some folks, for example, like “open” punctuation for the date line, the salutation, the title and signature—but others

prefer the older "closed" style. Here, let me illustrate those two forms:

Date line "open" January 24, 1939

Date line "closed" January 24, 1939.

Salutation "open" Mr. James C. Garwood
The Peerless Shoe Company
839 South State Street
Chicago, Illinois

Salutation "closed" Mr. James C. Garwood,
The Peerless Shoe Company,
839 South State Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Signature "open" Wendell W. Wentworth
Director of Advertising
The Abbott Booth Company

Signature "closed" Wendell W. Wentworth,
Director of Advertising,
The Abbott Booth Company.

In other words, the difference is quite simple—"open" punctuation requires no periods or commas at the end of lines, and "closed" punctuation has them. The "open" style saves a little time for the typist, otherwise the question is answered by which style you happen to prefer.

Indentation Forms

There are three kinds of indentation in common use—the "open," the "closed," and the "hanging." But suppose that I show you a short letter, indented in each of these three ways.

1. The Open (or indented)

Mr. John B. Gatesworth
900 East Gore Avenue
Champaign, Illinois

Dear Mr. Gatesworth:

I have just received a letter from our salesman, Sam Garth, in which he speaks with considerable enthusiasm of the reception you gave him last Wednesday. He says you went out of your way to be cordial and courteous.

While you were unable to give Sam an order for our good luggage, you did leave the gate open. For that, both Sam and I are grateful. There's an old saying that "birds of a feather flock together," and something tells me your company and mine are going to get together soon.

In the meantime, I want to thank you for being so nice to Sam. Please do stop at our plant the next time you are in Chicago. I am anxious to show you around.

Sincerely yours,

2. The Closed (no indentation)

Mr. John B. Gatesworth,
900 East Gore Avenue,
Champaign, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Gatesworth:

I have just received a letter from our salesman, Sam Garth, in which he speaks with considerable enthusiasm of the reception you gave him last Wednesday. He says you went out of your way to be cordial and courteous.

While you were unable to give Sam an order for our good luggage, you did leave the gate open. For that, both Sam and I are grateful. There's an old saying that "birds of a feather flock together," and something tells me your company and mine are going to get together.

In the meantime, I want to thank you for being so nice to Sam. Please do stop at our plant the next time you are in Chicago. I am anxious to show you around.

Sincerely yours,

3. The Hanging (reverse indentation)

Mr. John B. Gatesworth,
900 East Gore Avenue,
Champaign, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Gatesworth:

I have just received a letter from our salesman, Sam Garth, in which he speaks with considerable enthusiasm of the reception you gave him last Wednesday. He says you went out of your way to be cordial and courteous.

While you were unable to give Sam an order for our good luggage you did leave the gate open. For that both Sam and I are grateful. There's an old saying that "birds of a feather flock together," and something tells me your company and mine are going to get together.

In the meantime, I want to thank you for being so nice to Sam. Please do stop at our plant the next time you are in Chicago. I am anxious to show you around.

Sincerely yours,

While I do not mean to influence your opinion, I can tell you that the great majority of modern business letters are single spaced, with a blank line between paragraphs, and without indentations. This is the style used in the second copy of the letter, at the top of the page. It is commonly called the "blocked" letter. Personally, I see no reason why paragraphs need to be indented when the space between them does the job.



TELEPHONE MAIN 3370

Nearly a Million Envelopes a Day

505-511 Stewart Avenue, S. W.
ATLANTA • GEORGIA

Mr. C. M. Bazemore, Cashier,
First National Bank in Waycross,
Waycross, Georgia.

They are getting some mighty good prices for tobacco down your way this year, and believe me, we are glad to see it because it means better times for all of us who live in Georgia.

We hope that your business is going to show some nice increases while the tobacco is being marketed in Waycross. I've seen that mob pour into the banks during the buying season. It is a real thrill to watch their eager faces, because they seldom get hold of so much cash at one time.

And while we are speaking of good business, let us mention that it is "good business" to buy your supplies of envelopes right now. Just like the prices of tobacco, envelope prices are on their way upward.

Check your stock now, while we can still give you some very low prices. Even if you don't want immediate shipment, it will pay you to send in your order now, and just mention in your letter when you want us to deliver the envelopes.

Here's hoping that you get your share of the business that's floating around Waycross--and here's hoping also that you'll remember to send us your order now while the prices for good envelopes are still low.

ATLANTA ENVELOPE COMPANY

David Goldwasser
Manager Sales Promotion

A good typist balanced this letter properly on the page. Notice that this company omits "Dear Sir" and "Very truly yours"

Center Your Letter on the Page

But no matter which style you favor, there is one rule you must remember. Always balance your letter as near as you



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ATLANTA ENVELOPE COMPANY

David Goldwasser
Manager Sales Promotion

The same letter, but typed with no thought for balance. It has practically no marginal space, and looks top-heavy

can so that the margins, top, bottom, and sides, are approximately *even*. In other words, center the letter on the page. If it is a short one, then the margins will be wide; if long, then

they will be narrow. In no case, however, should you put so much copy on one page that it looks crowded. Don't be afraid of a two page letter. Of course, if you have a typist, she should look after these matters of form. If she doesn't, then you must "look after" her.

The complimentary close (Yours very truly) and the signature are usually placed at the right of the page, but there is no "law" which says they must be there. Quite frequently, I get letters where the complimentary close and signature are even with the left hand margin. They seem to look just as well there, and I suppose the writers are trying to get out of the habitual groove. Many companies are also omitting the "Yours very truly." The typist spaces four times below the last line of the letter and types the name and title of the writer. That might seem "radical" at first thought, but I doubt if the omission makes much difference to the reader.

"Cock-eyed" Signatures

Because so many of us write in ways that are queer to behold, it is *absolutely necessary* that the signature be *typed* as well as signed in longhand. When this is done, the writer can use all the flourishes he likes—but the reader still has a way to decipher them. For example, what would you do with these?

Charles H. Hester

Hester

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y.

October 1, 19—.

Eastman Kodak Company,
Rochester, New York.

Gentlemen:

Attention of Stenographers.

This letter is written in accordance with the standard form adopted for Eastman Kodak Company letters.

Set the paper guide on your typewriter so that when the paper is inserted and the marginal stop set at 10, the left-hand margin of your letter will be $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. The right-hand margin should be the same width.

Write the date two spaces below Rochester, N. Y., so that the end of the date line will be approximately even with the right-hand margin of the letter.

The name and address should be written in block style as shown above and the salutation two spaces below. The body of the letter should begin a double space below the salutation. If the letter is directed to the attention of an individual in a concern, write "Attention of Mr. Blank" as shown above.

Indent paragraphs 10 spaces. This can be accomplished by setting a tabulator stop at 20. Allow double spaces between paragraphs.

In closing, write "Yours very truly," two spaces below the body of the letter. Allow two spaces between this and the signature, EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, starting both lines at 40 on your typewriter. If the name of the department or position is to be added, place it four spaces below the Company's signature, starting at 40.

The dictator's and the transcriber's initials should be written at the left, a double space below the Company signature, or on a line with the department name if one is used.

Yours very truly,

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

MBF:MHG

Assistant to the President

Standard form of letter used by one large corporation.

CHAPTER IV

THE LANGUAGE OF BUSINESS

Words are the symbols by which we exchange ideas and opinions with each other. Without this ability, we might still be living in the swamp and jungle. How language started, no one knows for sure. In the beginning, it seems that each individual lived strictly "on his own." There was no need for talking. But some time or other, man discovered the value of fellowship—that two heads are often better than one. People began to band together—by family, by tribe, and finally by those forms of government which are taken for granted today. But how much of this progress could have happened without language? Can you imagine a society in which people only pointed or grunted to make themselves understood?

Forgetting all the finer arts of speech, such as poetry and oratory, and the drama, it must be obvious that the primary purpose of words is *understanding*—that clearness is the first requisite of anything we attempt to say. When you write a letter, you are not trying to show your reader the extent of your vocabulary. Far from it. No, you only want to use the words that *he* knows, so that he will get your message clearly and be influenced by it.

While all of this is true, I sometimes marvel at the language we see in some business letters. You would think the writers had exactly the opposite idea—that they were trying to make letters *hard* to understand instead of easy. They fall into a pompous, unnatural lingo which might make a big impression on Andrew H. Brown, but not on the average human being. For example, a man wrote to me the other day that he had not answered my letter because he had been "in a continuous travel status." It sounded like something terrible, but I guess he meant he had "been out of town." Again, in the *Saturday Evening Post* I saw an advertisement in which a man asked his wife, "Is that policeman pursuing us with *arresting intent*?" Maybe a high salaried copy writer wrote that line, but I wouldn't pay him two cents a week. He would have to learn how

to use simple, man-of-the-street language before he could work for me. "Arresting intent . . . continuous travel status"—that's panty-waist talk!

The good writer, to the contrary, believes with Shakespeare that "an honest tale speeds best, being plainly told." He knows that simplicity, in dress, in manners, or in letters, is a true mark of distinction. He doesn't call a beast colossal if it's only big. He realizes that each word in our language has a shade of meaning all its own. He doesn't use an ace when an eight-spot will take the trick.

Rubber-Stamp Language

Curiously enough, there developed somewhere in the past a business jargon which our late lamented ancestors used with gay abandon. In late years, like the buffalo, it has been gradually disappearing, but there is still entirely too much of it—even in letters of our own time. This jargon consists of a lot of queer and stilted phrases which nobody would think of using in speech. The writers afflicted with this malady say:

Your esteemed favor is at hand,
In reply, we would wish to state,
We are sending under separate cover,
We are pleased to attach hereto,
Enclosed herewith please find,

and a thousand and one other things just as funny and foolish. Consider, for example, that phrase, "under separate cover." What does it really mean—that a package is being mailed *under* a piece of paper like a woman walks under an umbrella? That sounds ridiculous but is how it would be interpreted by a foreigner who didn't understand the quirks of such language. Why should anybody "attach *hereto*." A thing attached couldn't be any other place, could it? Or, if a thing is *enclosed*, it must be there—why say "*herewith*"? Again, why use four words when two are necessary—doesn't "at present" mean *now*, just as much as does "at the present time"?

A letter to me yesterday said, "We thank you very kindly." Maybe that makes the writer a very nice and sweet fellow, but exactly what is meant by that phrase? *Who* is kind—the writer or am I? We call all of these old-fashioned relics of 1776 "rubber stamps." You see, a man who uses them doesn't have to think at all. He just hauls out a few of those moss-eaten expressions, and his letter is written.

But what is the result of such a cut and dried method? Perhaps the following example will best answer that question. It was received not long ago by the treasurer of one company with which I am associated.

The Dartnell Corporation,
4660 Ravenswood Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

Att. Mr. John T. Kemp.

Esteemed Customer:

We beg to acknowledge with kind appreciation receipt of your esteemed favor of the 3rd inst. and to express the hope for a continuance of your valued patronage. Thanking you in anticipation of such esteemed favors at some future time, we are

Cordially and sincerely yours,

And that, as the circus man said as he swallowed the sword, "is quite a mouthful." Can't you see the writer taking his rubber stamps off the rack:

Esteemed Customer
Beg to acknowledge
With kind appreciation
Your esteemed favor
Of the 3rd inst.
Hope for a continuance
Your valued patronage
Thanking in anticipation
Esteemed favors
At some future time

And presto! The job is done. But what a poor, measly, cold, unnatural job it is! Can you imagine yourself talking in such language? Would you pick up the telephone and say to a friend, "Thanking you in anticipation of your esteemed invitation to lunch tomorrow, the 3rd instant, I beg to acknowledge it will have to be at some future time"? How about it, would you? No, of course not, and if you did your friend surely would think you were "tetched in the head."

Again, the use of that attention line is rapidly disappearing in business letters. The more logical way to type that salutation would be:

Mr. John T. Kemp,
The Dartnell Corporation
4660 Ravenswood Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Furthermore, you probably noticed other errors in that letter. In the salutation, "Avenue" is spelled out, and "Illinois"

is abbreviated. So is "Attention." The typist should have been consistent—abbreviate throughout, or not at all. It is not correct to mix the two forms.

The Old Style Vs. the New

Harold P. McQueen, a letter expert who has the knack of making anything he writes human and conversational, tells the story of a bookkeeper who had received a check for \$5,500.00 from a new customer. The bookkeeper thought he owed the man a note of thanks, but he was a "rubber stamper" and the note turned out to be as cold and stiff as a three-day corpse. So Mr. McQueen revised it. Here are the two versions.

Dear Sir:

This one by
the bookkeeper
is deadlly for-
mal—the rub-
ber-st a m p s
spoil it

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your
check No 3433 in the amount of \$5,500 00
in payment of our invoice No. 2525 dated
June 7th, for which please accept our
thanks Enclosed herewith please find
receipted bill for your files. Trusting
we may be favored with your future orders,
we remain

Respectfully yours,

Dear Mr Edwards:

This one by
Mr. McQueen
is gracious and
natural — the
c u s t o m e r
would feel its
warmth

Of course, we are always glad to get
checks in the mail, but with yours this
morning came an added satisfaction We
take it to be a very tangible expression
on your part that you are satisfied
Your friendly attitude made our work a
real pleasure, and this letter carries
the appreciation of those of us who had
the privilege of meeting you and working
with you

Sincerely yours,

The difference in those two letters is so plain that it needs no further discussion. Do you see the folly of using rubber-stamp language? Will you resolve now never to be guilty of such foolishness in your own letters? You wouldn't wear a powdered wig to work tomorrow morning—or silk knee pants with lace around the bottom. Nor would a young lady go bouncing to a bridge party with high, buttoned shoes and a bustle. You don't take a ride on Sunday in a horse and buggy, or heat your house with a hard coal stove in the parlor. All of those things are part of days long past—and so are formal phrases like the following:

According to our records we find
Awaiting your future patronage
Please be advised
At your earliest convenience
Assuring you of our prompt attention
Yours has come to hand
Replying to yours of recent date
And contents have been duly noted
Up to this writing we find
In reply the writer would say
With reference to your favor
Regarding same, we would say
We ask your kind indulgence
Thanking you very kindly
Regarding the matter
We wish to state
Thanking you in advance
Our files do not show
Yours of even date
Enclosed herewith you will find
We are attaching hereto
Your esteemed patronage
Your obedient servant
I have your letter of

On and on I could go with that list, for there are hundreds of these old bromides that plague business letters. If you want to use them, put on a skull cap, stand at an ancient high-topped desk, and use a quill pen. But remember that such language puts a barrier between you and the reader. You cannot possibly use it and be your natural, friendly self.

One Little Word After Another

But it isn't only the old-time phrases that make letters difficult to understand and as cold as a frozen goose. You can easily fall into the same trap by being verbose or "windy." As I hinted at the start of this chapter, a small word if it will convey the same meaning is always better than a long one. All outstanding writers know that.

Once I heard about a young fellow just out of college who got a job as a reporter. For several months he made the police courts and each day did only routine writing. Then his big chance came. He happened to be on the scene of a murder, and at two o'clock in the morning he rushed back to the office to write his first great story. There was only one other reporter in the office—an old veteran who sat half-asleep with his feet on the table. Well, the youngster leaped at his typewriter and started to pound the keys—but his story wouldn't "jell." Time after time he wrote a few lines and then jerked the paper out of his machine. A pile of crumpled manuscript appeared

around his chair. Finally, the old fellow got to his feet and walked toward him.

"Listen, Sonny," the veteran said, "just put down one little word after another."

That's fine advice for any student of business letter-writing. Don't fight your copy. Don't try to think of big or unusual words. Just relax, and put down one little word after another. Don't make a difficult chore out of an *easy* one.

But suffering cats! How some folks must struggle and groan when they start to dictate! What mountains they must make out of molehills! What a strain on the "noodle" it must be to dictate a paragraph like the following.

"Most practically speaking, what I have to offer is preparatory and actual training, and its tendency to develop the desirable complex for the practical and practicable; integrity evidenced by authenticity of references available; and the more contingent characteristics of intelligence and initiative that cannot be demonstrated in this inadequate correspondence form."

I'm not fooling. That was the way a college graduate once applied to me for a position. Of course, there was a lot more of the letter but there's a limit to how much you could stand. I would not willingly damage your disposition. But by what strange impulse was that young fellow driven to apply for work in such a conglomeration of words? Did he think they would impress me? On the contrary, would anybody hire a fellow who might any moment break out with another sample of his vocabulary?

Well, I can forgive the youngster. He didn't know any better. But what should I think of a full-sized adult, the president of a company who tried to sell me an investment service in language just as funny. Here is the last paragraph of his letter. See if it moves you to run and buy some of his services.

"Our departure relates its recognized unique operating approach to bond positions via our advisory staff. We offer a spaded diagnosis conceded the most thorough individual subscription service - hence, the cost involved should prove trivial to support the many complexed situations."

Quick, my smelling salts! What should we do to a man who abuses the English language so grossly. Well, there is nothing

we can do to him, but we certainly don't want his service. Into the waste-paper basket quickly go all such pompous letters.

Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

Contrast with those monstrosities, the simple words used by Abraham Lincoln in his famous Gettysburg address. You will recall how he wrote that speech on the back of an old envelope while on the train which carried him and other officials to the scene of action. No finer bit of literature has been written by an American—it is praised all over the world. And yet, what kind of words did Lincoln use? Long or short ones? Well, in the entire speech there are 267 words, and 194 of them are words of *one* syllable. And of the 72 others, only 21 are words of more than two syllables. Listen, you who are reading this book, stop and consider those figures once more.

194 words of one syllable
72 words of two syllables
21 words of more than two syllables

Nothing I have said, or will say to you, has greater significance for a student of letter writing than the language used by Mr. Lincoln in that speech. Short words get under the reader's skin; long words bounce off like water. Learn the power of short words. For example: *begin* instead of *commence*, *buy* instead of *purchase*, *start* instead of *inaugurate*, *about* instead of *with reference to*, *now* instead of *immediately*.

Does this mean that three-fourths of the dictionary should be junked, that the longer words have no place at all in our writing? No, don't accuse me of saying that. I only want you to choose the short word when it will do the job just as well. I want you to save the big fellows for the time and place when they are needed. Standing for the first time at the foot of Niagara Falls, you would be perfectly right in saying, "Magnificent, gorgeous, wonderful." But I don't want you to call your gold fish pools magnificent, your new tie gorgeous, or your pet pooch wonderful.

The Folly of Long Sentences

Furthermore, I don't want you to use a lot of words when a few will do. Nothing hurts a letter more than long-winded sentences, repetition of thought, or the use of the same words over and over. For example, consider this long train of cars,

coupled with many "ands" and "buts." I dare you to read it one time and tell me the meaning. At least my poor head will not comprehend it.

"Now the item of October 21, \$35.28, which you show as the balance due you, is in order, but there is a reason for holding it up, and you are fully aware of the fact that this shipment was printed without instructions, and you admitted it was an error, and you will recall that the customer sent us a new order, but unfortunately you had already shipped it, and we have been trying to get the customer's O.K. to bill it, and now we are passing the invoice, and giving the customer December 1 dating, and we are dating your invoice as of December 1, which we hope is satisfactory, and will take care of the items mentioned."

What a whiffenpouf that sentence is. Can't you see the poor reader scratching his head as he reads it—wondering just what the writer means?

Two Conversational Letters

So far in this chapter, the letters I have asked you to read have been the kind I do *not* want you to write—either formal and old-fashioned, or pompous and long-winded. In contrast, let's examine a letter in which the language is natural, easy to read, and interesting. It was written by M. B. Sackheim, vice-president of the Brown Fence and Wire Company, in answer to a customer who thought the price of a certain fencing was too high. This is a common problem in business, and someday you may have to handle it on some position that you hold.

LETTER No. 2. In which the writer seems to lean on one of his own fences, and talk to his customer.

Dear Mr. Woodstock:

There never was a product, of any kind, that someone couldn't make cheaper — and worse. As a practical business man, you know that the price you pay at the start isn't really the price that you pay at the end.

Maybe you can buy fencing like mine for 10¢ a rod less than my price. Maybe! But I think there must be a mistake somewhere. Unless there's a woodpile nearby, with a colored gentleman in it, I say it can't be done.

Dear fellow, you're going to put that fence up for many years of service. A little slip here or there in the quality, and you'll pay for the fence twice. Ten cents a rod may seem like a lot of money - and it is. Now if anyone can quote that much less than I can, either I am making an awful lot of profit, or someone is taking something out of the fence.

Stop and think a minute. Ten cents a rod is 17% of my price. Ten cents a rod is \$14.60 a ton on that fence. Can anyone reduce the price of a steel product like fence \$14.60 a ton and still give you as much as I do? Maybe. And then again, maybe not.

All I can tell you is that we've been doing business at the same old stand for 48 years. You'll know where to find us if you need us, even 48 years from now, I think. I won't be here, and maybe you won't be here, but this company will most likely be here, and the fence will be here for a good many of those years.

If anything, my prices are lower - a lot lower than the other fellow's, but you can depend on the quality when you buy from Jim Brown.

So - send me your whole order, you won't be sorry. You'll be glad. It will be off your mind and in the hands of a square shooter (if I may say so myself).

Sincerely yours,

Perhaps you read that letter aloud. It's always the best way to catch the true spirit of a written communication. If you did, you must have been impressed by the man-to-man language—just the same as if the reader and the writer had stopped to talk over one of those Brown fences. Tell me, how many big words did you notice in that letter? How many rubber-stamps? Right you are, none at all. The letter is just human, friendly *talking* as all business letters should be. Now here's another one—cut to the same pattern. I understand it was first used by Arnold M. Kline, editor of a little business magazine, "Celanese Topics." I can't say for sure, but I imagine it was written by Mr. Kline.

LETTER No. 3. The short words and simple sentences help to achieve the conversational tone.

Dear Driver:

Today my daughter, who is seven years old, started to school as usual. She wore a dark blue dress with a white collar. She had on black shoes and blue gloves. Her cocker spaniel, whose name is "Scoot" sat on the front porch and whined his canine belief in the folly of education as she waved "goodbye" and started off to the halls of learning.

Tonight we talked about school. She told me about the girl who sits in front of her - the girl with yellow curls - and the boy across the aisle who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher, who has eyes in the back of her head - and about the trees in the school yard, and about the big girl who doesn't believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a lot of things - tremendously vital, unimportant things; then we studied spelling, reading and arithmetic - then to bed.

She's back there now - back in the nursery - sound asleep, with "Princess Elizabeth" (that's a doll) cuddled in her right arm. You guys wouldn't hurt her, would you? You see, I'm her daddy. When her doll is broken or her finger is cut, or her head gets bumped, I can fix it - but when she starts to school, when she walks across the streets, then she's in your hands.

She's a nice kid. She can run like a deer and darts about like a chipmunk. She likes to ride horses and swim and hike with me on Sunday afternoons. But I can't be with her all the time - I have to work to pay for her clothes and her education. So please help me to look out for her. Please drive carefully, please drive slowly past the schools and intersections - and please remember that children run from behind parked cars.

Please don't run over my little girl.

A Father

Are you catching the "feel" of these modern, conversational letters? Don't you think they must be *easier* to write than those stereotyped, stuffed-shirt letters we read first? And don't you see that just *being yourself*—putting one little word down after another—is a lot more fun?

Business doesn't have to be all dignity and formality. Heavens, no. Not long ago, a friend of mine sent me a little collection letter he had used for folks who just wouldn't pay any attention to their bills. And believe it or not, his little, humorous note brought in more money than any other letter he had used. "Dear Customer," he had written, "Will you please send me the name of a good lawyer in your community? I think I may have to sue you."

Two Human Letters by Top Executives

Perhaps you are thinking that the conversational style may be okeh for down-the-line letter-writers, but that it isn't quite the thing for top executives. You think of them as very important creatures whose dignity is carefully protected by a cloak of formality. You just can't imagine the "boss" being

free and easy in his letters. Well, that may have been true in the past, but most business leaders nowadays have come up from the bottom—they have no false impression of their own grandeur—they are essentially human and tolerant. Oh, of course, there are exceptions, but they are the little fellows trying to be big. Here, for example, are three letters written by chief executives, not for special occasions but the kind they write every day. See how conversational and human they are.

LETTER No. 4. The president of a large corporation writes a man-to-man explanation of a mistake to "Friend Smith."

Friend Smith:

Yes, we made a mistake in sending you those Jonathan Apple trees. Just as soon as I got your letter the Delicious trees you ordered were sent out of here in a hurry. You will get them almost as soon as you get this letter.

I'm sorry it happened and want to thank you for getting after me right away.

Mistakes are bad enough when we get a chance to correct them. They are a whole lot worse if we don't. We try hard not to make them but some slip by in the rush of thousands of orders every day. The important thing is to make them good right away and we sure try to do that.

If you want to keep the Jonathan trees, send me \$2.50. That is a pretty stiff cut in their price but I am willing to let them go at that rather than ask you to send them back and have to pay the express charges at this end.

Let me know what you are doing about it and whether you keep the Jonathan trees or not. I hope you will come again soon with an order for some of the things we sell.

That way we will know our mistake is forgiven if not forgotten.

With best wishes,

That one was written by Henry Field, president, the Henry Field Company, Shenandoah, Iowa. Doesn't it sound as if he were right there back of your chair, talking to you? He doesn't say, "Hoping soon to be favored again with your patronage"—the rubber-stamp way. No, it's "come again soon with an order." And does he use big words? Not Henry Field. He could have said, "We realize fully the importance of correcting an error immediately," but instead you read, "The important thing is to make them good right away." And that, my friends, is *talking*.

The second of these executive letters was taken from the file of J. F. Grimes, founder of the Independent Grocers Alliance of America.

LETTER No. 5. The sincerity of this letter of sympathy is attained by simplicity of language.

Dear Frank:

I returned to my desk this morning and found a letter saying that your mother passed away at LaCrosse last Monday. It must be a wonderful thing to live 85 years, and to have the experiences that come with four generations. Also, to be able to keep compassionate, kind and sweet during so many years!

One who finds work to do and keeps occupied, who loves the beautiful things of nature, gets a tremendous lot out of living. And your mother must have found great happiness in watching your success.

When we know that a departure of this kind is not final and that life goes on, when we feel the presence of the one that only seems to have gone, then our whole viewpoint of life undergoes a sweet change.

Let us both live so that when we pass the 85 year mark, the same fine things can be said about us.

Sincerely yours,

Letters of condolence are always difficult, but don't you think the simple language used by Mr. Grimes rings true?

Earlier in this book, you saw a little letter with a sales twist written by the secretary to the late former president of the Illinois Central Railroad, L. A. Downs. Perhaps she got her inspiration from the man for whom she worked, for he too was famous for his cordial letter contacts.

LETTER No. 6. The head of a great railroad writes a simple message of congratulation to a man with whom he has worked.

Dear Fred:

The years pass swiftly. It seems only yesterday that we first met, when you and I were youngsters in the service. Today marks your fortieth anniversary with the Illinois Central. I am happy to present you and Mrs. Thompson lifetime passes.

On such an occasion, I could say much about your splendid record, your faithfulness to the railroad, your loyalty as a personal friend, but I need not do so. You know what is in my heart.

It is my earnest wish that you and those dear to you will have many happy years together.

Sincerely yours,

Why did I want you to read those letters? Because they prove that in modern business even the top leaders have discarded the old-fashioned formalities used by your "grand-pappy" and mine. Their letters are simple and direct. You can hear these men *talking* in the human language of our age.

Use of Slang and Profanity

We are nearing the end of this important chapter, but before we turn to a new one, there are a few tips about the use of words that you should know. One is to be cautious about the use of slang. Some writers, trying to throw off the yoke of formality go too far. To be stilted is bad, but to be silly is even worse. The place you want to be is in the middle of the road. When a writer thinks "By Golly" or "Heck" or "Nuts" helps to make a sentence sound human, he is making a sad mistake. We may find those words in the language of the bleachers, the poolroom or the fraternity house, but they are hardly appropriate to business. Perhaps you are saying, "But *you* use slang in this book," and that is true. However, I use it sparingly, as a man puts salt on his meat, and you would find no slang at all in the majority of my letters.

You know slang words are often the last resort of the person whose vocabulary is limited. Not knowing any words to express a certain emotion or thought, such persons fall back on slang. To the little girl with eighth grade education who perhaps works behind the hosiery counter, her boy friend is "keen," and the show she saw last night was "keen," and the new minister in her church is "keen." Everything is "keen" to her because she can't express herself any other way.

Yes, use slang with care and use profanity not at all. "Hell" and "Damn" may or may not be excusable when you crack your shin against a chair, but certainly they are taboo in a business letter. You don't have to swear to prove you are not a sissy. Swearing adds no punch to a letter. Sometimes I get letters in which the writers seem to feel that "cuss words" are out of place correctly spelled but okeh if coined in a new form. "It's a heluva way to treat a customer" says one letter in my file, but I would use the new word, if at all, to describe the fellow who thought such a word added interest to his letter. Omit profanity entirely—it is quite likely to offend your reader—that's tip number two.

Insinuating Words

Then there are certain "insinuating" words that are sure to offend your reader. For example, even the innocent "should" can be humiliating if used in the wrong way. "As a business man yourself, you *should* know that discounts cannot be taken after the ten day period," says one credit manager. In other words, he is saying, "Mr. Customer, it is plain that you are either dumb or dishonest, otherwise you would not try to take an unearned discount."

Other words, often used thoughtlessly, can be just as offensive.

"We are surprised at your attitude"
"Surely you are able to understand"
"Why don't you try to be reasonable"
"Is that a fair way to treat us"
"Of course, if you have closed your mind"
"Why have you neglected our many letters"
"It is against our policy to comply"
"In which you claim the lamp was broken"
"We still hope you are fair-minded enough"

Take those underlined words alone, and they are harmless, but used as above, they irritate and anger the reader. In each line, there is the insinuation that the reader is unfair or careless or even dishonest. It is by such phrases that good customers are lost. If you tell a man that you "hope" he is fair-minded, you confess you are not *sure*. If you refer to his "claim" the lamp was broken, you are suspicious of his truthfulness. If you are "surprised" at his attitude, you insinuate he is stubborn.

Perhaps you wonder why I have included "policy" among those dangerous words. Well, that is a word behind which too many people hide when they want to say "no." Without an *explanation* of the reasons for the policy, it is poor defense. Suppose, for example, your tooth ached and you went to your "boss" and said, "I would like to get off at three o'clock so I can see the dentist." What would be your reaction if he merely retorted, "Sorry, you can't go, it's against our *policy*"? Would you be satisfied? Not at all. But what if he said instead, "You know how busy we are, Joe, and in the past we've had a lot of trouble with some of our irresponsible people—not like you—who would use any excuse to get time off. So the company

prefers that you see your dentist after five o'clock. Suppose you take my phone and make an appointment now." Then you *would* understand the policy, wouldn't you?

Facts vs. Ballyhoo

The fourth thought for the proper use of words, is to avoid superlatives. Or to put it another way, paint specific word pictures, don't deal in generalities. An ounce of fact is worth a ton of ballyhoo. Merely to tell your reader that your product is "best" means little. How good is best? That kind of writing reminds me of the New Year resolutions some folks make. They resolve to "exercise more," to "read good books," and "to reduce in weight." But how can they measure progress against such generalities? Suppose instead, they resolved:

"To walk two miles every day, rain or shine"

"To read one business book each month"

"To lose twenty-four pounds by December 31"

There would be no escaping resolutions of that kind. They are definite, concrete—like a salesman's quota. The person who set out to lose twenty-four pounds must lose half of them by July 1—he could weigh any day and tell how he stood in relation to that resolution.

All right, the same principle applies to letter-writing. To make your arguments convincing, use *facts, evidence, figures, testimony*. Don't run wild with a lot of adjectives which at best are only relative. Get down to brass tacks. For example, here's a letter about a new automobile. I am told it will give me *brilliant* performance, *utmost* luxury, and *great* economy. How about you? Could I sell you a little "utmost"? Or some "brilliant"? Or a bit of "great"? No, I don't think so. And why not? Because those words sound fine, and mean little. On the other hand, what would be your reaction if those same adjectives were *interpreted*? Like this:

"Performance so brilliant that you can drive seventy miles an hour all day and never add a drop of water."

"New coil springs, seats three inches wider than any other car and upholstered exactly like the finest made davenport — giving you the utmost in luxury."

"Economy so great that you will not add a drop of oil between the regular changes — so great that you are guaranteed twenty miles on every gallon of gasoline."

You do see the difference, don't you? And it is tremendously important. When you make a general statement in a business letter, *prove* it. Tell *how*, *why*—make the picture in the reader's mind an *etching*, and not a watercolor.

Don't Ride a Word to Death

Fifth, watch out for the word "pets" which so easily creep into any person's writing. I mean certain words that you happen to like so well that automatically they seem to appear in every paragraph. On my desk right now is a letter a page and one half long in which the word "also" is used eighty-six times. Yes, I know that is hard to believe, but it's true. I counted them. Then, of course, there are words which are worn just as thin by common usage. Being so stale and trite they instantly mark the person who uses them as an amateur. You know the words I mean.

A host of friends
Lovely decorations
Stirring speeches
 Eyes like *stars*
 The crowd *roared*
Howling success

Blushing brides
Crisp currency
Sparkling comedies
 Lips like *rubies*
Bouncing baby boys
Rattling good cars

Now the *first* time a young man told his sweetheart that her eyes were like stars and her lips like rubies he was doing a right good job, and she probably became his blushing bride without any more persuasion. But after those descriptive words have been used a few billion times they lose their power. I doubt if nowadays they would lead any girl to the altar. So examine some of your writings—see if you have any word "pets" that are being over-favored. Avoid them in the future.

"Doubling"

A very similar fault is one that I call "doubling" for want of a better term. It is the use of two words when one word is sufficient—two words of about the same meaning. For example: deeds and actions, earnestly and sincerely, trials and tribulations, promptly in the near future, hope and trust, and many others that you will call to mind.

The following letter has several of these "doubles"—see if you can spot them. Furthermore, it is about the ugliest collection letter I have seen in many moons. Making it even worse, is

the fact that the man to whom the letter went was *not* guilty. He had a cancelled check for full payment of the bill. He answered the letter politely but he said, "Don't ever send me any more of your catalogues as I would not buy again from such a company." You won't blame him, when you read the letter.

LETTER No. 7. A collection follow-up in which the language is crude and the spirit is vile.

Dear Sir:

We refuse to have further expense writing you letters.

We take position you have treated us in an unjust and unfair manner — in view of definite promise you made when you requested us to ship goods to you.

You promised if you did not pay for the goods within 10 days you would send them back to us. You have not paid for them and you have not returned them.

We have had considerable expense during the past many weeks the goods have been in your possession writing you letters and still we do not find the matter drawn to a conclusion.

Therefore, be advised and informed we have definite legal rights in a matter of this kind. We assume you are aware of the action we can take if this matter is not completed at once and by return mail.

Therefore, without further delay you are to immediately and at once pay for the goods in question.

We are not interested in any excuses. We demand and insist that the matter be completed at once. We will expect your remittance within one week of the date of this letter. If we fail to receive it, we will reserve our legal right to take further action without any advance notice being sent to you.

We have been fair. We have been reasonable. In return we have not received what we consider proper consideration from you. If the conditions were reversed how would you like to be treated as you have treated us.

We are marking our records the matter will be settled within one week. We will not assume any responsibility for any action that may be taken if there is any delay beyond that time. You will therefore see to it that remittance is sent to us at once.

Very truly yours,

Wasn't that a nasty, poorly worded letter? And it becomes even more pitiful when I tell you that it was signed by the treasurer of the company.

Okeh! We must close our talk about the importance of

language in a business letter. It is a chapter which can have considerable influence on your success as a writer. In it, you have had some vital suggestions which simply must be understood and put to work before you can write effective business letters. Learn to relax—to be natural. Avoid rubber-stamps. Cleave to short words. Use little slang and no profanity. Watch out for word “pets” and those worn stale by overuse. Remember to paint specific pictures—avoid generalities. Don’t use two words where one will do the job.

It’s all quite simple and logical. Put one little word down after another. Don’t strut. Just *be yourself* and *talk*.

CHAPTER V

THE BUSINESS LETTER CARPENTER

Thinking back through previous chapters, you will recall that we have passed four mile-posts.

1. The importance and cost of letters to business; the relation between a knowledge of the subject and your success.
2. How to plan a business letter; the five thinking steps that must be taken before a word is written.
3. The influence of appearances on results; the physical factors such as paper, letterhead, equipment, typing and teamwork between dictator and typist.
4. Why language is the root of all business writing; word habits that hinder, and habits that help, in making your letters click.

In other words, the points we have covered apply to business letters in general, and if you are making a serious effort to apply those points to your own letters the result must be pleasing to both yourself and those for whom you work. Now, we are going a step farther—we will narrow our study down to letters as individual units. We will inquire into the principles of letter construction—we will see how letters are actually *built*.

"Built" is exactly the word I meant to use. Just as I hinted in the second chapter, there is a technique for building a letter, just as there is for building a house. Houses differ, and letters differ, according to the people for whom they are constructed, but there are certain fundamentals which do not vary. And those are the principles to which we now turn.

The Star, the Chain, and the Hook

A few years ago a man died in Chicago who for many years had been one of America's best known letter experts. His name was Dr. Frank W. Dignan, and his influence on modern letter writing will long be felt. It was Dr. Dignan who first

I doubt if a figure of speech could be devised which would better express the letter-man's job. It is so easy to remember. It tells the story better than a thousand words.

Away back in your early school days, you probably were given another three-point outline for writing which covers the same ground, but is too vague. Your teacher told you that an essay, or a story, or an oration, or almost any kind of writing, must have an introduction, a body, and a conclusion. But Dr. Dignan's description is more vivid—it explains the *purpose* of each step.

A star in the heavens is bright and interesting. So must be the first part of your business letter. Otherwise, your reader may turn away—not caring to find out what else you have to say. A chain is a series of links, no stronger than the weakest one. Your letter is a series of facts, and if one of them is weak the reader may at that point toss your letter aside. A hook is something which grabs and holds fast. So must the end of your letter “grab” your reader and hold him fast to the action you are urging. In other words, the primary purpose of each unit differs from that of the other two.

The job of the Star is to attract *attention*, to make the reader want to read on.

The job of the Chain is to explain the reasons “why,” and thus increase the reader's *interest* until *desire* has been created.

The job of the Hook is to stimulate definite *action*—to get the money, or the order, or to make the reader say “okeh.”

In a way, it's like a touchdown march in football. The Star catches the ball on the kickoff and runs it back a few yards. Then each link in the Chain plunges and passes in a series of first downs. Finally, near the goal, the Hook carries the ball over in one last mighty smash. That is exactly what happens if the letter accomplishes its purpose, but things can go wrong any time during that succession of gains. If the Star is not interesting, the ball is fumbled and the chance to score is lost. If any part of the Chain is not convincing, the touchdown march may be interrupted. If the Hook lacks power, the attack bogs down just when success was in sight. Yes, each unit has a part to play, and when any one of the three fails, no touchdown is made.

Later, in Part II, when we are discussing the Sales Letter, you will again encounter these four progressive steps in reader

reaction—attention, interest, desire, and action. They apply of course, to a sales letter more than to any other kind. But I want you to remember that *any* letter which attempts to influence reader action is trying to make a sale—in opinion if not in orders. And the formula first used by Dr. Dignan—the Star, the Chain, and the Hook—is the solution to almost any problem a letter-man has to face. Start with something interesting, follow with facts and reasons to create desire, and end with an urge to action. That's the skeleton around which good letters are built.

Three Well Constructed Letters

Here's a letter, for example, which did a remarkable job. It was sent to 600 office employees in one company and it pulled 596 favorable replies—better than 99%. In the same group the previous year only 40% responded to a different letter. So this one *must* be good. Read it through to get the full effect—then go back and see if you can identify the Star, the Chain, and the Hook. I'll number the paragraphs to make it easy for you to record your decision.

LETTER No. 8. An appeal for donation to Community Fund which had remarkable pull.

Dear Fellow-Worker:

- 1 Only one hour and fifty-five minutes—will you work that long each month for the relief of those who have no jobs?
- 2 One hour and fifty-five minutes is just one per cent of your working time. It is one per cent of your salary that you are being asked to give for the help of the unemployed.
- 3 You know the need. People are going hungry in this city. Women and children are living in unheated houses because they have no coal. Kids are being kept out of school because they are ashamed to wear their ragged clothes.
- 4 What if you walked the streets, day after day, looking for work you could not find? What if you had folks at home who were hungry and cold and sick? What if you had spent your last penny, lost your home, pawned everything of any possible value that you ever had owned - what would you do now?
- 5 These unfortunate people are not beggars or bums. They are decent, likeable, human beings. Fate has given them a rotten break.
- 6 We cannot turn away from these things. They are facts. If we who are working will not help those who are not working, to whom shall they turn?

- 7 Can we who are still working - who can still sleep in warm beds, eat good food, go to shows and parties, enjoy the comradeship of our friends and families - can we shut our hearts to those who have nothing?
- 8 The attached card is for you to sign and return today. One penny out of every hundred is easy to spare, but when added to a lot of other pennies it goes a long way toward bringing hope and comfort to those who now have neither.
- 9 Let your conscience dictate your reply. Return the card sure.

If you ask me *why* that letter pulled so well, I think because of its strong human appeal—it puts the reader mentally in the place of those who need his help—it paints sharp word pictures. But did you mark the paragraphs belonging to the Star, the Chain, and the Hook? Let's see if we agree? The Star—1 and 2; the Chain—3, 4, 5, 6, and 7; and the Hook—8 and 9. Right you are.

All right, now try another, but this time I won't give you the answer. You'll have to stand on your own legs.

LETTER No. 9. A humorous follow-up of inactive business—also a good example of modern letter construction.

Gentlemen:

I feel just like the Irishman who dashed up to a hotel desk one evening - hat gone and clothes all streaked with dirt.

"I want room thirty-seven and I want it quick," he shouted.

"But I can't give you room thirty-seven," said the clerk after looking at the board.

"I tell you, I want room thirty-seven," was the rising reply.

"But room thirty-seven is taken. Mr. Murphy has that room."

"Don't I know it? I'm Murphy. I jist fell out av the winder and I want to get back in again."

Yes, I feel something like that, and I want to get back in the room - wherever it is - where you give out your orders for printing.

It's been a mighty long time since we've had the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Birdsell, and it certainly would make us happy to see your name back on our books.

Our equipment is thoroughly modern and complete. We have both the facilities for doing good printing in our plant and the will to give you the best of service.

There's a blotter enclosed with our telephone number on it in nice bold figures. Why not do unto us as you would do unto Murphy? Give us a ring when you need your next printing job.

Cordially yours,

As I see it, the above letter has a right good Star, and a fairly strong Hook, but the Chain is woefully weak. All the writer has to offer is "good" printing and "best" service, and you found out in the last chapter how ineffective are such generalities unless backed by concrete proof.

Here's another letter, written by Carl Wollner, president of the Panther Oil & Grease Company in Fort Worth, Texas. While the purpose is to collect money, you will see that it is built on the same framework; first a question to get attention, then the offer of a gift, and finally the appeal for action reinforced by enclosing the envelope and the label.

LETTER No. 10. A collection letter with Mother's Day appeal.

Dear Mr. Worden:

You've heard of sales contests, but have you ever heard of one to collect? We have one going on now in our Credit Department to give our young men an extra inspiration to do a good job. Everybody likes to help these young fellows who are coming up in the world to some day take our places.

The reason I'm writing you is that the Credit Manager just gave me a memo of a past due account. You've been owing for goodness knows how long a time. I'm not mad at you at all. But I'm writing now to get some action.

And I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll send your check right back for all or a reasonable part of what you owe, I'll go down town myself and select a swell Mother's Day gift and send it in your name. If your mother, like mine, is no longer living, perhaps you'd like my gift to go to your wife.

I am not meaning to commercialize the sentiment of Mother's Day, but you'll agree we couldn't show our appreciation in any better way. Your mother and mine are the best friends we'll ever have this side of Heaven.

This company never likes to sue anybody. If you believe in the Golden Rule as we do, you'll be sending a check now while this letter is fresh before you. A return envelope is here, too, for easy mailing of that check.

Don't forget to tell me how to address the gift. I'll look after the mailing myself - one of my personal

privileges - and it'll be a pleasure. You can put the name and address on the enclosed label.

If you were in my place and I in yours - and I got this letter from you - I wouldn't rest until I had that check in the mail.

Sincerely,

That's an unusual collection letter, isn't it? The urge for action starts much sooner than in the average mailing—the emphasis is strongly on the Hook. Can you put your finger on where it begins?

If getting attention is so important in a business letter, then obviously appearance (Chapter III) works hand in hand with the Star. When the reader pulls a fine looking letter from the envelope, the first reaction can't be unfavorable. The letter attracts attention by its superior appearance, just as does a well-dressed gentleman who enters the cafe where you are dining—or the beautifully gowned woman who sits in a box at the theatre you are attending.

Business Letter Showmanship

Realizing the power of the unusual in attracting attention, some business writers occasionally like to dramatize a letter. For example, here on my desk is a folder marked "*Stunt Letters*." In each case some unusual device is used to get attention. Let's peep at a few of the letters in that folder.

The first one says, "Look at yourself," and pasted at the top of the page is a small tin mirror. That's an old stunt of no particular value—seeing myself is no longer a novelty. The second is a little more interesting. A piece of red tape about two inches long gets my quick attention, and the first line reads, "Why bother with unnecessary red tape in your business?"

"Here is Nature's advanced notice of winter's bluster," is the first line of the third letter, and sticking to it is an artificial autumn leaf. The fourth is a "black and white" affair, half of the page black with white type, and the other half white with black type. The fifth carries a bright red feather about three inches long, and the first line reads, "Here's a feather in your cap, Mrs. Fox." Oh, oh, what's this sixth one? The picture of a man holding his head with both hands, and below in two slits a blue package marked, "Headache Powder." The letter starts, "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

The seventh talks about "getting down to brass tacks," and is illustrated by two paper fasteners with round brass heads. At the top of the eighth are a few bars of music with the words, "but it's nicer to lie in bed." Oh, yes, I see. The letter wants me to buy an automatic stoker—so I won't have to play nurse to the furnace early in the morning. And Goodness Gracious, what's this ninth one? It has a picture of a rainbow and stuck to the letter is a pencil which writes in four colors. The first line is about the pot of gold some folks are still expecting to find at the end of a rainbow. The tenth is a "Red Hot Letter" typed on bright red paper with scorched edges.

Well, I could go on and on with these "stunts" to get attention, but what's the use? The examples I have mentioned have demonstrated to you how it is possible to put showmanship into business letters, but the important question is, "Are such stunts effective—do they help to get results?"

Frankly, in the majority of cases, my answer would be "no." Too often, these stunts to get attention are so "wild and woolly" that they have little or no connection with the subject matter of the letters in which they appear. They are like the jokes with which some people think they must start every speech. They are funny enough in a way, but have nothing to do with what follows. To merely amuse your reader for a fleeting moment is not enough. It is really an insult to his intelligence. You are saying, "I must first entertain this fellow and then get down to business." When you do that, you are treating the reader like a small child—he is sure to resent it.

A Perfect Dramatized Letter

Occasionally, however I see stunt letters which are quite good. The device used to get attention is closely related to the letter's subject—it is a *visual demonstration* of the story being told. And that's fine! For example, here is a letter in that same folder to which are stapled two pieces of yarn, one red and one blue. Notice how those two "samples" are logically a part of the Star.

LETTER No. 11. A perfect example of how a sales letter may be dramatized without being too spectacular.

Dear Mr. Jones:

Just two little pieces of yarn — but what an important story they tell you.

Pull the ends of the red yarn and notice how the strands separate and fray easily. Now pull the blue yarn and notice the difference - it will not fray.

The red yarn was spun by machine. The blue yarn was spun by hand in far off Persia.

Genuine oriental rugs are made only with the hand spun yarn. The wool for this yarn comes from the backs of sheep which graze most of the year in the warm, sunny pastures of the lands across the sea. It is the extra strength of this wool and the skill of the hand weaver which enables the genuine oriental rug to hold its beauty for centuries.

I would like you to see the exceptional oriental rug in my shop which was hand-woven so firmly that there are as many as 400 knots to the square inch, compared to the two hundred knots in the average oriental rug.

I would like to show you some of the genuine orientals which have journeyed thousands of miles across oceans and continents to reach my shop. I can promise you one of the most pleasant half hours you ever have enjoyed, just "talking rugs" ... telling you some of the truly romantic legends behind those rugs and showing you magnificent pieces which will add charm, distinction and character to your home.

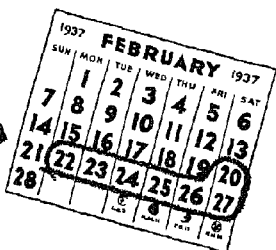
Of course, you will not be under the slightest obligation. Stop and see these rugs any night this week between seven and ten.

Sincerely yours,

Now, there's a dramatized letter which you can really admire. It puts in the hands of the reader the actual yarn being talked about—gives him the chance to prove to his own satisfaction that the Persian hand-spun variety is better than the domestic.

While I wanted you to see some of these stunt letters in which special devices are used to get attention, I must make it plain they are the exception and not the rule. The very great majority of all letters in business depend entirely on copy to perform the functions of the Star, the Chain, and the Hook. Furthermore, I cannot give you *one* will-always-work plan to get off on the right foot. Some introductions tell a story, some ask a question, some give an interesting bit of news, some quote big names, some give testimony, some just begin quickly. But whatever the method used, the function is always the same. The Star must overcome reader inertia—it must pave the way for what is to come.

MR. JONES
YOU HAVE ONLY
7 MORE DAYS--



TO SAVE MONEY AT OUR FEBRUARY SALE

This is a last minute reminder --

-- to tell you that you'll be money in pocket if you buy the furniture you need for your home within the next seven days!

Even though we haven't had the pleasure of serving you for some time, we still think of you as an old friend of ours and I want to do everything I possibly can to help you **SAVE MONEY**. That is why I'm writing to you the second time about our great February Sale.

Lipkin's February Sale is always the 'highlight' furniture event of the year, but this year's sale is **MORE IMPORTANT THAN EVER BEFORE** because furniture prices are going to advance from 15% to 40% when we are sold out of our present stock and have to re-order from the manufacturers. They have already sent us notices of the steep price rise which is resulting from the increased cost of raw materials and labor.

So **HURRY** into our store as soon as you can and select the pieces of furniture you need and want in your home. Don't wait until you have the cash saved up ... your credit has always been good with us, so make use of it. Since this is your last chance to save money, we will arrange special low payment terms which will make paying a very easy matter.

The important thing this minute is 'buy today' ... not 'how to pay.' We'll take care of that on a basis which will be **EASY ON YOUR POCKETBOOK**. Come in within the next seven days and save!

Sincerely yours,

Cecil Lipkin
President

LIPKIN'S
The Big Friendly Store

N. E. Corner 3rd & Ferry Streets
Easton, Penna.

LETTER No. 12. Another dramatized mailing in which the big type and the calendar perform the function of the Star.

Rubber-Stamps Kill Attention

Certainly, you cannot hope to win attention, and some degree of interest, with the rubber-stamps we talked about in the last chapter. They are too dull.

"Replying to your esteemed request of the 22nd, we would advise"

"Your letter relative to Mr. Webb has been received and contents duly noted"

"May we bespeak your kind indulgence to the matter with which this epistle has reference"

To read such language is only to yawn. One man writes, "With reference to your letter, I would state with considerable embarrassment," and another, "Your letter came, and is my face red." You tell me which of those two opening sentences has the most interest value.

When answering a letter, it is seldom that the date of that letter needs to be mentioned. Usually the reader knows when he wrote to you, and what your letter is about. But some writers cling stubbornly to the practice. Not long ago I saw seventy-nine letters written to various customers by the same man and seventy-seven started in exactly the same way—"I have your letter of (date) and in replying would advise." When I talked to him about this bad habit, he quickly promised to reform. He said he had been starting letters that way for years—he had never thought how cut and dried they must sound.

Mentioning Dates in a Natural Way

Of course, when many letters are passing back and forth between the same companies, the mention of a date may sometimes help to identify which of the many letters you are answering. But even then, the job can be done in a natural way. For example, here are the opening paragraphs of three letters in which dates are mentioned in a way quite informal.

"I am mighty sorry about all those things you talk about in your letter of May 10, but don't you think we can still be friends?"

"You've heard of the man who felt he could be knocked over by a feather, haven't you, Jim? Well, that's what your letter did to me - the one you wrote on January 5."

"What a climax in your life July 15 must have been — in fact, your letter written on that eventful day made me wish I had been there to celebrate with you."

Do you catch the friendly, natural tone of those opening paragraphs—as if neighbors were talking across the hedge? The dates are mentioned so casually that they hardly seem to be mentioned at all. Isn't that a better way to write than, "With reference to your letter of May 10," or "I have your letter of January 5 with reference to"? You see, even routine matters can be covered in a business letter without using those deadly tiresome, old-fashioned rubber stamps.

But enough of the Star. What about the Chain?

No Stronger Than Its Weakest Link

The Chain is the middle of your business letter—the part which carries the heaviest load. It is there that you take the mild interest aroused by the introduction of your letter, and transform that interest to real desire. One weak link in the presentation of your argument and the Chain may break. There can be no gaps—no sagging points—in the reader's attention. You must take him by the hand and lead him surely, swiftly to the end.

Obviously, everything you will learn in this book, or have learned, has some relation to your success in writing the Chain. *The Chain is the letter.* A letter without the Chain would be like the first and last chapter of a novel. So, short words, crisp sentences, the five steps in planning—all the things you have studied—have their part to play in the welding of a good, strong Chain.

At the start of a letter, your reader has only paused to see what you want with him. He is quite indifferent. No matter how interesting your introduction may be, he is still lukewarm, impatient perhaps to go about his own business. You must work fast or he will be gone.

What Happens When a Sale Is Made?

Your job is very much like that of the salesman who sold you that new car. What happened? You didn't really need to buy it. The old one ran all right. But the salesman called with the latest streamlined model. You had no thought of

buying, but you couldn't resist peeking. So the salesman said, "Step in," and you took a ride. You were still only teasing yourself, but your interest became stronger when you sat at the wheel.

Then the salesman began to weld a chain of facts about his new machine. The longer he talked the more out of date your old car seemed to be. Little things which hadn't mattered before began to seem more important. The tires on the old car were about worn out. The battery would probably give up the ghost very soon. It wouldn't be long before the old car would have to be sent to the shop for overhauling. Yes, it would really be a *saving* to trade the old car.

All the time, the salesman was pointing out the new gadgets on his latest model. He was breaking down your resistance with one fact after another. All of a sudden, he began to show you how *easy* it would be to make the trade—only a small payment each month. He asked for the order, and you surrendered. You hadn't meant to buy at first, but you did. Why?

Well, while that sale was going on, the scene in your mind had shifted. In the beginning, *reason* had prevailed. You were a rational human being, only curious about the new model. But as the salesman talked, desire began to take the upper hand. Reason was supplanted by *emotion*. You wanted the car so badly that all the reasons why you shouldn't buy it were shunted to the background. Desire *grew* in your mind—you couldn't resist it. And that's exactly what happens in the mind of the man who reads a well constructed letter. He starts cold and you make him hot. Emotion supplants reason. He goes along with you. He is ready for the Hook.

The Famous Bruce Barton Letter

Study the following letter. Consider it as if you had been in the reader's shoes. Note, particularly, how the Chain is developed, link after link. It was mailed several years ago to twenty-four wealthy men. It is the famous Bruce Barton Berea letter. You may wonder at its length, but remember it had a difficult job to perform—a short letter would have been utterly inadequate.

LETTER No. 13. Twenty-four men answered this appeal with checks for one thousand dollars.

Dear Mr. Doe:

For the past three or four years things have been going pretty well with Mrs. Barton and me. We pay our bills, afford such luxuries as having the children's tonsils out, and still have something in the bank at the end of the year. So far as business is concerned, I have felt fairly well content.

But there is another side of me which is unsatisfied and restless. I say to myself: "What good are you anyway? What influences have you set up - aside from your business - that would go on working if you were to shuffle off tomorrow?"

Of course, I chip in to the church, and the Y.M.C.A., and a social settlement; and I've paid back to Amherst whatever it lost on my education, and to Wellesley for whatever Mrs. Barton's four years cost there. And I dribble out a little money right along in response to all sorts of appeals. But there isn't much satisfaction in it. For one thing it's too diffused; and for another, I'm never very sure in my own mind that the thing I'm giving to is worth a hoorah, and I don't have time to find out.

A couple of years ago I said: "I'd like to discover the one place in the United States where a dollar does more net good than anywhere else."

It was a thrilling idea, and I went at it in the same spirit in which my advertising agency conducts a market survey. Without bothering you with a long story, I believe I have found the place. This letter of mine is being mailed to twenty-three men beside yourself - twenty-five of us all together. I honestly believe it offers an opportunity to get a maximum amount of satisfaction for a minimum sum.

Let me give you the background.

Among the earliest settlers in this country were some pure blooded English folks who landed in Virginia but - being more hardy and venturesome than the average - pushed on west and settled in the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina. They were stalwart lads and lassies. They fought the first battle against the British and shed the first blood. They won the battle of King's Mountain. Later, under Andy Jackson, they fought and won the only land victory that we managed to pull off in the War of 1812. Although they lived in Southern States, they refused to secede in 1860. They broke off from Virginia and formed the state of West Virginia; they kept Kentucky in the Union; and they sent a million men into the Northern armies.

It is not too much to say that they were the deciding factor in winning the struggle to keep this United States united.

They've had a rotten deal from Fate. There are no roads into the mountains; no trains; no ways of making money.

So our prosperity has circled all around them and left them pretty much untouched. They are great folks. The girls are as good looking as any in the world. Take one of them out of her two-room log cabin, give her a stylish dress and a permanent wave and she'd be a hit on Fifth Avenue. Take one of the boys - who maybe never saw a railroad train until he was twenty-one - give him a few years of education and he goes back into the mountains as a teacher, or doctor, or lawyer, or carpenter, and changes the life of a whole town or county.

That gives you an idea of the raw material. Clean, sound timber - no knots, no worm holes; a great contrast to the imported stuff with which our social settlements have to work in New York and other cities.

Now, away back in the Civil War days a little college was started in the Kentucky mountains. It started with faith, hope, and sacrifice; and those three virtues are the only endowment it has ever had. Yet today it has accumulated, by little gifts picked up by passing the hat, a plant that takes care of 3,000 students a year. It's the most wonderful manufacturing proposition you ever heard of. They raise their own food, can it in their own canneries, milk their own cows; make brooms and weave rugs that are sold all over the country; do their own carpentry, painting, printing, horse-shoeing and everything - teaching every boy and girl a trade while he and she are studying. And so efficiently is the job done that

a room rents for 60¢ a week
(with heat and lights)

meals are 11¢ (yet all the students gain weight; every student gets a quart of milk a day)

the whole cost to a boy or girl for a year's study - room, board, books, etc., is \$146. More than half of this the student earns by work; many earn all.

One boy walked in a hundred miles, leading a cow. He stabled the cow in the village, milked her night and morning, peddled the milk, and put himself through college. He is now a Major in the United States Army. His half brother who owned half the cow is a missionary in Africa. Seventy-five percent of the graduates go back into the mountains, and their touch is on the mountain counties of five states - better homes, better food, better child health, better churches, better schools; no more feuds; lower death rate.

Now we come to the hook. It costs this college which is named Berea, \$100 a year per student to carry on. She could, of course, turn away 1,500 students each year and break even on the other 1,500. Or, she could charge \$100 tuition. But then she would be just one more college for the well-to-do. Either plan would be a moral crime. The boys and girls in those one and two-room cabins deserve a chance. They are the same stuff as Lincoln and Daniel Boone and Henry Clay; they are the best raw material in the United States.

I have agreed to take ten boys and pay the deficit on their education each year - \$1,000. I have agreed to do this if I can get twenty-four men who will each take ten. The president, Dr. William J. Hutchins (Yale 1892) who ought to be giving every minute of his time to running the college, is out passing the hat, and riding the rails from town to town. He can manage to get \$50,000 or \$75,000 a year. I want to lift one quarter of his load by turning in \$25,000.

This is my proposition to you. Let me pick out for you ten boys, who are just as pure blooded Americans as your own sons, and just as deserving of a chance. Let me send you their names and tell you in confidence - we don't want to hurt their pride - where they come from and what they hope to do with their lives. Let me report to you on their progress three times a year. You write to me - in the enclosed envelope - that, if and when I get my other twenty-three men, you will send President Hutchins your check for \$1,000.

If you will do this I'll promise you the biggest thrill you ever got for a thousand. Most of the activities to which we give our lives stop when we stop. But our families go on. And young life goes on, and matures, and gives birth to other lives. For a thousand dollars a year you can put ten boys or girls back into the mountains who will be a leavening influence in ten towns or counties. And their children and their children's children will bear the imprint of your influence. Honestly, can you think of any other investment that would keep your life working in the world for so long a time after you are gone?

What will you have, ten boys or ten girls?

Cordially yours,

Of course, you have heard of Bruce Barton, one of the best business writers of our century—famous for his books, his ads, and his magazine articles. I wanted you to read his letter on behalf of Berea for two reasons: (1) because it illustrates beautifully how the Chain can be constructed to increase interest, build desire, and finally lead to the point where action is requested, and (2) because you can see that our top writers follow the simple, man-to-man style which has been stressed throughout this book.

It is not a letter which could have been dashed off carelessly. You can imagine Mr. Barton planning it before a single word was dictated.

1. It begins by tapping a raw nerve of the average wealthy man—the desire to perpetuate his influence beyond death, and lack of assurance that his gift dollars are being wisely used.

In other words, I think Mr. Barton must have done exactly what I advised you to do in Chapter II. He tried to visualize his reader, and then select an approach which would be the most effective.

2. Having played his first trump, he stirs curiosity by stating he has found the one place where a dollar will do most good.

Notice, however, that he does *not* explain his discovery immediately. Knowing the value of suspense, and the danger of announcing the purpose of his letter while the reader is only lukewarm, he decided the first part of the job was to create interest in the people he was trying to help.

3. So he spends several paragraphs in vivid, concrete description of the mountain folks and how they have had a rotten break.

Point number three is the first link in Mr. Barton's Chain. By avoiding generalities and painting sharp pictures of his blue-blooded but neglected mountaineers, he sought to arouse reader sympathy. About half of the long letter has been written and suspense still prevails. The reader may begin to suspect that he is going to be asked for money, but he can't be sure.

4. Now the description swings from the people to the school which meets their need.

This, of course, is the second link. Notice that again Mr. Barton paints sharp pictures, and gives figures to *prove* how a dollar will stretch at Berea. Thus he substantiates the statement made at the start that he had found the one place where a dollar does the most good.

5. As a climax to his narrative, he tells the story of the two boys who milked their way through college.

You may recall that when discussing arrangement of material you were told to use your best argument, or point of greatest appeal, just before the urge to action. In my opinion, that is what Mr. Barton did in his letter. The boy walking one hundred miles with his cow is of tremendous interest to the reader. The story is rightly made the third link of the Chain.

6. With three-fourths of the letter written, and not until then, the writer comes to his proposition, and for the first time he names the school

In short, Mr. Barton seems to have deliberately planned the most of his letter as a "build-up" for the last few paragraphs. Once the cat is out of the bag, however, he moves more rapidly to his close.

7. Finally, in his last major paragraph, Mr. Barton returns to the theme with which the letter opened—the chance for his reader to perpetuate his influence after death.

"Honestly," he asks, can you think of any other investment that would keep your life working in the world for so long a time after you are gone?" There you have the one persuasive appeal which was selected as most likely to click in a group of wealthy men. It was used to arouse interest in the Star—it is repeated to stimulate action in the Hook. The letter is a fine example of sales craftsmanship, and quite worth your serious study.

The Hook—to Get Action

All right, let's give some thought to the ending of your business letter, and we will be headed for another chapter. The purpose of the Hook has already been many times stated—to stimulate immediate favorable action on the part of the reader. The question that remains is *how* that can be done.

Well, to get action you must ask for it. Just as so many salesmen fail because they are too timid to ask for orders, so do a lot of letters fail because they don't tell the readers *what to do*. They have interesting introductions, convincing arguments, but they leave the reader saying, "So what?" They are sadly minus the Hook.

Certainly, the end of your letter is no time for lack of confidence. If your reasons have been sound, if the reader is a real prospect, then why should you have any doubt that he will respond. How did Mr. Barton close his letter? Did he say: "Mr. Rich Man, I hope you will think this matter over seriously and decide to send your check to Mr. Hutchins"? Not him. He came right out with a confident question, "What will you have, ten boys or ten girls?" Moreover, he made it easy for his reader to reply by enclosing a return addressed envelope. And there you have the secret of a strong close—tell the reader with courage what you want him to do, and end with a little push. Don't give your prospect a chance to "cool off." Don't put any negative thoughts in his head. *Urge action and make it easy.*

Look at these two Hooks—which would be most likely to bring home the card?

- A. If you will sign the enclosed card, I would be glad to call on you. Trusting you will do this, I am,
- B. Use the enclosed card. Mail it at once, and your order will be delivered to your home not later than Tuesday.

The first one (A) is a weakling. The writer doesn't seem to expect the card to be returned—he only hopes and trusts. The second (B) is quite different. The writer is so sure of the order that he names a delivery date. Here are some more:

Weak	Strong
What are you going to do about this unpaid bill—the right thing we hope.	We must have your check not later than Wednesday; be sure to mail it.
We shall look forward to an order soon, or perhaps the chance of quoting you.	Wire us the minute you are in the market, and benefit by these prices.
Thanking you in anticipation of the benefit of your judgment that we may serve you soon.	Don't do without this pipe any longer. Return the card while it's on your mind.
If you should care to favor us with an order it would indeed be a pleasant surprise.	I'll pay the postage, but time is valuable. Get your order in the mail tonight.
You might write to us when convenient or if you prefer, use the telephone.	Telephone Garfield 4433 and within ten minutes I'll have a man with samples in your office.
May I call soon?	Tell me when to call.

You see the difference, don't you? The Hooks to the left are timid and fearful—the ones to the right are confident and positive. But speaking of weak Hooks, the following takes the booby prize. Sad to relate, it was actually used by a credit manager as the close of a letter to a customer whose account was badly delinquent.

"Five dollars a week will clean up the balance you owe in less than six months. But if you can't pay that much, make it three dollars a week - or start with one dollar next week if you possibly can."

Isn't that a funny one? The reader has his choice of paying five dollars, three dollars, or one dollar "if he can." Hands up, scholars! Which of the three alternatives would he take?

Here are four suggestions for you to remember about the Hook:

1. Be positive. If you are not confident of favorable action, the chances are you won't get it. Don't say, "*We feel this proposition will be to your advantage.*" *Know it.*
2. Jam on the brakes quickly. All during the letter, you have prepared the reader for action. Tell him what you want quickly. Don't give him time to become indifferent.
3. Cut out the mean-nothings, the threadbare conventional phrases of by-gone days. You know the kind I mean—"Thanking you in advance, we remain"—and all the other participial pests which were so dear to your grandfather's heart.
4. Don't give the reader the choice of two decisions. Do that, and he will seldom vote your way. When you say, "If you will sign and return the enclosed card," you have given your reader the chance to sign or not sign. Being a cautious fellow, he catches the doubt in your mind. He doesn't sign because you dangled that "if" under his nose.

How do you like this puny Hook—the closing paragraph of a sales letter to a lady in the country who had written to say she was much interested in an oil stove offered by one of the mail order companies?

"So we trust that the price and terms on our stove meet with your favor, as we feel they are reasonable. Hoping to have the pleasure of an order in the near future, we are, yours respectfully,"

What a confident, persuasive fellow! The lady had seen a picture of the stove in the company's catalogue. She was three-quarters sold when she wrote. All that was needed was a little push but our timid hero was too bashful—he only "hoped" for an order "in the near future." Why didn't he say instead:

"To save you time, Mrs. Howard, I am writing this letter in duplicate. I have answered your questions and we both know this is the stove you want. All you have to do now is to sign your name on the extra copy of this letter and mail it back to me with your check — in the enclosed stamped envelope. Do this right away, and I'll have your stove in Pana by Saturday afternoon. Then you can use it Sunday for one of the best dinners you have ever cooked."

Why is that second Hook better than the first? That's an easy question to answer, isn't it? (1) Because it takes for granted the lady is going to buy. (2) Because it urges quick action, and makes that action simple with the duplicate copy and the stamped envelope. (3) Because it puts in Mrs. Howard's mind the pleasant thought of getting the stove in time for a fine Sunday dinner. You see, there is plenty of confidence in that second conclusion. The lady is not high-pressured in a way to offend, but the letter does carry a quiet, "Of course, you will" conviction that the sale has been made.

So much for the Star, the Chain, and the Hook—the one sure formula for any business letter in which you are seeking to influence reader action.

Of course, you may be saying, "But some business letters are purely informative—they deal with routine matters where no Hook is needed. That is true, but those are the easy letters to write, and not at all the kind you are trying to master by reading this book. It requires no great skill to say, "Your furniture was shipped yesterday," or "Please have your salesman call on his next trip." The important letters to business are those by which goods are sold, complaints adjusted, money collected, salesmen motivated, and claims refused. In all of those problems you must climb the same flight of stairs . . . attention, interest, desire, and action. They are the problems solved by the Star, the Chain, and the Hook.

CHAPTER VI

LETTERS REFLECT THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE

If you were to tell me that you only had time to read *one* chapter in this book, and that you would never be able to read anything else about business letters, then this is the chapter I would want you to read. You see, in the other chapters we have been talking about the mechanics of letter-writing, and to be sure they are very important. But now we are going to consider *personality* and *spirit*—two intangibles which are absolutely necessary in a really fine business letter.

Besides the things mechanical, a letter must have a *soul*. It must reflect the smiling personality of the man who writes it, and the friendly spirit of the company which he represents. I am not talking about only those letters which are purposely mailed to build goodwill—like those you will read in Part II of this book. I am talking about *all* letters no matter what their subject may be. The man who can't think of every reader as a potential friend of the business has no right to handle correspondence.

Have you ever used Pine Tree Toilet Soap? Well, the man who founded that company is Billy B. Van, also famous years ago as an actor. Billy is a friend of mine and now and then he writes me a letter. No matter what he talks about, every sentence is so human and warm that I feel exactly as if he were standing next to me, his friendly hand on my shoulder. And how do you suppose Billy B. Van ends his letters? Always, "*the sunshine of life* to you, Frailey." Can't you *feel* the personality of a man who would think of such a nice thing to say?

Of course, there are all kinds of personalities—pleasant, interesting, ugly, cold. It would be impossible for folks who are mean and nasty at heart to write pleasant letters. The leopard doesn't change his spots that easily. Unless you sincerely like people, and want to be nice to everybody, you were not born to be a letter writer. You should go live in the woods and be a hermit.

Queerly enough, however, there are a lot of friendly folks,

just as friendly as I'll wager you are, who cannot seem to express their true personality on paper. On the golf course, in the office, or at home, they are the finest people in the world, but the minute they start to write they become as warm as ice, as friendly as Polar bears. You know people like that, don't you? They are entirely different in their letters from what they are in person.

The Wrong Mental Attitude

Why is this so? What makes a likeable fellow freeze into a snowman when he starts to write a letter? Well, in my opinion, the trouble is right in his own head. He hasn't the right mental attitude toward his job. He hasn't pictured the reader as another human being like himself, or the letter as a personal conversation with him. Perhaps, he has been trained to think of business as something very dignified and formal, so he writes his letters like the King's butler serving ice-water. The letters are the water and he is the butler. Around his real nice personality, he puts a cloak of formality and in the words of Shakespeare, becomes a creature "with eyes severe and beard of formal cut."

But nonsense. Business isn't like that. True, there is work to be done and a man must take himself and his job seriously. This doesn't mean, however, that he can't put an occasional smile in his letters—that he can't *enjoy* writing them.

All the great letter writers that I know have learned the secret of being natural. I think, as I told you several chapters back, they just "put one little word down after another." They don't "tighten up" or "press." They just put on paper what they would *say* to you in person. Quite often the serious part of their letters is seasoned with a bit of humor. That's true of Jack Carr, or Jules Livingston, or Vic Knight, or Norman Focht—of all those likeable, warm-hearted men who are "tops" in the art of writing business letters.

How Experts Reflect Personality

As the old saying goes, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Let's examine a letter written for a dentist by Vic Knight, and a Christmas message by Norman Focht. See if you feel in them, as I do, that elusive, intangible quality called *personality*.

LETTER No. 14. How to treat a "serious matter" with a sense of humor.

Dear Mr. Adams:

A dentist friend of mine, a specialist, is always on edge when anybody mentions teeth when his mother is around.

She'll point to her plates and tell everybody that she bought them by mail twenty years ago, and there's nothing made today to compare with them.

Her son thinks it is poor advertising for him, even though it is just her way of joking. I'm not so sure about that.

The biggest joke I know about dentistry is the flourish sometimes used to run up bills and make the patient think a big charge is justified.

We've saved money for thousands of Spokane and Inland Empire people. Our prices are low. Our work is guaranteed. Examinations are free. If you don't need anything done, we tell you so. If you do, the enclosed 10% discount certificate may be applied on all work done during the next thirty days. This offer is made only to those whom we have previously served.

Come in any time. You'll find we've got some of last month's magazines in the waiting room, and an improved method of painless dentistry that will meet the old objection, "I don't mind anything but the drilling." Or as one wag put it, "but the billing."

We make 'em both painless.

Cordially yours, .

If you knew Mr. Knight as I do, it would be difficult for you to think of the above as words on paper. Instead, you would see a tall, lean fellow, with a likeable grin, standing in front of you—*talking*.

LETTER No. 15. A Christmas letter written for salesmen to mail to their customers.

Dear Mr. Green:

Here's one salesman who takes off his hat to the greatest salesman of all Salesman Santa.

There's a fellow who sells his bill of goods to EVERY prospect - young and old, rich and poor, hardboiled and softboiled alike. He sells us all on the idea of remembering our friends and what their friendship means to us.

And yet Santa makes only one call a year on his trade instead of the many calls we other salesmen are privileged to make.

Santa has sold me good and proper. Seeing him once more is the best tonic I've had in a long time. He makes me feel glad just to be alive and thankful for the fine friendships in my work.

So I want to thank you personally for your helping hand during the past year and I hope that I will enjoy many more years of pleasant contacts with you.

You have my sincere wish for a truly Merry Christmas, and a New Year filled to the brim with all the things that make life worth the living.

Sincerely yours,

Do you like that Christmas letter by Norman Focht? Yes, of course you do. For three consecutive years, Mr. Focht has been chosen for "All-American" honors in the letter award made by the Dartnell Corporation. He *can* write. But tell me, couldn't *you* write a Christmas letter like that—just by opening your heart and being your natural self? I think you could.

Use of Reader's Name and Exclamations

Here's a trick of the trade that you should know. It is so simple that anybody can use it, and it helps a lot to put friendly personality in a business letter. Once or twice, depending on the length of the letter, *call the reader by name*. Yes, it is just that simple. In some way, the name adds warmth to what you are saying—makes the letter more conversational.

"I am sorry that our budget will not stretch;
we have no money to spend as you suggested."

In that sentence, you are telling a salesman or a dealer that he is out of step. As it stands, the sentence sounds cold and blunt. But notice how much difference one word makes. Read the two sentences aloud and you will catch it.

"I am sorry, Jim, that our budget will not stretch;
we have no money to spend as you suggested."

The name *does* help. In that example, I called the man by his nickname—not a bad practice if you know him well enough. Had he been a more casual acquaintance, I might have called him "James," and, for older men or comparative strangers or my superiors the proper term would be "Mr. Smith." But no matter in what form the name is used, that being decided by good taste, it does make your letter more human and personal.

Another device that you can use to put life in your letters is the occasional exclamation—sometimes just one word standing as a sentence. For example: “All right! . . . Fine! . . . Nonsense . . . No? . . . Not so!” Little ejaculations of that nature are bridges between longer sentences. The reader can pause on them and catch his breath. They are quite common in conversation, why shouldn’t they be used the same way in copy? Try this plan, and watch your letters become more colorful.

Modern Variations of the Salutation

Interesting in the trend toward a more talkative style of writing have been the experiments made by some companies toward changing the form of the “salutation” and “complimentary close.” As I told you in Chapter III, quite a few of these companies have gone so far as to eliminate these traditional forms entirely. The letter on page 33 is an example.

Those taking this step argue with considerable justice that “*Dear Mr. Jones*” is both unnecessary and false, since “*dear*” is a term of affection and it is foolish to address a business acquaintance in such a fashion. With equal assurance, they point out that “*Yours very truly*” (or any similar complimentary close) means nothing at all to the reader.

Those going not quite so far in tinkering with established customs are substituting such expressions for “*Dear Sir*” as:

Good morning, Mr. Doe,
Mr. John Doe, Please,
Thanks, Mr. Doe, and
Right you are, Mr. Doe.

I mention these attempts to be different in this chapter because they, too, are attempts to express personality by avoiding old, in-the-groove forms. Whether you like the new or the old is purely a matter of opinion. I do predict, however, that within ten or twenty years you will see no more of the formal salutation or complimentary close. From this you may rightly guess that I am one of those who think they are out of date.

“Hot” Letters Are Taboo

When you remember that the object of all business is to render an honest service and thereby reap a profit, you will agree with the statement often made in this book that every letter should reflect the friendly spirit of the company for

which it is written. This, again, is a matter of mental attitude. If the writer sees the proper relationship between his work and the public, he cannot under any circumstances "fly off the handle" with an ugly or sarcastic letter. One mark of leadership in business is the ability to remain "under control" at all times. You may be answering an unreasonable or even an insulting letter, but you will still remain calm, patient, and friendly. The day of "hot" letters is surely gone, if ever there was any excuse for them. The good letter-man makes everything he writes a cordial contact between company and reader. He helps to build and maintain the prestige of the firm which is paying his salary. He realizes that an enemy for the company is an enemy for himself as well. He makes none.

Historical letters are always interesting. I want to show you how two famous men handled the same situation. Both wrote letters (one via his secretary) to mothers who had lost all of their sons in war. Read these letters and tell me which one carried genuine sympathy.

1. By Abraham Lincoln

"I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of a republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

2. By William Hohenzollern

"His Majesty, the Kaiser, hears you have sacrificed nine sons in the defense of the fatherland in the present war. His Majesty is immensely gratified at the fact, and in recognition is pleased to send you his photograph with frame and an autograph signature."

When Lincoln wrote he was thinking of the mother and how she must feel; when the Kaiser wrote he thought of himself—his picture in reward for nine sons.

When Writers Lose Control

Because I believe that most people *mean* all right, I long ago decided that the majority of unfriendly letters are thoughtlessly written. Probably, the writers do not realize how they

will sound to the reader. For example, here is a collection letter by a credit manager who usually writes quite good letters. I doubt if he knew the insinuation he was making.

"Sponges are of two kinds - animal and human. The animal sponge is a soft, porous 'individual' born at the bottom of the sea.

"The human sponge has no such good recommendation. He is born in every soil and every climate; he is the unbusiness-like individual who won't answer letters, has no regard for a contract, and soaks up profit by not paying his bills.

"Quite likely, you have had experience with human sponges, and we are sure you do not like such experiences any better than we do.

"By the way, you have been written six times about your past due account - without a reply. We want a settlement. Don't be a sponge."

That was a very tactless letter, with the insinuation as plain as Uncle Abner's nose that the reader is a sponge. Would such talk make you want to rush out and mail a check? I doubt it. Another tactless letter is the one in which a man "blows up" because his sales letters have been ignored. This, of course, is foolish because nobody is obligated to answer unsolicited sales letters unless he wants to. When *not* answered it is pretty good evidence that the letters were weak, and the writer is to blame. But see how this fellow, who signed himself as president, explodes.

"We have sent you three letters within the past few weeks calling your attention to a real money-making opportunity and you have completely ignored them. This makes us rather impatient because we have spent our good money trying to show you how to make a profit - and you have not even shown us the courtesy of saying, 'No.'

"Do you think that is a fair way to treat us?

"We will answer our question by saying it is very inconsiderate, but we still hope you have sense enough to see a real money-making opportunity when it is flashed before your eyes.

"Now stop neglecting your important mail and answer our letters."

Oh, woe is me! What a series of slaps in the face that letter turned out to be. Angered by the ineffectiveness of his own letters, the writer lost control. Look at all the mean things he called the reader, who surely was not at fault.

He is one who *ignores* . . . he *lacks courtesy* . . . he *isn't fair*
 . . . he is very *inconsiderate* . . . it is *hoped* he has sense . . .
 he *neglects* important mail.

Really, he must be a terrible fellow, if all those insinuations are true. What would be your reaction to a letter like that? Would you answer, "Please, Mr. President, forgive me for being so discourteous, so unfair, so inconsiderate, so dumb, so neglectful"? No, indeed you wouldn't. You'd be as belligerent as a hornet, and never, never would you buy from that company.

Maybe you think I am fooling about that letter—that such a thing couldn't happen in business. Well, wait a minute. Read another one just as bad. It was signed by the general manager of a firm in Ohio.

"You have not purchased from us in a long time.
 There can be but one conclusion. Either you
 have no business, or you do not know what our
 solder flux is. Firms having brains use our
 flux. The reordering goes on while you slum-
 ber. However, we shall be glad to supply you "

The funniest thing about that letter I didn't show you. After telling the reader he was asleep on the job and lacking in brains, the letter ended with "Yours very *kindly*." Very kind indeed! What a pity that letters so crude and tactless should ever be written. Think of the millions and millions of dollars lost to business every year—in sales and profits—by such unfriendly tactics.

Sine-Cera, Without Wax

Even worse than the growlers, however, are those writers who think they can pretend a friendly spirit which they do not *feel*. There is no greater crime in letter writing than insincerity. Perhaps, you know the origin of the word "sincere"—it comes from sine-cera, and means literally without wax. The story is that wealthy Romans ordered statues in marble from the Greeks. Everything was okeh until some of the chiselers began to chisel. They could do a quicker job by molding the noses and ears out of wax. The substitutes were stuck on the statues and for a while the Romans didn't know they were being cheated. But along came a hot spell and the wax started to melt. From that time on, the contracts stipulated "sine-cera" without wax.

So it is with your business letters. They, too, should be sine-cera—without wax. You can't fool your reader with a warmth which is not genuine. You can't say, "this old coot gives me a pain in the neck, but for policy's sake I'll write him a friendly letter." No, you might try to make the letter sound nice, but your inner and real attitude would be revealed between the lines. Friendliness is not something that you can turn on or off at will as you do water in the kitchen sink. The friendly letter comes straight from the heart. The reader will sense your thoughts—you can't bluff him.

The Height of Insincerity

For example, following is a letter which just about takes the cake for insincerity. You will find it hard to believe that any business man could have written such a false letter. I still remember the white face of the young man who got it. At the moment, I believe he could have eaten nails and thought they were spaghetti. He was a college graduate in Engineering and had signed for the course mentioned in the letter with the assurance it would be a step beyond his former studies. Instead, it turned out to be quite elementary. He was willing to lose his cash deposit, but the head of the institution wanted his whole pound of flesh. Dumb would be the reader who would not see behind the professed friendship a malignant, evil spirit.

LETTER No. 16. A collection follow-up of the worst type, dripping with insincerity.

Dear Mr Burns.

Out of the thousands of men and boys who have taken my course, only a few have ever attempted to beat me out of the payments. My boys are a mighty fine bunch of fellows as a whole. You are one of them, and I can't help but feel you are as honest and proud as the rest.

If you didn't get that last letter I wrote, or those before, you couldn't answer them. I'm sure you have not been getting your mail. Someone else must be opening it. I am really getting worried and if I do not hear from you soon, I will ask the Post Office to investigate.

As I said before, 97% of my boys are square shooters. It is only once in a while that some little, weasel faced, skin-flint, smart aleck, sneaky crook, tries to not pay what he owes me.

It would be mighty hard to prove to me that you don't want to treat me white. I know deep in my heart, the

reason why you haven't answered is that you have not received my letters.

But even if you are hard up when you get this letter, don't be ashamed or afraid to tell your old friend. I, too, have gone through the leanest kind of poverty. That's why I take such an everlasting joy in helping young men like yourself to better things in life.

But remember if you do remain silent - if you let the next ten days go by without choosing the path of friendship - I shall still feel the same way toward you. I shall feel that you have misunderstood me, that you have chosen to go into a law suit with your eyes open, in spite of my kindly efforts.

Of course, I shall stand up for my rights under our agreement. Even you wouldn't think of me any more as MAN if I were to back down now. No. I must ask that you pay as you agreed.

But I repeat when our attorney sues you, it will be only because you left me no other way out. I'll still want you for a friend, just as much as I ever have.

Good-bye,

That letter reminds me of the Wolf wearing Grandma's cap, smiling from the bed at Little Red Riding Hood. It is packed with lies and deception from beginning to end. The writer is trying to pose as the big-hearted friend of "his boys" but the real spirit in his heart is revealed in that line—"when some weasel-faced skin-flint, smart aleck, sneaky crook tries not to pay what he owes me."

How different is the spirit of the following letter by credit manager R. H. Wyatt, of the Panther Oil & Grease Company.

LETTER No. 17. Another collection letter in which the writer's expression of friendship rings true.

You know, Mr. Doe -

When your grandfather made a business deal, it was done a little differently than we do now. If he needed a span of mules, your grandfather drove over to his neighbor's house and made a trade. "Say, George," he said, "what'll you take for that team?"

"Well, Henry," the neighbor replied thoughtfully, "I'll take \$250."

Grandpa looked those mules over again for a minute, and then said, "I'll take 'em, if you'll wait ninety days for your money."

"Sold," the owner said immediately, because he knew Grandpa always paid his debts - that Grandpa's word was his bond.

That was the end of the deal. And in ninety days, nobody had to write Grandpa to pay that debt either. Because when the time was up, he went over to George's house and laid the \$250 on the kitchen table. He didn't pay that bill because he was afraid he'd be sued if he didn't. He paid it because

HE SAID HE WOULD

and neither "Hell nor high water" would keep him from making his word good.

That bill you owe us was due some time ago, but it hasn't been paid. Maybe you have been waiting to get all the money together to put on our "kitchen table" at one time. But this delay works a hardship on us as well as on you.

So, if you don't have the balance to send in, mail us part of it. That will be better than nothing at all, and it will at least show that you are trying to do WHAT YOU SAID YOU WOULD.

Yours for the Pioneer Spirit,

It would be hard to resist the friendly spirit in that letter, wouldn't it?

If you like an open fireplace as much as I do, you will understand the thought with which I bring this chapter to a close. Business relationships, I think, are a lot like smouldering logs. You can light a fire, but it won't keep on burning without a little attention. Once in a while, you stir the smouldering logs, and they cheerfully start to blaze. So it is with friendship in business. Leave it too much alone and the logs begin to smoulder. With friendly letters, you can keep the fire burning.



BRUCE BARTON, AUTHOR, FORMER CONGRESSMAN, WHO WROTE
THE FAMOUS BEREA LETTER

Courtesy of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.

PART II

CHAPTER VII

LETTERS TO FIT VARIOUS BUSINESS NEEDS

Prepare now for an interesting journey through the various departments in business where letters are used in a multitude of contacts between the company, its customers, and the public. In the preceding part of this discussion, you have studied the *mechanics* of the letterman's job—what forms he uses to get the best results, how he avoids the "rubber stamp" language of the past, how he carefully selects the right approach to his various readers, and all the other fundamental principles involved in the construction of a good business letter.

But now you are going to investigate the important *types* of letters that are used for specific purposes in business—letters to increase sales, letters to supplement the work of the salesman, letters to build good will, letters to collect money, etc. Of course, there are thousands of situations handled by correspondence in everyday business, but the majority of them fall into major groups, and you need not bother about the variations. Study the many examples which will parade before you, and when the last one has passed, you will have a workable knowledge of the subject—of great value in any position that you may hold, now or in the future

It's all rather fascinating in a way. A business letter is a bridge that covers the space between the reader and the writer. Two human beings meet to discuss a problem of mutual interest. That meeting can be friendly and interesting, or it can be just the opposite. A letter can build, or it can destroy, goodwill. The net result depends on the attitude and tactfulness of the writer—whether or not he can approach his reader with tolerance and understanding, whether or not he possesses the genuine desire to be of service.

Obviously, a good many letters being written in business today fall short of that ideal. The writers irritate rather than please, they humiliate rather than encourage, they "fly off the handle" and say a lot of things which anger their readers, and are detri-

mental to the business. But such letters have no place in this discussion. We are interested only in business letters as they should be written. The examples given are all taken from actual business life. They represent how various companies are handling correspondence problems in the *right* way. They are guides that you can follow with complete confidence.

While the first examples are so-called "Sales Letters," you should not think of them as apart from other functions of business. No letter is ever written in business which does not have some indirect influence on sales. For that reason, the leading lettermen of America have adopted the slogan, "Give every letter, no matter what it is about, a sales twist." Even the collection manager, whose chief duty is to collect money, can make his letters so friendly that they will build goodwill—and goodwill will always be the root of sales. Keep that thought in mind as you read the various letters which are to follow. Remember no letter is a good letter unless it carries along with its specific message, a spirit of friendliness which will please the reader.

But certain letters are written primarily to increase the sale of the products—they are the ones we will now investigate.

THE SALES LETTER

Obviously, there are only two ways a sale can be made—either by a personal call, or by mail. The latter method has certain advantages which business men have been quick to recognize. A letter goes direct to the desk of the person to whom it is addressed. It is sure to get an interview. A letter saves time and costs little. Many calls can be made by mail at a cost no greater than one in person. If the salesman finds his prospect is out of the office, he must go back again to see him. Not so, the letter. It stays in the prospect's office until he returns. Furthermore, it is easy to check the results of a sales letter mailed to a large list of prospective buyers. From that result, it can be determined whether or not it will pay to send the same letter to a much larger list. There is not much guess-work about selling by mail. You can always test your letter on a list of one thousand names, knowing that the same percentage of orders will be "pulled" from any other similar list.

Coming down to brass tacks, there are *four* things that you must accomplish in a sales letter. First, you must capture the *attention* of your reader. Failing to do that, your letter is quite likely to

be swept into the waste paper basket. Second, you must quickly change that casual attention to reader *interest*. That makes your reader want to go a little farther with you. Third, you must increase his interest to the point where it becomes *desire*—a desire so strong that he “itches” to possess the thing you are talking about. Fourth, you must end your sales letter with a decided urge for immediate *action*. You must *make it easy* for the reader to buy—leaving no doubt in his mind that you are confident of a favorable reaction, and telling him how to proceed.

It would be folly for anyone to cut one exact pattern for the writing of the first paragraph in a sales letter. There are many ways to do the job, and the plan which seems appropriate for one letter might be wrong for another. Certainly, however, there is one fault in the opening of a sales letter which always needs to be avoided, and that is the use of “canned” expressions. The writer who starts with, “In response to your kind inquiry of even date,” or “We are in receipt of yours of the 21st instant,” is using language which kills rather than awakens reader interest.

Unless you have chosen to start your sales letter with an interesting story, or perhaps a startling question, or by quoting from some famous person, there is no better way than to get under way quickly. Why fool around? You have something important to tell your reader. *Begin*.

Questions, of course, nearly always get immediate attention. There is something about a question which seems to demand an answer. You can remember no doubt the times in school when your teacher brought you out of a coma by pitching a question in your direction. It is a device which often works miracles in getting a sales letter started.

“Testimony” is another plan which has strength. We are all more or less “monkey see, monkey do” folks. We are hero-worshippers and like to imitate great leaders. Consequently, the story dealing with a famous person, or the quoting of something he has said, makes good ammunition for the opening paragraph. The mere mention of Lincoln, Ford, “Teddy” Roosevelt, Mark Twain, or any other equally well known personality, quickens the reader’s interest.

Another method, favored by some sales letter writers, is to start with a philosophical statement. We are all “cracker barrel” statesmen at heart, and our attention is challenged by anything that pertains to life, morals, etc. For example, Jack Carr, a

celebrated letterman, starts one of his sales messages with, "We laugh at the heathen who believes that slips of paper will frighten away the devils who devour the dead." Well, most of us are not familiar with that custom—we continue reading the letter to see what more is told about it.

Stories, as you will agree, never fail to get attention—not if they are interesting stories. Probably a third of all sales letters used in business today take off with a good tale. Often, these stories tickle the funny bone—sometimes, they are very human accounts of success against great odds. The sports world particularly has many fine chronicles of achievement—they make excellent starters for sales letters. Suppose, for example, you got a sales letter which began: "Sportsmen will never forget Black Gold, winner of the Kentucky Derby in 1924. In size, he was hardly more than a pony, but never ran a horse with so big a heart. Many years have passed since that chunk of black dynamite went to the post the last time, but strong men who were at the track that day are still not ashamed of tears when they tell what happened." Could you possibly read that introduction, and not want to continue? Wouldn't you want to know why strong men weep at the mere mention of Black Gold's last race? Of course, you would. You are probably wondering even now as you read this book.

Humorous stories also click as introductions to sales letters. We all like to laugh. But one trouble with them is that their life is short. A funny tale "goes the rounds" in quick order. A new one today is an old one tomorrow. And nobody is much interested in a story that he has heard before!

You can think of many other ways that good sales letters get started. It is not necessary that all of them be discussed here. The problem in each case is to get the reader's immediate attention—to make him want to travel along with you in the rest of your letter. Assuming that has been accomplished, the next step is to change that first attention to sustained interest, and finally to deep-seated desire. It is the "body" of your letter which does that part of the job.

It is the body of the sales letter that carries the greatest load. Many a letter starts well but sputters in the middle. The problem is to keep the spark of interest hot.

Before the voyage, the capable skipper charts his course. You might plunge into a sales letter without a plan, and by accident

emerge with a good presentation—but it seldom happens. There is more miss than hit in the hit-and-miss system. The man who leaps before he looks is quite likely to land no place in a sales letter. What he writes will not have the unity so necessary to clear understanding.

Before writing a word, then, you must have a *plan*. You must think your way through before you begin. You must ask yourself: (1) Just what am I trying to accomplish? (2) Do I have all of the facts the reader needs to know? (3) What kind of a fellow is he? (4) What arguments will most appeal to him? (5) How can I arrange my arguments to make the whole case most convincing?

The man who gets your letter is probably very much like you. He is a decent chap but has his own opinions. Because you think a certain way, you can't take for granted that he does too. The more you get to know him, the better you will be able to talk his language, and win his favor. Your job is to fit the sales argument to the particular reader. One man when buying an automobile thinks of durability, another of speed, a third of beauty. The nearer you can come in your sales letter to "writing the reader's ticket" the more chances you will have of getting his order.

Furthermore, a lot depends on how you arrange your arguments, which should come first, which last, and which in the middle. There is always one best combination, and you must find it.

Also, the majority of sales letters try to cover too much ground. Pick out the most striking points in favor of your product and skip the others. If the story is a long one, and must be told, then a series of sales letters will be necessary. Don't try to make your reader eat two meals at one sitting. They will glut his appetite and kill his interest.

Your sales letter must move along rapidly. There must be no breaks in the flow of thought—not to interrupt the reader's interest. Use connecting words between paragraphs—bridges that the reader can walk across.

The above are the most important factors in building the body of your sales letter. Once the reader's interest has been aroused, it must be fanned with a spirit of friendliness and sincerity. Antagonize him at any point, and you have lost the sale.

Now, last of all, how should the sales letter end? In the last paragraph or two you are trying to stimulate action. It is no time for you to be timid. A lot of conclusions in sales letters are too "soft." They leave the reader dangling with nothing to do.

They don't ask him to sign a card or to telephone. They give him time to cool off. At the very moment when he needs a strong prodding he gets a gentle push.

The first requisite in concluding a sales letter is to show absolute confidence in your mind that the reader has been sold. Remember, that psychologically he is standing on the point of a needle. He may fall toward you—he may fall away. You can't leave him standing there. Show him *where* to jump—and *how*.

Having made your sales points in the body of the letter, you must now *make it easy* for the reader to reply. The most propitious time for getting a favorable reaction to any sales letter is the moment when the reader has just finished it. Your chances decrease in proportion to the length of time that he waits to reply.

So give him something to do. Tell him, for example, "Don't trouble to dictate a reply. Just write 'O.K.' on the bottom of this letter and shoot it back to us in the enclosed stamped envelope." That's striking while the iron is hot. Make it easy for him to act, and you have increased the chances that he will.

Many untrained letter writers still insist on the unnecessary "complimentary close." They state their case, come to the climax, and then let the reader down with such formal expressions as "Hoping you will take advantage of this opportunity, we are," or "Trusting to hear from you soon, we beg to remain." Such "canned" expressions absolutely take the punch out of a sales letter. There are three or four wishy-washy words that are often seen in the conclusions of sales letters. They are negative words, and imply doubt in the writer's mind that he has accomplished his purpose. For example, don't say, "If you will sign the enclosed card," or "Trusting we will have your order by return mail," or "I hope that you can now see the advantages of our proposition."

There is no better way for you to master the principles of sales letter writing, than by studying letters which have actually been used to increase sales in everyday business. You should analyze every sales letter that comes in your own mail—seeing how the writer does or does not get your attention at the start, how he does or does not build desire in your mind, and how he does or does not spur you to favorable action in the close.

To help you in this study, however, you will find the following tested sales letters of great interest. They were written by some of the best lettermen in our country. They all did a good job.

LETTER No. 18. A well constructed sales letter with interesting introduction, convincing arguments, and a strong conclusion.

Dear Mr. Mitchell:

You don't know me from Adam. But, when you know why I am writing this letter, I believe you'll be glad to read it clear through.

I want to make you a present of a necktie! Does that sound funny? Well, it's the straight truth! And no ordinary tie, either, but a handsome, soft-patterned, rich, all-wool, tie that we retail at \$1.50. You can have your own choice of color and design. Just pick the tie you want right out of the case and take it home with our compliments.

Now why should I make you, whom I have never had the pleasure of meeting, an offer like that?

Simply because I want you to come in and get acquainted with this store, so you will know about it next time you need a new suit or overcoat.

You see, we are different from any other clothing store in Chicago. We started five years ago with the idea that up along the North Shore there are business and professional men who appreciate fine fabrics and good tailoring and who would like to choose their clothes leisurely in a quiet, convenient man's kind of shop. No hurry, no high-pressure selling - just real intimate understanding help in getting the kind of clothes you really want.

Then there's another way in which our store and our clothes are different. Of course, they are correctly styled and beautifully tailored. But we have found that men are especially interested in the beauty and smartness and "feel" and long-wearing quality of the fabrics in the clothes they buy. And that's where we have something special for you. We are directly associated with the famous Kenwood Mills at Albany, New York, one of the largest importers of English, Scotch, and Irish wools in the United States.

We know exactly what kind of wool has gone into every suit and overcoat in our stock. We go down to the Mill and see these wools being selected; we sit in with the designers in styling the patterns; we see the fabrics being made by a group of the finest weavers in the world - barring none! Then we have the fabrics made up for our Chicago customers by a famous Rochester tailor who is just as particular about his workmanship as we are about our wool and weaving.

So you can understand that when we show you a smart new Climateer Topcoat, for example, we can tell you why it is so warm and supple and lustrous and why it is both water-and-wear-resistant, because we know its pedigree all the way from the sheep's back to your own!

But I'm getting away from that necktie. What I started to say was that, because we're the kind of a store we

are, we have tried to build our success through a superlative service to men along the North Shore. Starting from scratch 5 years ago, we now have 3,000 such men coming to us regularly for their clothes. The number keeps on growing, for we find that one man tells another - and nothing is quite so convincing as the enthusiasm of a satisfied customer.

I believe that if you, too, could just come in and see for yourself the kind of clothes and service we have here, you'd surely remember us next time you are thinking about clothes.

So just drop in and bring this letter, and ask for me personally, you can pick out the tie with our compliments. No conditions. No obligations. It's just a gift in appreciation of your visit. The offer is good until Saturday, October 23, but why not come in right away while there's a wide variety to choose from? The Store is open every day from 9 to 6. And please ask for me.

Cordially yours,

LETTER No. 19. Showing how a good follow-up sales letter can be built around a humorous story.

Dear Mr. Carter:

I feel a little like Bill Stebbins. At plain and fancy cussing, Bill could give cards and spades to anybody in Blair County.

On even the most ordinary occasions, Bill's conversation smelled of brimstone, and under provocation - well, it simply burned your ears off.

One day, after the express had gone through, when everybody and his brother were coming down the steep hill from the station, Bill was driving his team up with a load of the White Star Orchard's finest Alberta peaches.

Half way up, the binder rope broke and every darned peach in the load fell out and rolled down hill. Somebody yelled at Bill - and the women and kids, fingers in their ears, ran for shelter.

Bill hopped off the seat, walked around back and looked everything over - let fly a mouthful of tobacco juice - took a reef in his overalls - and turning to the assembled citizens, said quietly:

"Ladies and Gentlemen - I know what you're expecting. But, honest, I'm not equal to the occasion."

To date, I've written you several letters about your lapsed Reliance Life policy, something you need and should take care of. I hate to see you lose it, because I know you'll always regret doing it. But I've never had a word from you. I guess I'm like Bill - "not equal to the occasion."

Won't you either send in the completed health certificate with your remittance - or, at least, write on the back of this letter: "It's all right, old timer; you've done your part," and shoot it to me, so I can get this matter off my conscience? I'll certainly appreciate it.

Sincerely yours,

LETTER No. 20. The quotation from twelve-year-old George Washington gets quick attention.

Dear Ed:

"I shall marry a beautiful woman; I shall be one of the wealthiest men in the land; I shall lead the army of my colony; I shall rule the nation which I help to create."

Do you know who wrote that?

George Washington wrote it in a letter when he was only 12 years old.

When a boy makes up his mind what he intends to do in life at an early age, he has a big head start over most men.

I cannot tell what you intend to do but I can tell you how you will have the best chance of making your dream come true. It is by starting a bank account now, and keeping on saving for a purpose.

We would like to have you start that account at the Washington National Bank because your father has his account here, and because we know that if you start it and keep it up that some day you will be one of our best customers.

Come in any time, walk right up to the counter at the right of the entrance and ask for Mr. Beal. He will start you off on any amount from \$1 up.

Very truly yours,

LETTER No. 21. Highly interesting, with its fascinating historical background, this letter has all the power of good fiction.

Dear Mrs. Danford:

A short time ago, in one of the locked rooms of the Metropolitan Museum, I saw a rug and I want to tell you about it.

It was an old rug, of a motif that predates Christianity; an example of a handicraft born before history and which lives on, owing nothing to modern science or invention.

This rug had been cast over a group of chairs, obscuring them under its negligent folds.

Within the room there was a stillness, faintly accented by the staccato voice of a distant "Elevated." Outside, just beyond the huge expanse of plate-glass window, a gusty wind had arisen and was chasing rubbish up and down the street.

I straddled a chair, folded my arms on its back and stared at the rug. It was at one and the same time the most subdued and the most vivid object I had ever beheld. The longer I looked, the more did I wish to look. Here was the immortal germ of artistic creation, woven by mortal and unknowing hands, - the sole perpetuation of a vision, dreamed long ago and far away.

I gave myself up unconsciously to a long journey. I saw a blistered hillside; against it the sunbaked wall of a flat-roofed hut; and against the wall, beneath a crude scaffold, a rude loom. Below, a rough roller; above it a dull cotton warp golden brown by reason of the dazzling glare, and suggesting a foundation as basic as the earth itself. High up, the balls of yarn, a rare gaudy blob here and there, but most of them as the blossoms in a rose garden.

Most fascinating of all to my gaze, however, were the thin-fingered hands that plied against the cumbersome skeleton.

I saw no bodies, only hands. I saw these hands change from youth to old age; one moment smooth with the oil of youth, and the next wrinkled and dry in old age - changing hands, but always the same rug, making light of a lifetime though itself not yet completely born.

With the passing of a decade, the weft shot from left to right; another ten years of brown-fingered painting of still music on a harp, and back went the weft, looking beauty in its cage. And always, just beneath the level of the hands the pattern developed resplendently, until finally this vibrant, enduring fabric - with its strange power of remaining unswayed, or smiling across the centuries - was completed.

Pressed by lips, knees and feet long since decayed; familiar of shrine and prayer, of castle and orgy; background for the changing web of soiled humanity; victim of the mart, bought and sold, sold and bought - and yet retaining within itself that indestructible essence of purity which dwells forever within the trampled soul of beauty.

How many rugs of this kind are there in existence today? Not very many to be sure - that is, if one demands AGE as well as enduring beauty. But there are hundreds of masterpieces today possessing all the subtle charm, romance, beauty and that indefinable something we in the Oriental Rug business call "soul."

Yes, we have them right here in Binghamton.

If you demand something MORE than just so many square feet of floor covering, come over to Clinton Street and see these creations of the weavers' art. Look at them.

Look through them and see the artist's soul caught up in a web of wool.

You will not be importuned to buy, but should you perchance be interested in possessing one or more of them for your very own, you will find the prices most reasonable.

We consider it a pleasure to display these treasures, and we hope you will come.

ELLIS BROTHERS & JOSEPH

LETTER No. 22. Here again the use of a famous name helps a sales letter get under way. The desire to serve the prospect well is also strongly expressed.

Dear Mr. Jones:

Mark Twain once remarked:

"Always do right. This will gratify some people, and astonish the rest."

Perhaps that's one of the reasons our Service Department is so popular. Our aim always is to "do right" by our customers and their cars.

But there isn't any trick to that because our Service Shop is better equipped to keep cars in perfect running condition. More so, we believe, than any other non-specialized headquarters in the city.

The boys here are born mechanics. Visitors and customers are always welcome to thoroughly inspect their work. They don't attempt to hide it, because they are proud of it! Besides giving efficient service, they are mighty interested in seeing that you get friendly treatment. You'll feel at home here ... and like it.

From the first analysis of your car's trouble by Ed, the foreman, every one concerned wants to give you his best. And does.

So this, our first letter contact with you, is just a real friendly invitation for you to visit us. When your car is ill let our doctors examine it. The diagnosis costs you nothing - obligates you to nothing.

In all friendliness,

LETTER No. 23. This sales letter takes time to prove every point made—a masterpiece of re-selling an old customer.

Gentlemen:

I wonder if there is a more abused word in a manufacturer's vocabulary than "quality"?

Ever since you gave up the Gates line several years ago I suppose you have heard it from every tire manufacturer that has written to you. In going back through my correspondence, I see that I've been as guilty of hiding behind this vague word as anyone and I'm sorry.

Your splendid sportsmanship, courtesy and consideration in giving us another chance to supply your tire requirements certainly deserves better than that. Let's take this mysterious thing called "Gates quality" apart so that you can really see what you're buying.

On July 19 two 32 x 6 Gates Vulco truck tires left here for your garage. You can watch these two samples, study them, and no matter what I might write you about quality you will be able to judge it for yourself. But here are the specific reasons why we are confident you will agree that Gates tires are the finest you can offer your customers:

1. The tires are built with a denser rubber tread. For the same reason an oak floor will outwear a pine floor, the new Gates tread will give you from 5000 to 8000 more miles of wear. The enclosed pamphlet goes into detail about this point.
2. The cords which make up the carcass are the highest grade we can buy. But that's not enough. Every individual cord is soaked to the very core in pure liquid rubber (Latex), the strongest rubber known. It is this process which eliminates all cord separation after curing - giving you and your customers real blow-out protection.

There are many other quality features in Gates tires, but these two are the vitally important ones.

As I said before, you can watch and judge the tires for yourself. But - you can't watch the tube and it is equally important.

In fact you'll be interested to know that nearly all the complaints you received several years ago that caused you to give up the Gates line were directly traceable to tube failures under intense heat. The damage showed up in the tire, but the trouble originated in the tube.

Along with the two truck tires we have sent you two new black heat-resisting tubes. They are the very latest development and are designed specifically for service in intensely hot countries under severe conditions.

The tubes we used to supply you with were red. In describing the tests these various tubes have gone through I am going to refer to them as the "old" red tubes because since the time we first manufactured them we have developed a better heat-resisting red tube. It is good, but it isn't in the class with the black tube.

Here are the results, the actual put-your-finger-on reasons why we know you will be satisfied with the new black tube. Just study these tests:

1. Wheel tests simulating actual road conditions:

The tube is placed in a tire and run at a high speed, under a heavy load, against a massive fly-wheel studded with iron lugs.

The outside temperature of the tire reached 210 degrees Fahrenheit to 214 degrees Fahrenheit. The inside temperature of the tire and tube was, of course, a good deal higher, probably being around 300 degrees Fahrenheit. (Actual road tests in Texas have shown similar temperatures, and no doubt they are not at all unusual in British East Africa either.)

The breaking strength of both the black and the red tubes before being placed under this test was approximately 3500 pounds.

After less than one hour's service the red tube had melted and run down in the tire. It was totally destroyed. This red tube was the type manufactured by us several years ago.

The second red tube (of a later design), incorporating as much heat-resisting quality as can be placed in stock of this kind, ran for twelve hours before it was totally destroyed. This tube, however, grew from $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches to 2 inches in but a very short space of time and would have been useless for further service. This growth is quite rapid, and shortly after the start of the test it would have been impossible to replace the tube had it been removed from the tire.

The black heat-resisting rubber tube was run on this test for thirty-three hours. At the end of that time it was still serviceable and there was no sign of growth. At the end of the thirty-three hour run the black tube's breaking strength was 2000 pounds, while at the end of an hour's run the old red tube had been completely destroyed.

2. The Air Bomb Test:

Both the red and the black tube had a tensile strength of 3530 pounds at the beginning of this test.

The tubes are placed in a closed mold with 80 pounds air pressure and a temperature of 290 degrees Fahrenheit.

After ten minutes of this treatment, the red tube was soft and its tensile strength had been destroyed.

At the end of three hours the black tube was removed, still fit for service, and it had a tensile strength of 2690 pounds.

And as one more specific piece of evidence, Mr. V. L. Smithers of Akron, Ohio (an independent testing engineer for rubber products) bought 142 tubes of many different

makes on the open market to test in his own laboratory. We purchased a copy of his report and it is gratifying to see that Gates black heat-resisting truck tube is equal to the very best that our competitors can offer and is far superior to the run of the field.

Well, we've taken those words "Gates Quality" apart. You've read what it's made of - what goes into it. In the three years that have passed since we last did business together we've done a lot with it.

Now you'll understand how happy we are that you've offered us your hand in friendship again. Thanks for this new opportunity - believe me, we're certain you'll never regret it.

Cordially,

LETTER No. 24. Who could read this letter without wanting to try a skittle?

APPETIZING, HEALTHFUL and SATISFYING —

This is the SKITLE - born in the shadows of Hollywood hills and nurtured by famous movie stars.

Friend of the waist-line, easy to digest and nemesis of hunger, SKITLE is a sandwich three times bigger than the low-born hamburger and five times as good.

Ground veal from itsy-bitsy baby calves, snatched from clean, green pastures, garnished with mild, dry-eyed onions, topped with blushing tomatoes and a crunchy, spicy relish, all tucked in a big, over-sized bun that's been toasted to a golden brown and - ah! You have a creation of the gods - THE SKITLE.

It's truly a meal in itself and all for a paltry fifteen cents! You will want to try one and as a get-acquainted offer we will furnish one for half the regular price. Here's how you do it:

Just bring this letter and a friend or party in some time before the first of March. You order the first one and the second will be on the house.

We're located at 4937 Main on the east side of the street. There's lots of room to park your car and we stay open until 2:00 A. M.

Come up and see us some time. Bring your friend and the letter.

P. S. We have dandy chili, too.

LETTER No. 25. The strong human appeal in this sales letter is hard to resist. Along with it was mailed a picture of one of the boys.

Dear Mr. Harrison:

I hope you slept well last night - I didn't. I kept thinking about the youngsters who have been coming to us here at Travelers Aid ever since those first few warm

days we had; boys of twelve - fourteen - sixteen - all of them bitten by the urge to travel.

I kept thinking, too, about the hundreds more of whom these are just the first harbingers - typical American boys, arriving here all hours of the day and night - hungry and dirty and weary.

Of course it's wrong for them to leave their homes - most of 'em, that is. I don't blame some of them, and neither would you, if you knew what they left. It's an old story to us: family on relief, which means a mere subsistence diet (try and raise a 14 year old on that!); father not working or no longer at home (a surprising number have deserted); lots of brothers and sisters (the smaller ones invariably sick from mal-nourishment).

Is it any wonder that the 'teen age boys run away - believing that in so doing there'll be more for the younger ones to eat - hoping somewhere, somehow to find something better? A hundred years ago, you'd have called them pioneers - now, they're just dependent non-resident juveniles and somebody has to take care of them.

We feed them and house them temporarily and get in touch with the home community to find out why they ran away and what can be done to correct home conditions before they're returned. Sometimes, of course, it's pretty hopeless and occasionally we even recommend that a boy be kept in Chicago where he may have a chance.

Whichever we do costs money - and it's money well-spent. These boys are not pampered, but they are taken care of. We're not apologizing for them - we're sincerely trying to help them. That's a difficult job here in Chicago and if you think it's worth while and would like to help by sending ten dollars we'll be mighty glad to have it.

Sincerely yours,

LETTER No. 26. A follow-up sales letter after the reader has displayed interest in a previous mailing.

Gentlemen:

It was, indeed, very kind of you to send that card from our recent mailing, asking for information on our computer pumps. So that you might have the benefit of an expert in the application of service station equipment, we have asked our good friend R. P. Leinberger, District Manager, with headquarters in your city to come over and talk this over with you right away.

Of course, the computer pump does add a definitely increased earning capacity to your place of business. You can sell your customers by dollars or cents, or by gallons, and often times, the five gallon buyer can be prevailed upon to make it an even money sale, buy a dollar's worth or a dollar and a half's worth, or what not. In filling tanks, you can fill them full, and the price of

the gasoline delivered is immediately computed in an easily and reasonably payable amount.

In addition to that, the novelty hasn't yet worn off of the computer pump, and people like to go to it to buy gasoline. Those are the reasons that you see increases of from 12% to 70% wherever computers are put in.

Mr. Leinberger can help you determine just exactly the earning power that this type of equipment will bring you and I hope we may have your business through him.

Very truly yours,

LETTERS TO SALESMEN

Since it is physically impossible for the average sales executive to spend much time with any one of his men in the field, the burden of supervision reverts to correspondence with them. They must be kept "keyed" to a fighting pitch by letters of encouragement, they must be given a constant flow of sales ideas and plans, and when they go haywire they must be disciplined and tactfully set back on the straight and narrow path. All of this means that every day, the salesman gets a large brown envelope from the head office. In it are not only the letters from his sales manager, but also letters from other departments. The credit manager may be asking him to help collect a delinquent account, the advertising director may be calling his attention to some new booklet or direct mail campaign, or the head of the order department may be advising him that his quotations on a sale were not correct. Sometimes the daily envelope becomes pretty heavy—the salesman thinks he is getting too much mail. He chafes against it.

That means, of course, that there should be some control over the number of letters written to salesmen. To let every Tom, Dick, and Harry plague him with inconsequential matters is one way to make sure that important mail will not get the attention which it deserves. In the best organized companies a clearing house for salesmen's mail is established, and the great majority of letter contacts with him originate in the sales department. This is no doubt the wisest plan.

Another interesting slant to the problem of letters to salesmen is the rather common idea in business that salesmen are "grand opera singers" who need to be handled with extreme caution—that they must be treated differently than ordinary human beings, that they should be inspired at frequent intervals with a lot of "you can do it" letters.

But salesmen are not infants who must be coddled with inspirational drivel. A really good achievement story now and then—one that has direct application to their own work—will help them over the rough spots. What they need more than anything else, however, is honest criticism of their mistakes, and sound suggestions which they can apply in making more sales. Too many letters to salesmen, on the contrary, are so full of parsley that there is little room left for the meat.

Probably the best letters to salesmen being written in business today are by sales managers who themselves have been salesmen. They know the problems, the moods, and the language of the men in their charge. They realize that a salesman will respond to frankness and sincerity a lot more quickly than to false flattery or browbeating. Their letters are tactful, kind, but *honest*. They praise, and they reprimand, in the same spirit of helpfulness—and that's the way any salesman worth his salt wants to be met.

That spirit is conspicuous in the following examples. They show you how the modern sales executive contacts his men by mail.

LETTER No. 27. To encourage the salesman who is working against unfavorable conditions—showing how Lincoln succeeded after many set-backs.

Dear Dave:

I have never run across anything that has quite as much challenge as the facts copied below:

ABE LINCOLN

Defeated as Candidate for Legislature	1832
Defeated in Business and lost his property	1833
Defeated as Candidate for Speaker	1838
Defeated as Candidate for Elector	1840
Defeated as Candidate for Commissioner of General Land Office	1843
Defeated as Candidate for Congressional Nomination	1843
Defeated as Candidate for Re-election to Congress	1848
Defeated as Candidate for U. S. Senator	1855
Defeated as Candidate for Vice Presidential Nomination	1856
Defeated as Candidate for U. S. Senator	1858
ELECTED TO PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES	1860

In the face of DEFEAT and FAILURE he eventually achieved the highest office within the gift of this Nation — and undying fame!

Honestly now, isn't there something about that brief summary that is a more eloquent tribute to the man than a recitation of all the great things that he did?

The world knows Abe Lincoln because he succeeded.

All he knew when he was on the way up was that you can't defeat a man who will not quit.

You know the famous lines that begin, "Lives of great men oft remind us," and surely in abundant measure they apply to Abraham Lincoln. Obstacles meant nothing to his unconquerable spirit - they mean nothing to the salesmen of this company.

We have had our share of trouble in the past six years, but our courage has never been broken. Now we are headed for the best year in our sales history. Like Lincoln, out of adversity we will rise to our greatest victory.

Sincerely yours,

LETTER No. 28. Pointing out how the salesman has made a mistake and insisting that it be corrected.

Friend Sam:

I've just read your long letter telling of the argument you had with buyer Ed Underwood, and I'll say one thing - you certainly told him a mouthful.

There isn't any doubt about it. What you told him was the truth, and you weren't afraid to call a spade a SPADE.

I know that you've chuckled to yourself every time you recalled the interview. You certainly won the argument.

But, Sam, how are you going to feel when you call on him your next trip? And it WILL be necessary that you call on him. You know that.

And how, Sam, is he going to feel? Not a bit friendly, I'll warrant.

I can just picture the two of you fighting like a couple of cocks in a pit. And that won't be good for our business, Sam.

Now, you won the argument. No doubt of it. And you got a lot of personal satisfaction out of doing so. But you need Ed's business, and so do we, so here's what I suggest you do to make sure we'll get it.

Write Ed a letter of apology. Tell him you lost your head. Tell him you're sorry. Tell him that you are usually a "right guy," but you were dead wrong in "sounding off" as you did. Say you'll be grateful if he'll forgive you.

Do this for business' sake, Sam, and send me a copy of the letter you write him. This is one time when, I think, it will pay to pocket your pride.

Sincerely yours,

LETTER No. 29. Built around a poem which has a fighting message for the salesman.

Dear Joe:

There was once a young farmer who laid down his hoe and went to the city to pile up some dough.

He tried this thing and that thing but had no success.

Every gol darn thing flivvered and came out a mess.

The three cents in his pocket he viewed with alarm, so he bought him a stamp and wrote back to the farm.

"Dear Dad," he began it, "I am writing in hope you can help a poor guy at the end of his rope."

The next day came a letter with something enclosed, for to help the young man was his father disposed.

Now, wouldn't you think that a strange thing to send,

just a plain piece of rope with a knot in one end!

The boy thought so, too, till the letter he read,

and then he caught on for 'twas this that it said:

"If you've played out your rope till it's almost all gone, a big knot in the end will help you hang on."

When you've used up every last selling idea you can dig up - or think you have . . .

When you've met with so many turn-downs that you're afraid to look a tough prospect in the eye - or think you are . . .

When you begin to think you made a mistake not to stick to farming, or selling papers, or whatever you used to do that didn't require matching your wits against the other fellow's . . .

Then you're pretty close to the end of your rope.

That is the time to give yourself a shot in the arm - or a kick in the pants. Practice resting your chin over the back of a chair for fifteen minutes every night . . . so it will start sticking out again.

It's just as true of sales-fighting as it is of prize-fighting: A man isn't licked until he admits it.

"If you've played out your rope till it's almost all gone, a big knot in the end will help you hang on."

Fightingly yours,

LETTER No. 30. A reminder that alibis are not wanted.

Dear Shorty:

You have heard of the Squidgicum Squeeges that swallow themselves - well even such odd critters would have a merry time swallowing the old alibis for not getting the order that some of the boys are sending in.

The only thing that I can figure out is that they have been listening to ghost talks. The old alibis are dead. Some salesmen are still "skeered" from the terrible tales they heard three or four years ago.

Looking at Business Prospects in the broad daylight now is something to behold. Automobiles, electrical appliances, home furnishings, etc., are selling like kisses at a church bazaar (Just wait your turn, Deacon). Hundreds of lines are on the way to new sales records.

It just won't do for anybody in the organization to go on using ghost alibis.

I can swallow a good one like, "Mr. O'Connor was laid up with a charlie horse when I called and would not talk business," even though I do think to myself that possibly it was White Horse. But I do not want to hear any more ghost stories until next Halloween.

Let's all get going so that we can keep the ghost walking every pay day and see if it isn't possible to make him pack some bigger checks starting about the first of the year.

No, it wasn't Ghost Written for me. I mean it.

Sincerely,

LETTER No. 31. A New Year letter to salesmen with the interesting story of a man who decided to be re-born.

Dear Jim:

With another year of our lives spent, my thoughts naturally turn to you, and the fifty-four other men, who have been fighting to lift the sales of our products back to old levels.

That you have given your best, goes without saying. You all know that for ten years I worked in the field for our company. Nobody could understand better than I do the problems which you have met so fearlessly, or the moments of discouragement which must have been yours. You know that I wish you happiness. I hope you have it in great measure.

But to men of ambition, like you and me, great happiness can only come with great progress. You want to flap your wings and fly back to the times when sales were more abundant - you want to get out of the muck and the mire into which the depression threw us all.

Jim, I think more than anything else we need to cleanse our minds of all that we have gone through - to start the New Year just as we would pick up a new book, with the old one closed for the last time and put away on the shelf. I know of a salesman who did that.

Buck Newman was his name, and he worked in Texas. He was a great giant of a fellow, and in his territory there wasn't a soul who didn't know and like him. But Buck had been stubbing his toes, too, against the brick wall of the depression. He was selling half of what he had once sold. He wasn't happy.

So he made a rather remarkable resolution for the New Year. He decided that he was going to be born again - to start out absolutely CLEAN. So he bought himself a new suit, new shoes, new hat, and even new underwear. The last day of the old year he got a new haircut, and the next morning he gave his skin a good scrubbing. He meant to see that a brand new Buck Newman went out to work on that first day of the New Year.

I wonder, Jim, if old Buck didn't have the inspiration which you and I can use in making something more of ourselves in 1938? To wash our minds clean of all negative thoughts, to be born again - new inside and out - to be the high-stepping, confident fellows we were six years ago.

Maybe that's the only way to happiness for you and me, Jim. Think about it as the New Year dawns.

Sincerely yours,

LETTER No. 32. In which a clever sales manager recruits the wives of his salesmen.

Dear Mrs. Godfrey:

Many of our representatives are fortunate in having wives who are interested in our merchandise plans. None of them are keener, however, than those who assist at our local Exhibitions. We feel that they are members of the Sales Team.

Because of your interest I want you to accept the enclosed Toothbrush. Its value is small, but there is a great sales idea behind it.

It is the first time in this country that a solid head (other than a flat head), has been mounted as a Toothbrush handle motif.

- (1) These brushes will gain immediate attention in Dealers' shops by reason of their N-O-V-E-L-T-Y.
- (2) Children will love them and they will enable parents to persuade the kiddies to brush their teeth regularly. (You know: "Willie, have you brushed your teeth today with Doggy?")
- (3) I expect you find that in family bathrooms there is a genuine desire by meticulous people to KNOW THEIR OWN TOOTHBRUSH AT A GLANCE.

Perhaps you would like to try the Toothbrush out yourself, or get a friend to do it.

If you like the idea, I expect you will sell it to your husband and if you have time to drop me a line with any news, please don't hesitate to do so.

If you are too busy, please D-O-N-'-T worry.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

LETTER No. 33. In which salesmen are asked to pay tribute to an executive by increased orders.

Dear Bob:

Twenty-five years ago, on the night of August 12, 1912, a big, raw-boned youngster swung off a Michigan Central day-coach at Kalamazoo, and for the first time in his life, set foot on United States soil. There was no band to welcome him. No one to give him the keys to the city. Even the hack drivers hardly gave him a glance. They knew there would not be enough money rattling around in the boy's pockets to make it worth their while ... he was too obviously "from the country."

And they were right about it. The smell of the soil and of the cow barn was still on his clothes, and his hands were covered with the calluses that come only from the handles of pitchforks and the "faucets" of cows.

Early the next morning found this boy trudging along a dusty road to a spot three miles north of Kalamazoo where, in the middle of a corn field, another immigrant boy was dreaming and sweating a piddling little converting plant into a gigantic paper mill. The new boy had heard there might be a job. The older one sized him up, saw that he fitted into the design on the trestle-board, and that is how Doc Southon, at seven o'clock in the morning of August 13, 1912, met Jacob Kindleberger and went to work for KVP.

I think you know much of what had gone on before, and of what happened thereafter ... how that, discouraged by two years looking for work in his native London and not finding it, he borrowed money and sailed by steerage for Canada ... landed in Halifax in February, 1910 ... was sent to Leamington, Ontario, by an employment agency with the promise of a job waiting ... found it a false report ... walked the streets all night in the snow with only 6¢ in his pockets ... hired out to a farmer the next morning although he had never had a farm tool in his hands before ... milked cows and tended tobacco crops for the next two and a half years.

Then the trip to Kalamazoo on the hearsay evidence there might be a job. First, a job as clerk ... but that was only a title. In those days, everyone from J.K. on down pushed trucks, shoveled coal, hustled broke, tied bundles ... did everything there was to do. Next a road job in '14, selling ice blankets. Before long, production. Then a hand in sales, General Sales Manager and Third Vice-President in '25. First Vice-President and Director in '36.

That's pretty sketchy, but it gives the high spots. Some mighty low ones, too, for that matter.

Twenty-five years of Doc's kind of Hard Work and Loyalty calls for some real recognition. Now don't reach for your check book ... this is something a darned sight more important than golf bags and loving cups ... something that will please him a thousand times more.

Just send him some ORDERS.

Now don't think I'm crazy. I know just as well as you do that you have orders in here since last May that are still unshipped ... that you are afraid to face some of your customers without a bodyguard ... that you are scared to call on others for fear they will make you take an order.

That condition, however, does not apply on two lines. Those lines are PARCHMENT and SPECIALTY. We can still handle BIG increases in both. And both can be highly profitable.

So what we are asking is this ... will you ... as the best possible kind of a sales manager ... go out every day between now and Labor Day, determined to make the next five weeks the greatest weeks for PARCHMENT and SPECIALTY in the mill's history?

You will? That's great! Not that I had any doubt about it ... in fact, I was all prepared. For in this mail, you should also find a packet of stickers like the one attached ... ONE FOR DOC.

Put one on every PARCHMENT and SPECIALTY order you send in between now and Labor Day. Put one on the envelope, too.

Let's pile them in until the bloody Henglishman yells for "elp!"

ONE FOR DOC

P. S. He started work on the morning of the 13th. I'll bet a little personal note arriving that morning (it's on Friday) would make him feel like a million ... yes, TWO million.

LETTERS TO HELP THE SALESMAN

Another good arrow in the letter-man's quiver is the one written from the home office which aims to supplement the work of the salesman. It may help to break down the prospect's resistance, to strengthen the good will of the old customer, or to increase the enthusiasm of the new buyer. The letter of this type takes various slants, but in each case the primary object is to make things easier for the man who is fighting for orders.

One of the most common examples of this group is the letter telling the prospect that the salesman is going to call. Instead of walking "cold" into the prospect's office, the salesman has been introduced by a friendly letter which gives him a nice "build-up" and tells some of the good points about the product which he sells. When this letter is properly written, it can be a powerful force in helping the salesman to get a good reception, and even to get the order.

Another of these supplementary sales helps is the letter which follows the call of the salesman—either thanking the prospect who did not buy for his courtesy in granting an interview, or welcoming the man who did buy as a new customer of the company. In the first case, the letter may help the salesman to be more successful on a later call; in the second, it may help him land another order.

A third important letter in this group is the one used to regain "lost sheep"—asking former customers why they have stopped buying, and seeking to bring them back to the fold. Human beings like attention. Often a friendly inquiry, "Where have you been—we have missed you," will do the job. Usually, such letters make replies easy by enclosing a return envelope—sometimes stamped—or a questionnaire which the former customer is asked to check.

Quite often these letters to inactive customers bring back answers which are not quite so pleasing. They bring complaints into the open about past service. Perhaps the credit manager has written a tactless collection letter, perhaps the quality of goods in the last shipment was not up to par, perhaps the buyer had been offended by an impudent salesman. When such things happen, the average individual says nothing. He just stops buying, but he carries a grudge against the company and often speaks about it to his friends and neighbors.

But complaints of this sort are often blessings in disguise. They show the management things which are wrong in the business, the kinks in certain employees or policies which need to be straightened. Unless a company knows the reactions, the moods, of its customers it cannot plan that type of service which will please them. For that reason, the letter to inactive customers does two jobs; (1) it helps to *increase* sales, and (2) it brings to light certain faults that have been working *against* sales.

But suppose you examine some of these letters used to break ground for the salesman—examples taken from the files of some of our best known companies,

LETTER No. 34. To get the new salesman off on the right foot.

Dear Mr. Jones:

A light complexioned man of medium build is about to enter your life. He is not a figment of some fortune teller's imagination, but a real, live

man, who walks and talks. Incidentally, he talks about Smith Valves; and he knows what he's talking about.

He's been with us for about ten years now, and he likes his job almost as much as his golf. Because of his unusual knowledge of valves, and valve problems, we are putting him in your locality; where a man has to know valves.

Mr. Jones, may we introduce our new representative in your territory - Mr. J. W. Williamson.

You may expect a visit from him next Tuesday morning. In the meantime, you can reach him at Main 0124, should you need prices or information of any sort before his visit.

Sincerely,

LETTER No. 35. A build-up for the salesman who is about to call on an old customer.

Dear Mr. Knowles:

Business today is in much the same position as a clipper ship caught in a squall ... When the glass started to go down and the sea started to come up, the skipper took in sail just as you cut down expenses.

He laid to under bare poles with an eye on the barometer for the first sign of better weather. He didn't wait for the sun to come out ... no sooner had the wind dropped than he was bending on canvas.

In the last year, the business barometer has showed unmistakable signs of clearing. The squall seems to have blown itself out. The seas are getting smoother every day. Isn't it time to clamp on sail, and begin to turn those losses into profits?

Folks are more in a buying mood than they have been for several years. With more money to spend, and less fear of the future, they are looking askance at some of the things around the house which have outlived their usefulness. A lot of these things are going to be replaced before the year is over - and you are going to sell them.

As a good skipper, you know that this is the way the wind is blowing. You are undoubtedly planning to increase your stock and be ready for increased business. And that is the wise thing to do! What you don't have, you can't sell. The merchant with the most complete stock of goods is the one who will get the biggest share of the hardware business in your town.

Our old sea-dog, Charlie Hays, will be around to see you next week with our new catalog, and as many samples as he can carry. You'll find that we, too, have had an eye on the barometer ... have added many attractive items which are going to be money-makers for you.

Charlie has been calling on you for twenty years. You know that he has your interest at heart. So put your heads together and make up the order which will bring customers flocking to your store during these coming winter months.

The squall is over. It's time to spread your canvas and get some real speed out of the old ship.

Cordially yours,

LETTER No. 36. Used when the salesman failed to get an order.

Dear Mr. Summers:

Mr. Brown says you were mighty nice to him, when he called last week. We appreciate your courtesy just as much as he did. You know why Mr. Brown stopped in your store - he wants your business. So do we. But wanting never made anything happen.

It is our job to prove to you that the merchant who sells our hats and gloves gives his customers the best value - and makes more money for himself.

Well, we can prove it.

For sixty years, we have been making hats and gloves - making them better each year. We have had our ups and downs but always the same ideal - to give our dealers the best that we knew how to make.

We cannot describe in one letter all of the good points of our hats and gloves. Mr. Brown will do that. Examine his samples, consider the prices, decide for yourself.

But we do want to say that our interest in the customer does not stop with the sale. We mean that. After all, service is the big thing in your mind. Ours, too! From the time that you give us an order, you will see something unusual and different in the way we cooperate with you.

Mr. Brown will be seeing you again. In the meantime it's your move. Sign and return the enclosed card. You don't need to stamp it. It will bring back to you our catalog - full of good reasons for your becoming one of our thousands of satisfied customers.

Sincerely yours,

LETTER No. 37. Appreciation expressed for order given the salesman, with a paperweight added for good measure.

Dear Mr. Mowson:

Thank you for the order which you gave Mr. Mellor.

Thank you too, for your courtesy to him, which is much appreciated. His visit was encouraging because it was the best order which he had taken.

He tells me that he had tea with Mrs. Mowson and yourself and he will long remember this hospitality.

We would explain that he took over a new car on Monday, his first day for the House in your part of the country. Due to an oversight he had to wait many hours for the car and lost the whole of Monday.

Loaded and away on Monday night, he met snow and wintry road conditions. When he reached Lincolnshire he found that his predecessor had dodged round many of the better customers during the previous week.

Now you will understand why your kindness must have been encouraging to him.

Please accept the enclosed model of the Discus (our trade mark). It is a small gesture of our appreciation, but might be useful as a paperweight.

Yours very truly,

LETTER No. 38. Seeking to reinstate an order which the buyer wanted to cancel.

Dear Mr. Doherty:

There is one principle, friend Doherty, to which this company always subscribes, and this is that "the customer is always right."

Therefore, if you want us to cancel your order of the second, we shall do it without hesitation. Fact is, the order will not be shipped unless you write telling that it is quite all right for us to put your order back in work.

And frankly, we cannot help but feel that it would be to your best interests to write us and say:

"Go ahead, Delttox, and reinstate our order."

You will understand, since the value of your order is only \$159.00, that this is not a wholly selfish view. Instead, it is encouraged by the knowledge that people who buy fibre rugs frequently purchase items in furniture at the same time. Even when this doesn't happen, the fibre rug sale keeps you in touch with the customer, and a close contact results in continued business from the user, as you know.

What do you say? Shall we put the order back in work? If your answer is "yes" just put your initials opposite the words: "Go ahead, Delttox," and we'll understand.

Sincerely yours,

LETTER No. 39. An order is at stake, but the prospect thinks the prices are too high.

Dear Mr. Jackson:

I certainly appreciated your letter, even though I cannot agree with you that our prices are too high. While it is true that many commodities are cheaper today than they were a year ago, this does not apply to our particular line.

In fact, Mr. Jackson, we are paying 10 per cent more on an average for our raw materials than we did in 1936. If we followed the current market in setting our prices, we would be obliged to charge you more today than we did a year ago.

Prices, after all, are relatively unimportant. Except in one or two rare instances, no manufacturer and no merchant has ever developed a permanent business or made any money selling "price goods." We cannot afford to do business on a price basis, and I do not believe you can either.

When both sides of the ledger have been added, and a balance struck, isn't it a fact that our biggest and most important asset is our good name? In that respect, we are all like Tom Appleton of Big Bend, Kansas.

One day Tom was the richest and best beloved man in town. The next morning he was a homeless pauper - house and store scattered to the four winds by a tornado.

In six months he was on his feet again and almost as well off as before. Why? Because, Tom still had one valuable asset. People trusted him. We wired him to order what he needed and pay when he could - and so did every other house with whom he was doing business. A tornado might destroy his house and his store - but it could not damage his good name.

Your good name, too, is worth more to you than anything you own, just as ours is to us. Your name and our name stand for the goods we carry and the business methods we use. Neither of us can afford to sell poor goods at cut prices.

Considering the cost of our raw materials and labor, our prices are fair. Our overhead is the lowest in the industry. The only way we could reduce prices, and continue to make normal profits would be to cheapen the product. If we did, it would destroy our good name as a manufacturer, and, if you continued to sell our line, yours as a merchant.

Do you believe that either of us can afford to do this?

Yours very truly,

LETTER No. 40. Written to inactive customers, asking them why they stopped buying.

Dear Friend:

Seems like a long time since 1935, doesn't it? It has been a long time, and many things have happened, mostly for the better, we hope.

To get right down to cases, I feel quite badly when I realize you haven't shipped Beatrice a can of cream since 1935. Surely we couldn't have treated you so poorly that you are through with us for keeps.

This is a New Year, and I, for one, want to make a better showing than I did in 1936. BUT, I NEED YOUR HELP.

Did we do something to annoy you, or just what is the reason you stopped selling cream to us? Tell me frankly. Of course, we "crack up" once in a while, and "muff" something — who doesn't? But that doesn't mean that we did it on purpose, or that we feel any better about losing a good customer.

Just give me the low down on the back of this letter and slip it in the prepaid envelope, and mail. It won't take a minute, and besides, you will be helping me a lot.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to "shoot" me a can of cream, so that you can compare results.

Remember, a word from you, a can of cream, or both, will surely be appreciated. Thank you!

In all friendliness,

LETTERS TO BUILD GOODWILL

We come now to a fascinating group of business letters—those written not for some necessary purpose, but purely to win or increase customer goodwill. Because few of them cover any specific need of business, they appear in a multitude of varieties. To give you examples of the whole of them would require an entire book, or perhaps a set of books, but those which follow will give you a good idea of what they accomplish in building more friendly relations between the company and the public which it serves.

It is safe to say that the letter which *does not have to be written* quite often achieves the most in cementing the friendship of the customer or associate. The letter from the manager of the hotel where you stopped last week, hoping that you were well-treated, and inviting you to come another time—the letter from the president of your company, welcoming you as a new employee—the letter from the company with which you deal sending you a

calendar for next year—the letter expressing sympathy because you were injured in an automobile accident last week—the letter congratulating you on the new building into which you have just moved—Christmas letters—New Year letters—all *unnecessary*, but what a wallop each one carries.

A merchant in Illinois, for example, always sends a greeting to anyone who moves into his territory. It goes something like this: "Welcome to our community. We are glad you have picked us as your neighbors, and we want you to make yourself at home in our store. Come in any time soon. We'll be mighty glad to see you."

Some executives are constantly looking for opportunities to contact customers—opportunities *beyond* the rule and rote of business. They take pains to show each customer that he is also a friend of the company. If a dealer in Indiana, for example, goes into politics and is elected to public office, he gets a nice letter of congratulation. If another dealer's warehouse is destroyed by fire or flood, he gets a sincere letter of sympathy. Weddings, births, deaths—they are all recognized by human, friendly letters.

These, of course, are the individual cases which are handled as they happen to reach the executive's attention. There are other times, more formal and conventional, when form letters can be mailed to entire groups of customers. Most companies send out cordial greetings to their dealers and customers during the Christmas holidays—others on Thanksgiving Day, the Fourth of July, Lincoln's birthday, and other popular times for celebration. Some of these letters are quite serious in tone, others written in a lighter spirit—but they all carry the spirit of mutual understanding, and thanks for past business.

Some of the Christmas letters are accompanied by little gifts—souvenirs of good will and appreciation. Usually, these gifts are inexpensive, but that depends on the size of the customer and the value of his annual business. The majority of the companies using Christmas letters, however, prefer to let them stand alone as sincere gestures of friendliness. They are afraid that gifts will be interpreted as "bribes" for future business.

Sincerity, certainly, must pervade the goodwill letter. Lacking it, the letter becomes a boomerang to return with the scorn of the reader, rather than his appreciation. Goodwill letters flow from the heart, not the head. The man who *likes* people sincerely, who takes a genuine, human interest in others, will write goodwill letters which *ring true*. The man who is by nature quarrelsome

and critical, who snaps and snarls at his fellowmen on the slightest provocation, cannot hope to put the friendly spirit in his letters. His attempt to become cordial falls flat, and what he says is accepted as blatant flattery. The result is the contempt of the reader, and not his favor. Unfriendly people should not try to write friendly letters.

The following examples, taken from modern business, will show you how some companies are using letters to build goodwill. Your own imagination will suggest other ways that the job can be done.

LETTER No. 41. On his eleventh anniversary in the insurance business, the writer thanks his clients for their friendship and cooperation.

Dear Mr. Ennis:

In the month of March, the year 1926 . . .

a young man set out in the earnest quest of earning a living. In the type of business which appealed most to him, he cast his lot.

It took but a very short time for this young man to learn that earning a living in the terms of dollars and cents was not the primary requisite of employment.

He found in rubbing shoulders with a world of realities, that other things mattered far more, - unselfishness, consideration of others, conscientious service, and above all, honesty.

He learned, too, that his most valuable asset was not his bank account, nor his worldly goods, nor things material, but rather, his loyal friends.

Having personally played the role of this young man, I have learned these things and learned them well. I therefore, want to express to you my most sincere thanks for your loyal friendship and your genuine cooperation in the past. They have made it possible for me to pass the milestones - one by one - and have contributed largely toward making my eleventh anniversary in the insurance business possible.

Very truly yours,

LETTER No. 42. A remarkably good letter of sympathy to the customer who had lost his boy.

Dear Mr. Harrell:

I have just heard of the great personal loss suffered by you in the terrible calamity that so suddenly brought death and destruction to your city.

Buildings and even cities can be restored, but the untimely death of your beloved son is an irreparable loss. At a time like this, mere words pale into insignificance, and while there isn't much we can do to help, we feel it our bounden duty, and are willing and happy to add our mite by shipping you anything you may need in the rebuilding of your business. Of course, we'll gladly extend any kind of credit terms you desire. May we have the privilege of doing that much ... little as it is?

To hear of an old friend and customer losing practically everything and to have the life of his boy snuffed out like the flicker of a candle, brings home to us very forcibly, the heartaches and sadness from which many people in your city are suffering.

Cruel as these catastrophes are, we cannot stay the fury of the elements ... that is beyond the power of man ... but we can do our part by lending a helping hand wherever possible. Perhaps you will derive some small measure of comfort from the knowledge that out of the ashes and debris there will arise a bigger and better city, and no doubt, were it possible, the voices of your boy and others whose lives were so suddenly snuffed out, would chant in unison:

"To you from falling hands we throw the torch,
Be yours to hold it high."

May the Almighty give you strength and courage to carry on. For carry on you must ... for the sake of the dependents of those who have gone ahead.

Sincerely,

LETTER No. 43. Telling the customers that in spite of the destruction of warehouse and office, the company is still blessed with their loyalty.

To Our Customers:

The disastrous fire which completely destroyed our offices and warehouse last Friday and Saturday is over. By nightfall Saturday, we were faced with the realization that our stocks were totally lost, our place of business demolished, and that to all appearances we were fortunate indeed to salvage our steel encased records.

A pale picture to say the least, but colored appreciably by the multitude of messages from business friends offering encouragement and assistance. For each we are deeply grateful - our most valuable asset, your good will, could not be replaced as have our offices, warehouse, and stocks.

We are operating permanently from our new home 350-354 West Erie Street. Our policy is ever still, the sincere aim to serve you efficiently and economically with the quality products familiar to every Odman customer.

Our telephone remains unchanged, the familiar Superior 5584. Please use it, we shall welcome the opportunity to serve you now as always.

Yours very truly,

LETTER No. 44. A fine thank-you message which starts with an interesting story.

Dear Mr. Anderson:

One morning while George Washington was riding over his plantation accompanied by a friend, a humble negro slave raised his hat to Washington as he passed by, and, to his friend's astonishment, Washington doffed his hat.

After they had ridden a few paces, his astonished friend inquired if he was in the habit of thus saluting his slaves.

Washington's reply was significant:

"I allow no man to outdo me in courtesy."

We feel the same way. You showed courtesy by paying your insurance premium promptly and we, not to be outdone, return it by saying: "Thank you!"

Very sincerely,

LETTER No. 45. To announce the moving into new quarters, and inviting the customers to "come up and see us sometime."

Dear Mr. Graham:

Won't you eat a hearty breakfast some morning real soon and make the climb up here to our new quarters?

It's a bit breath-taking (the climb) but the true adventurer won't mind that. Besides, we'll have our trusty St. Bernard Alpine rescue dog out on the stairs, with a cask of the best about his neck.

We're proud of our new home and we want to show it off to you. There's more than twice the room we had over on the opposite corner, where we were born and spent the first eighteen years of our life. It's worth the climb just to see Joe Kubasta, our production manager, reveling in the increased efficiency he's getting now!

Then, too, when you visit us we'll have a chance to cough politely and call your attention to all the new equipment we've bought these last few months: the printing multi-graphs, automatically fed, which deliver 7800 letters each an hour the new high-speed Baum folder the nine new typewriters the new automatic Gordon printing presses with Miller air feeders, etc.

We'll hesitate — artfully — in front of those presses, because when you see the genuinely excellent color printing we're doing, you may make a mental note to call us in the next time you need letterheads, envelopes, invoices, or any other sort of printing. The man in charge of this

department is a master printer in the old Guild sense of the word! Enclosed is a sample of a job going through one of the presses today.

Then we'll take you to my own turreted office, where -- immodestly enough -- the bookcase is decorated with the silver cup presented to us (the cup itself says) "for excellence of letter copy," and with the gold medal we got last fortnight for another DMA letter.

Whereupon we shall realize at long last that these things which mean so much to us, couldn't possibly be quite THAT interesting to you . . . and for the rest of your stay we'll be well-mannered. We do want you to come. If there's a hurry-up job you need now, of course telephone us -- at 570. But plan to visit us soon.

Cordially,

LETTER No. 46. A young man just one year in business writes a Christmas greeting to the men who have helped him get started.

Dear Mr. Scott:

Alone in the office; doing a bit of night work. Outside, the clanging of street cars, the voices of the scrub women banging their buckets about and stopping to exchange a bit of blarney with the night watchman. Mind began to wander from one thing to another. Forgot the work. Thought of Christmas, of the year gone by, thought of you.

A year ago; took the bull by the horns and started a brokerage business. A little nerve, a few accounts, and a lot of friends. Those were the only assets. Here it is Christmas and still in the ring. Nothing to brag about, haven't set the world on fire, but going better every day. Every reason to be happy and merry and joyful just as people are supposed to be at this time of the year.

Been thinking about all of this. Came to me all of a sudden that it is to you, and the other good fellows like you, that the Steinmeyer Brokerage Company owes its small success. You are one of the stars to whom we hitched our wagon and you helped to pull us through. Because of you the candle of the New Year will burn brightly in our little apartment.

Going home now. Got to sleep a bit. Just wanted to put into words the thoughts of the last half hour. Wanted to tell you that it is a merry Christmas for me and dad, and the wife and kiddies. Wanted to thank you, wanted you to know how I felt about it.

Wanted more than anything else to wish you all that you have given us, a very JOLLY CHRISTMAS.

Sincerely yours,

LETTER No. 47. A form letter from a company to its customers, wishing them a Happy Christmas.

Dear Mr. Wynne:

"Merry Christmas? Bah ! Humbug !" cried Scrooge to Old Marley's Ghost. And that's the way a few folks still feel about Christmas. You can spot one of them in a crowd by his sour face and dark scowl. Poor devil - the man who misses the spirit of Christmas is more to be pitied than cursed.

It's the same kind of a fellow who bullies his wife at breakfast, hogs the center of the street while driving to the office, shouts and raves at his employees all day, and then goes home to give his wife another dose. He thinks all doctors are quacks, all lawyers chisellers, and calls the Community Fund a big racket. Because he hates everybody and everything worth while, he is left alone in his thought-poisoned world.

But why worry about the Scrooges? Sometimes even they are made to realize that fellowship, and love, and tolerance are the qualities that make life sweet. Until they do, we are perfectly willing to string along with the folks like you who can still get a kick out of playing Santa Claus to their kids and friends - who can say "Merry Christmas" to their neighbors and mean it.

Christmas, more than anything else is a day of appreciation, a cleansing time of old enmities, a rebirth of good thoughts for those who walk the world with us. Certainly, we are proud this holiday season to have your friendship, and we pledge our utmost in the days to come in keeping your goodwill. While we may buy and sell to each other - perhaps not always agree on this or that - let it be understood always that we do appreciate your business, that most heartily and sincerely do wish you now . . .

A gloriously happy Christmas !

LETTER No. 48. A Christmas greeting sent by a salesman to those who had given him orders during the year.

Dear Mr. Smith:

This evening as I drove toward home after making the day's calls, I passed through three or four towns and saw the business streets all bedecked with bright lights and holly, and I got to thinking about "Christmas."

And the thought came to my mind as I spun over the ribbon of highway, that a salesman's life is a lot like a highway. I speed along day in and day out, always striving for new sales goals. Some days the road seems smoother than others.

Then at the end of the year comes Christmas. Father Time, serving as traffic officer, shifts the signals and the sign says "STOP !"

It's not a bad idea . . . stopping to look back over the road because American business is geared to high speed, and in my hurry I may not have taken time to say "Thank You" for every order you gave me.

So I'm taking time here at home tonight to type this little letter and tell you how much your orders have meant to me personally. Your friendship has helped make the road smoother for me this past year and I am looking forward to many more years of pleasant contacts with you.

I sincerely wish you and yours a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY, PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR !

Cordially yours,

LETTER No. 49. Dramatic Christmas and New Year letter to salesmen. You see them in many other unusual forms—stars, crosses, trees, etc.

Dear Tom: Even though you have grown up I bet you still like to hang up the old stocking for Santa Claus ! I know I do, and you should see the big kick my kids get out of watching me do it. In fact I get such a kick out of it myself that I am having this little message to you typed in the shape of a stocking. I hope it will give my letter that "homey" feeling that we all associate with Christmas and that I'm trying to pass on to you. You have been a real wheelhorse, Tom, during the past twelve months and I want you to know that I appreciate it. Your untiring efforts have been a big factor in helping us to get the volume that we did. We all have our hats off to you! It looks to me like the new year is going to offer a real opportunity for business. Of course, we have got to fight for it, but you know how to do that consistently and I am counting on you to do even better in the coming year. Before closing, may I say that I hope your stay with your loved ones this Christmas will be a very happy one. It is this reunion of the family circle that we all look forward to at this season and I hope that yours will be all that you want it to be. And don't forget that an early start after the holidays will give you an edge on your competitors. Take advantage of it. MERRY CHRISTMAS.

LETTER No. 50. A goodwill thanksgiving letter, mailed to customers who pay their bills promptly.

Dear Mr. Wertz:

Thanksgiving Time again —

And to the most of us that means turkey and all the trimmings, but more important than that it will be a time for giving thanks for our many blessings; and we do have much to be thankful for when we stop to think of the millions whose larders are empty.

Two of the things we are thankful for are the pleasure of doing business with you and the promptness with which you meet payment of your account. Our slow paying accounts hear from us frequently, but those who pay promptly rarely receive the commendation they deserve.

Thank You — for the splendid credit record you have with us, for your faith in our products and for the pleasant business relations we enjoy with you.

A customer like you merits a lot of thanksgiving. That is our thought as the day approaches.

Yours very truly,

LETTERS TO ADJUST COMPLAINTS

Complaints to the modern executive are no longer received as a nuisance. Instead, they are welcomed for three reasons as an asset to good business. First, they provide the opportunity to sell the customer, in terms of action, the service which the salesman has sold by word of mouth. Second, they bring into the open conditions and faults in operation and service which should be corrected. Third, they often point the way to brand new methods and even products, which had not been thought of before. Certainly, the customer who keeps his angry thoughts to himself, whether they be justified or groundless, is a menace to the company. It is far better that his story be heard and answered, than that he remain silent, nursing his wounds, and telling his neighbors how he was mistreated.

Furthermore, a customer represents an investment in cash to the company. Often, the profit on the first order is less than it costs, in sales and advertising expense, to get his name on the books. The only way to make the initial investment worth while is to sell him again and again. He simply must be satisfied with his first purchase, and any complaint must if possible be adjusted.

Obviously, not all complaints can be handled to best advantage

by letter. When the amount involved is large, or the circumstances need verification, a personal visit by the salesman is often the best solution. Especially is this true when the salesman is seasoned by many wars, wise in the ways of his company, and immune to the temptation of buttering his bread by being partial to the customer.

Fortunately, the majority of complaints received by the average business are not serious—they can be adjusted tactfully without any loss to the company, either in money or customer goodwill. This is substantiated by a report published a few years ago in which several thousand complaints made to one company were analyzed and classified. Granted, that the figures would vary in different companies, they probably come close to the truth in business as a whole. According to that survey, 22.5 per cent of the complaints were honestly made and legitimate, 41 per cent were half-cocked and the result of impulse rather than reason, 23.7 per cent were “blinds” set up as a defense for lack of funds, and 12.8 per cent were initiated by pure, unadulterated cussedness.

In other words, the man who writes adjustment letters should be able to handle seven out of eight complaints with ultimate satisfaction to company and customer. Only the 12.8 per cent may cause him serious difficulty—and then only because certain people in the world are natural-born trouble-makers. These people alone must be handled without gloves—and usually they will respond to no other treatment.

When certain facts have to be investigated before a decision can be made, the customer should be told by return mail, “We are mighty glad to have your letter about that last shipment of melons, and we are losing no time in checking to see just what can be done. You know that we want to serve you well in this instance, as well as all others, and you’ll be hearing from us again soon.” Some companies do not hesitate to send telegrams of acknowledgment, especially if the difficulty looks serious or the amount involved is large, while many others route their letters by special delivery.

In handling any complaint there must be a willingness *to meet the customer half way*—to measure his welfare along with that of the company, and to reach a decision in every case which seems to be fair and impartial. This means that the adjustment man must be neither wishy-washy nor hardboiled. Back of every decision

made, must be a background of facts which any man with common sense would accept as true and irrefutable.

Certainly, there are a few "don'ts" which should be recognized by any man in business who handles complaints.

1. Don't use words that antagonize. While you may be answering a *complaint*, don't call it that. Don't say you are surprised at the customer's *attitude*. Don't say, "You should realize," or "It's queer that no one else has complained." Put yourself in the other man's shoes. Ask, "What would be my reaction if I were the reader instead of the writer of this letter?"

2. Don't try to handle complaints with form letters—not unless you have a great many of them all of the same kind. Remember that a complaint properly adjusted means money and goodwill saved for your company. Handle each case according to its own merit and circumstances.

3. Don't argue. If the other fellow has gone off half-cocked, state the facts he has overlooked tactfully and with extreme good nature. Make him see that you are a reasonable man, anxious to serve him fairly.

4. Don't pass the buck. If the customer is right and a mistake has been made, don't spend a lot of time explaining how So-and-so was the culprit. He doesn't care who is to blame. Wash your dirty linen in your own back yard.

5. Don't ask the customer to file a claim with the railroad for damages suffered in transit. While this is a common practice, it does not build goodwill. It shifts the burden of getting satisfaction to the customer, and gives him the impression that he is left to hold the bag.

6. Don't offer to pay a claim, or make a compromise begrudgingly. Too often, that spirit pops up in adjustment letters. Why be sour about it? If you are making a just settlement, then let the customer know you are happy to render him that service.

LETTER No. 51. Apologizing for delay, and giving complete satisfaction.

Dear Mr. Alberts:

Your letter dated March 23, addressed to our plant at Orange was handed me today. Needless to say we sincerely regret that your claim for damages in the amount of \$5 50 has not been adjusted to your satisfaction before this time.

During the twenty-seven years we have been in business we have been extremely jealous of the reputation we have acquired for courtesy, not only from our office executives but from our drivers as well.

We are sorry the accident occurred but hope that our driver conducted himself in a courteous manner. We have instructed Mr. L. B. Long, manager of our operations at Orange to pay you immediately, the \$5.50 in full settlement of the claim presented in your letter.

Again we apologize for our delay in taking care of this matter and will appreciate your not holding this unfortunate experience too much against our record for carefulness and courtesy. If at any time we can be of service to you, you have only to let us know.

Yours very truly,

LETTER No. 52. Here although the customer is at fault he is graciously told the company will stand the loss.

Dear Mr. Newman:

I am sorry there has been a misunderstanding about your remittance. But there was only 40 cents with the order when we received it, Mr. Newman. We looked carefully and are still holding the piece of cardboard in which the coins were probably wrapped.

Our mail is opened by bonded clerks and each one is under the strictest supervision, so it is hardly probable that the two one-dollar bills were taken after the order reached us. As we have a number of these clerks, it is impossible to give you the name of the one opening your letter.

As you perhaps know, it is not safe to send money through the mail in any form except by express or post office money order, bank draft or personal check. If for any reason silver or currency must be used the letter should be registered. Otherwise the money goes at the sender's risk and we can hardly be expected to make good any loss that may occur.

But you have been such a good customer for so many years that we wouldn't risk having a misunderstanding come between us, so we are marking the \$1.99 account paid. I am sure you will now realize how unsafe it is to send money by open mail. So if you will use one of the safe ways when sending your future remittances, we can promise you prompt and efficient service.

Yours very truly,

LETTER No. 53. To answer a complaint about storage charges, and make them stick.

Dear Mr. Herman:

I am glad to have your letter and sincerely hope you will always write me whenever there is anything you would like to have cleared up. I don't need to tell you that we all

appreciate your business. You know how we have always taken care of you and made sure you would have the goods when you needed them.

You know we figure close with a merchant who buys as you do and there just is not any leeway for added costs.

You are so busy putting your business over in a big way and doing all the things you have to do that I suppose you failed to notice in the contract the provision that storage charges, if any, would have to be charged to you.

You see, Mr. Herman, we did all our figuring on the original deal and made our price on the assumption that there would be no storage charges. The price basis on which we are operating is a good thing for you and helps our volume. I have talked this over with the Credit Manager and he figures that if the item is allowed we will have to take it out of our hide.

We want to keep on giving you first class service. I hope this transaction will help you earn a good profit on your investment as you certainly did buy right.

Look up your copy of the contract. I know you are interested in making profits as all good business men are. I also know you are fair and I have assured our folks that you will do what is right.

Yours sincerely,

LETTER No. 54. Answering the country doctor about finding a cockroach in a sample of biscuits.

Dear Doctor Slonaker:

I think I understand how you feel about that cockroach in our sample box of biscuits.

Fifteen years ago in the dining room of a leading hotel, I found one in my order of creamed chicken - my appetite vanished - I left my dinner practically untouched. I was younger then and did not even call the waiter's attention to the "extra portion," but to this day when I try to visualize the kitchen of that hotel, I see cockroaches running rampant over everything. Perhaps if I had been as frank as you have and had given the management a chance to explain, I would have found that conditions were not as I supposed.

It was mighty fair of you to write us, for we appreciate an opportunity to tell you something which we hope will change your present opinion of our product and our standards.

We are not satisfied to just meet the requirements of government inspectors. All employees must pass a rigid physical examination. Slovenly practices and dirty

habits are not permitted. Human hands do not touch our product. Employees wear clean gloves and don a clean, white uniform each day.

All receptacles, mixers, and ovens are kept spotlessly clean. The tile floors are scrubbed and all equipment in mixing, baking and packing departments is washed daily. We are proud of our light, airy factory, our modern, up-to-date equipment and our standards of cleanliness, but we are mighty ashamed of that cockroach. We treat every crack and corner of our factory to kill insect pests, their eggs and larvae. Mice and rats are not tolerated - all of these are special problems of our business and we consider cleanliness in our factory as conscientiously as we do in our homes.

Upon receipt of your letter we made a thorough check of all departments, right down to the last container, packed and unpacked, and we can assure you there are no more cockroaches.

We are sending you another package of our biscuits and we hope you will have no hesitancy in sampling them. They are pure, clean and healthful.

We would consider it a special favor if you will pay us a visit if you are ever in town - don't let us know ahead of time when you are coming. As a physician you will see many things of interest and will find we have not exaggerated conditions. You will be very welcome.

It is jokingly said that "doctors bury their mistakes" - won't you bury this unfortunate one of ours?

Very truly yours,

LETTER No. 55. Here the customer is given extra special service after complaining about a shipment.

Dear Mr. Field:

If we neglected to include the hinges on your recent hardware order, we certainly deserve everything you said about us in your letter of the 16th. We're sincerely sorry about the trouble and delay.

In checking over our memorandum we find the hinges are not listed. Perhaps our Mr. Baker neglected to jot down this item; or possibly you overlooked mentioning the hinges. At any rate, the important thing is that you need those hinges, and need them mighty bad. So they are going forward today by Parcel Post, Special Delivery, Special Handling. You should have them almost as soon as this letter reaches you.

We do hope that you will not be seriously inconvenienced.

Sincerely yours,

LETTER No. 56. Offering the customer a reasonable compromise in answer to his request that some shoes be returned.

Gentlemen:

When a customer writes us for the privilege of returning boots for exchange or credit the first thought that comes to him is that we have customers scattered all over the U. S., and that we can use this returned merchandise by placing it with others.

Naturally, it's embarrassing to us to decline an accommodation, which in itself looks to be only a small item, but when you consider that over a period of time such requests run into the thousands, you can appreciate that it would be necessary for us to set up a department requiring additional help and resulting in added expense. This expense cannot readily be added into the cost of the goods, because that would be unfair to those customers who carry large stocks and who do not ask for such privileges. They, therefore, should not be penalized with such costs.

It has been estimated that the cost of handling returned goods ranges from slightly over 50¢ per pair in the case of shoes, lace boots and cowboy boots, to slightly over \$1.00 in the case of riding and field boots. This last figure being greater because usually these boots must again be placed on the forms and retread.

All of us realize that a properly balanced stock is the only satisfactory method of fitting a customer. To attempt to fit a customer with a pair of boots, judging from the size of his or her foot, is almost impossible, due to the variation in the types of lasts, etc. There are times when you feel you cannot afford the risk of keeping a special size in stock, if the boots do not fit, and it is then that you think of an exchange or return.

In our fifty odd years of dealing with merchants, we have found most of them to be fair. The trouble, if any, has been that we have not always understood each other's problems. In this case, if you are willing to reimburse us for the extra handling cost, plus postage both ways, and if the bottoms have not been scratched or soiled, the deal is made. Is this satisfactory?

Yours very truly,

P. S. Write your reply on the back of this letter and drop it into the mail.

LETTERS TO COLLECT MONEY

Next to sales, the problem of giving credit and collecting money is probably the most important to business. A company cannot operate unless its products are sold at a profit, and that profit can-

not be maintained unless customers pay their bills. So you see the man responsible for collections and credit holds a vital position.

Furthermore, practically all of his work is handled by mail. The salesman, except in extraordinary cases, does not have time to collect money. Neither is it possible for the credit manager to personally deliver bills or collect for them. This means that they must be sent out by mail, and when ignored, letters must be used to get the money. The job of writing those letters is one requiring great diplomacy, and considerable skill. Tactless letters irritate the debtor, and make him all the more stubborn about paying. Moreover, when he does pay his bill, he holds a grudge against the man who handled him so roughly. He resolves never again to buy from that "blankety-blank" company.

This means that the credit manager is balanced on the point of a needle—trying to hold customer goodwill, and at the same time trying to make them behave properly. If he bears down too hard in collecting unpaid bills, then the sales department accuses him of not cooperating with the salesmen—he makes it difficult for them to get repeat orders. If he is too "soft," then he is quickly reminded by the chief executive that collections must be kept up to date.

It is reasonable to say, however, that the average person *intends* to pay his debts. When he makes a purchase, he *thinks* he can pay the bill within the allowed time. But sometimes he overestimates that ability to pay, or perhaps he is the victim of unexpected circumstances that squeeze his purse. He still means to pay the bill, and feels he is doing his best. He doesn't want to be bullied or humiliated with letters which imply he is a cheat or a rascal.

More than that, he *does* begin to pay his debts as soon as possible. Maybe he cannot pay them all at one time, so he gives preference to some over the others. And in making his choice of which bills to pay first, it is logical to expect that he will favor the company whose follow-ups have been friendly and tactful. Or, if by threat of law-suit, he is forced to pay one company ahead of the rest, he certainly puts that company on his black-list when it comes to future purchases.

All of the above, of course, applies to the debtor who is fundamentally *honest*—who means to pay his debts, and will pay them, at the very first opportunity. They include the majority of people, because most of us are honest and dependable. On the other hand,

there are some folks who are the opposite—they ignore their obligations purposely and take every chance to avoid meeting them. Such people must be handled more bluntly than the others.

If you will agree to the above, then it is clear that the credit manager must be a good student of human nature. He must be careful in granting credit to separate those who are honest from those who are not. When he does make a mistake and give credit to one of the "black-sheep" he is forced to handle him differently than those who are white.

In no case, however, should a collection letter ever be ugly or sarcastic in spirit. It is quite possible to be firm and at the same time be friendly. A delinquent customer can be told in a nice way that his account will be turned over to an attorney for collection. Even that "last resort" step can be taken with sympathy for the victim, and the deep regret that such a step is necessary.

The amount of time allowed any customer in paying his bills varies in different companies, and according to past relations with that customer. If he has been a "good-pay" buyer for several years, and then falls behind, he will get more consideration than one who has recently started dealing with the company. In any case, the first collection letter to a delinquent is usually only a reminder that the bill is unpaid, suggesting that perhaps it has been overlooked, and asking for a check. A few days later, usually about ten, a second letter is mailed—later a third and a fourth. As time goes on, and especially if the letters are not answered, the collection manager becomes more insistent. He knows by then that the failure to pay was not an oversight, that each unanswered letter increases the chance that the customer is involved in a serious financial difficulty.

Finally, the situation comes to the point where the customer gets a final appeal to pay or take the consequences. This is commonly called the "last resort" collection letter. In it, the credit manager uses every possible argument which may get the money without a law-suit. The latter is expensive, even if won. It means no profit on the sale, and usually a loss.

Of course, the credit manager has other letters to write besides those which go after money. He must at times *refuse* credit to the man whose rating is not good, and try to make the order stick on a cash basis. He must insist that customers do not take discounts which have not been earned. But at all times, he must approach his readers with tolerance and understanding, trying

to make them see that while certain terms must be met, he is just as anxious to serve them well as are the members of the sales department.

The following letters, actually used by some of the leading credit managers in America, will give you a conception of how various collection problems are rightly handled.

LETTER No. 57. The friendly "have you forgotten" type usually used as a first follow-up.

Dear Subscriber:

Our accounting department does solemnly affirm, maintain and assert that you owe us five dollars.

We hate to get excited about five dollars. We also dislike the usual "collection letter" which bursts into tears in the first paragraph and yells for the law in the second.

Trouble is though that you and 999 other subscribers all holding out five dollars leave us \$5000 in the hole. It is this little problem in elementary arithmetic that shakes our faith in humanity.

So to quote from an esteemed contemporary won't you "obey that impulse" and send us your check for five dollars, for in this case procrastination is certainly the thief of TIME.

Sincerely yours,

LETTER No. 58. The customer has not replied to a previous one, so he gets this second reminder.

Gentlemen:

You know it's the usual thing, when no answer is received to a collection letter, for most people to josh themselves into thinking that it was overlooked.

But I am frank enough to admit that I believe you did not answer my letter, with a check, because, you, perhaps, didn't have the money right then. Am I right?

You see, I am taking it for granted that you would feel just as we do if conditions were reversed, so I am appealing to your sense of fairness.

Don't you think it would be only fair to send what is due, after we have waited so long a time?

Think it over, Mr. Blank, and if you cannot send a check today, let me know when to expect one. This little courtesy won't take very much of your time, and we will appreciate it.

The addressed envelope is for your convenience.

Yours truly,

LETTER No. 59. An example of the type used with good results after two or more letters have been ignored.

Dear Dr. Kinney:

What would YOU do if you had an account like this?

It isn't large ... by itself ... but how a group of them can count up! And when they are for small amounts how hard it is not to lose all your legitimate profit - and more - on collection expense!

We were glad to extend open account terms to you - and although this has run far beyond the usual 30 days, isn't it true that we've been fairly decent about waiting this long for our money?

There, in a few short lines, is our whole case. We don't want to be unpleasant. Most certainly we don't want to subject you to annoyance by turning over this little bill to a collection agency.

We want your goodwill. We'd like to count you among our preferred customers. I cannot believe that you want us to suffer a loss because of our good faith in sending your order without cash in advance.

So I am enclosing an addressed envelope that needs no postage, and I am appealing to you to use it - this moment - to send the small sum owing to us.

Please !

LETTER No. 60. Here the credit manager uses the humorous approach in the effort to get the money.

Dear Mr. Means:

The worst has happened! Elmer, our treasurer, has found out about your account and is threatening to write you a letter!

As a friend of yours I implore you to pay now before it is too late! People who get Elmer's collection letters never recover. We hide the Accounts Receivable Ledger from him but sometimes he finds it and gets out of hand. If you realized the horror of it you'd mail your check at once. If you had seen the pitiful results as we know them! Young men prematurely aged and strong men broken - babbling in a corner through palsied fingers. It is hideous!

Usually Elmer's letters result in 40 per cent collections and 60 per cent suicides. He may have other words in his vocabulary besides "sue," "legal action," and the un-repeatables, but no one has heard him use any since the spring of 1908.

Elmer's old mother (who has been in a sanitarium since he was seven) tells us that he was a happy, normal boy until he was five. Then a neighbor child persuaded him to trade two old pennies for one shiny new one. When Elmer found out he'd been hornswoggled the change came over night. He earned his first dime drowning kittens, worked in a slaughter house when he was fourteen and is now treasurer of our company. He is president of the League for Restoration of the Death Penalty and has filed a standing application for the job of public hangman.

You see the situation. I like people and I just can't stand the thought of having Elmer destroy your will to live. So please, for your own sake and the ease of my conscience, mail your check today for the \$3.45 owing to us for your Personalized Christmas Greetings - or you may get a letter from Elmer - God forbid.

Urgently yours,

LETTER No. 61. A final appeal to an old customer whose payments in the past have been prompt.

Gentlemen:

I wish that I were able to sit down and talk to you for about ten minutes in regard to handling of your account. I would be very much interested in knowing the circumstances that have prompted delay in remitting for January and February charges.

The distance between us makes it impossible for me to see you at this time. Accordingly, I have to sit back here and look at factors such as past experience, ratings and credit information in an effort to determine why our account has not been taken care of. Now the surprising thing is that all these factors point to you having a very satisfactory credit standing but for some reason or other we have been waiting five or six months for settlement of our account.

At the present time there is outstanding a balance of \$157.47 on shipments that went forward last January and February. Ordinarily, we would be very much alarmed about an account as old as yours is and would seriously consider taking other steps to protect our interests. Our attitude about your account is quite to the contrary. We have been glad to show you special consideration in view of the very satisfactory manner in which invoices have been taken care of in the past and do not feel at all concerned about ultimate payment.

The thing that does bother us is that you have not at any time written explaining reason for delay in remitting for January and February invoices. I am sure you will appreciate that it would be a lot easier for us if we did have the details on your account and it would make us feel that you are not abusing the confidence we have in you.

To avoid the possibility of any misunderstanding we would appreciate your either making immediate arrangements for taking care of overdue balance on your account or dropping us a note today advising just what can be expected. Surely you will agree that we are entitled to this consideration.

Yours very truly,

LETTER No. 62. While it tells the customer he is about to be sued, the letter is still friendly.

Dear Mr. Jones:

If a man owed you \$225 and seemed unwilling to pay it, what would you do? Would you merely wish that he would surprise you someday with a check? No, you would not. You would go right after your money, wouldn't you?

Perhaps you would like to know how we credit managers feel about the whole business. We get a lot of pleasure out of our work, because we find that most people respond to fairness and willingness to cooperate.

When a customer does not send us a check by the tenth of the month, we always give him the benefit of the doubt and assume that he has merely forgotten. We wait a few days and send him a friendly reminder. If we do not hear from him within a reasonable time, we assume that he is in financial difficulties and we like to talk things over and see whether we can find a way out or not. If he does not respond to our friendly offer of assistance, we naturally assume that he is unwilling to pay - perhaps for some very good reason - it may be our fault. We are still willing to help and settle the matter pleasantly. If there is no response to this appeal, the only thing we can think is that the customer doesn't care.

When we have begun to have doubts as to one's responsibility, we have to report the case to the Credit Association and that does not help the credit standing of the customer. We make every effort to protect that credit standing because it is to our advantage to do so. It is also decidedly to the advantage of the customer. If our suggestions and friendly offers are not accepted and no explanation is given, we begin to think of collection agencies and lawsuits - but not until we are compelled to do so by those who are unwilling to cooperate.

You have made it necessary for us to think of the most disagreeable things - courts, lawyers arguing over a few dollars, costs, time lost, credit impaired - not a pleasant picture is it? The situation is this - if we do not hear from you within five days we shall have to transfer the account to our attorneys for whatever action they may consider necessary.

Sincerely yours,

LETTER No. 63. A goodwill letter—thanking the customer who has paid his notes in the agreed time.

Dear Mr. Allen:

The play has ended and the stage darkened.

This does not mean, however, that the memory of a good performance is forgotten or the principal actors whose work made the play a memorable thing are unappreciated.

On the contrary we do appreciate the fine manner in which you paid your notes on the fan account and it is with real pleasure that we return the original note and mortgage to you, duly cancelled with recorder's release.

This one play is over. That is true, but the show of business continues and we want to have a part in that big performance by helping you either with our equipment or suggestions.

Again that word of thanks for your choice of our equipment and your promptness in making payment. We hope too, we shall soon rise to the curtain call for serving you again.

Yours very truly,

LETTER No. 64. Used when the buyer's credit rating would not justify shipping the order on "open" terms.

Dear Mr. Adams:

Thanks for the fine order which you gave to Jack Huston last Friday. It's a good selection — one that includes many of our best-selling styles.

Much as we should like to send these shoes to you right away, we can't see our way clear to do it. The trouble is that we don't have the kind of credit information about your company that we need to send an order of this size on open account.

Put yourself in our place, Mr. Adams. Suppose a customer who hadn't traded with you before walked into your store, bought some shoes, and asked you to wait for your money. Naturally, you would want to sell him the shoes and if he looked like the right kind of fellow you'd be tempted to say, "It's all right. Take the shoes and pay me later."

And, it would be all right to do this once or twice. But you couldn't keep on doing it. Pretty soon you'd find everything you had invested in your business tied up — on the outside.

That's the way it is with us. We'd like to say "yes" on each new account but it just wouldn't be good business for us — or, in the long run, for the fellow who buys from us.

So, we have worked out a plan that is followed by many dealers who are buying Cobb shoes for the first time. It has helped a lot of dealers like yourself to get started with the Cobb line and to build up a fine business on Cobb shoes. It has also enabled us to sell Cobb shoes at a price which gives the dealer a much greater margin of profit.

Briefly, it is this. The dealer has his first shipment go out, sight draft (for one-half the total of his order) attached to bill of lading. Then he arranges to pay the balance within thirty days. Most dealers find that by featuring Cobb shoes they can pay off well within the thirty days and order replacements. Gradually, of course, they build up their business on the Cobb line -- and their credit with the Cobb Company.

It's a plan that has worked mighty well for others and that we are sure will work for you. Just wire us collect, saying that it's all right, and the shoes will be on their way at once.

Very cordially yours,

LETTER No. 65. Another fine "last resort" follow-up.

Dear Dr. West:

I have been extremely disappointed at not receiving even a partial remittance on your account since we wrote you on August 10.

Frankly, the "open and above board" tone of your letter convinced me that you were a young man worth carrying. I felt that if you would only show a tendency to meet us half way, we would, somehow, pull through this difficult period together.

I looked upon the partial remittance I asked you for, as an example of your good faith.

You know everyone hates to think that his judgment of human nature is faulty. It is the realization of the mistakes we all make that causes credit men to become crabbed and dyspeptic -- and I'd hate to number you among my mistakes.

We have reached the end of our rope now. It has been more than six months since you have made a payment on your account, and if you are not able to resume at least partial payments immediately, I shall simply have to assume that my judgment of you was faulty. Then I shall have no choice but to let our legal department proceed to collect this account as best they can.

I shall hold this file for ten days only.

Very truly yours,

LETTER No. 66. To the customer who insists on taking a discount to which he is not entitled.

Although you say, friend Rayman, that you will quit doing business with us if we insist that you pay the unearned discount deducted from our invoice of April 10th, I honestly believe it would be the other way around. I say this because few of us have any respect for those who do not stand for their rights. And we are within our rights, else I wouldn't write.

Let's suppose a man came to you and bought a bill of goods. Upon buying, he asked for the cash price and the term price. Then suppose he waits until long after the term period had expired, and then pays you the cash price. Wouldn't you, friend Rayman, go to him and say he was still owing you a difference? I believe that you would.

Now, that is our position exactly. When we offered our proposition we, in effect, said to your buyer: "If you pay our invoice within 70 days, you may deduct 4% as a cash discount. But if the bill is not paid after 70 days, then, the invoice is net. The discount privilege is lost."

This term proposition was accepted when you bought \$101.60 worth of rugs on April 10th. The last day for discounting was June 20th. But your accountant didn't mail the check until August 6th - or 47 days after the last discount date. When he did he deducted a discount that was no longer available.

What would you do, friend Rayman, were you in our place? Would you ask for the \$3.97 erroneously deducted? If you wouldn't, say nothing, and we'll write it off, never saying another word about it. But if you would, then you will know what to do with the stamped envelope I enclose.

With best good wishes.

LETTERS OF APPLICATION

While application letters for employment are not strictly a part of business—since they are written by outsiders to the company—it may be that a short review of them will be helpful to readers of this discussion. Most of us find it necessary at one time or another to write for positions, but not always effectively.

Personnel directors will tell you that the average young person applying for a job has small conception of how to go about it. He does not seem to realize that the application letter is an attempted "sale"—just as much as would be a letter about an automobile, a house, or a pail of fish. Don't laugh at the idea of

selling fish by mail, for there are several companies who do it successfully.

If you were trying to sell a dog to a friend, you would probably describe how gentle he was with children, how fearless with strangers. You would tell about some of his tricks and of the smart things he had done while you were his master. But the average person trying to *sell himself* makes a poor job of putting his own good points on paper. Usually, he says that he is willing to "do anything," and that only irritates the executive to whom the letter is mailed. Business men are looking for young men and women who know *what* they want to do, and who have prepared for it. Give *reasons*, too, why you should be hired.

In applying for a job by letter, you must also realize that others are doing the same thing. In a large company, it is not unusual to get fifty to one hundred letters a week from job hunters. If an "ad" has been inserted in the newspaper, asking for application letters, several hundred may come in. Now place yourself in the chair of the executive who reads those letters. How would you go about selecting certain of the writers for interviews?

Well, first, you would have a better opinion of the person who was neat and thorough in stating his case than the one who was sloppy and careless. After all, the application letter is an evidence of what your value will be on the job. The man who dashes off his message in a wild scribble—misspelling words and taking no pains—is likely to be just as "rambunctious" when he goes to work.

Second, you would be interested to see how well the applicant argued for himself—what good, sound reasons he gave to indicate that he might be an exceptional fellow. Modesty may be a virtue, but it seldom gets a job. The employment manager or personnel director really wants to know about the fine things you accomplished in school, of the honors you won in athletics, of the leadership positions you have held. You do not have to brag about those things—but they are real points in your favor. It is foolish to ignore them.

Third, you would be more interested in the application letter which was *different*. Imagination and cleverness are just as desirable in business as any other place in life. People with interesting personalities always attract more attention—usually get farther—than those who are dull and "grooved." You should *plan* your application letter with just as much care as you would

an assignment for an English class—take just as much time in making it vivid and colorful.

Fourth, you would be impressed by the applicant who seemed to have a serious purpose in life. Business men like to put their money on young folks who are using part of their outside time in study—rather than all of it in play. The applicant should tell what he is doing to get ready for bigger things. For example, like reading this book and taking the course of which it is a part.

The average application letter is far too short. It doesn't *make a sale*. The writers tell why they *want* positions, but they only *ask* for them. They give no proof of their ability. Another common fault is ignoring the specifications for the job as stated in the "ad." If the latter says specifically that an inexperienced boy with high school education is wanted, it is a waste of time for a man forty years old to put his hat in the ring.

But suppose you examine a few good application letters which actually have landed jobs for the writers. From them you will get some good hints for your own use.

LETTER No. 67. The application of a young man who wanted to write sales letters, and proved he could by selling himself.

Dear Mr. Downey:

It will take about two minutes for you to read this letter, but it may lead to an understanding between us which will last for many years. At least, will you just relax and listen while I tell my story.

Frankly, I come to you as a salesman, and that automatically makes you the potential buyer. What I have to sell is used in every business. It is both necessary and important — and you could not possibly get along without it.

I am not fooling myself with the thought that fancy words or glittering generalities in this letter will make the sale. That would be an insult to your intelligence, and a reflection on your buying ability. Unless I can offer superior quality and lasting satisfaction, you will not be interested. And should not be!

Coming straight to the point, it is a MAN I have for sale — and that man is myself.

Without wasting a lot of time with details about experience and training, which can be explained later, let me simply say that I can write sales letters which do get orders. I can write them better than the average man, and for that reason I can get you more orders than you ordinarily would expect.

That's my story in a nutshell ... better sales letters ... more orders ... extra profit for your business. It's a statement I can prove by performance on the job - just as I have done on other jobs. And on that statement, I rest my case!

If you are not completely satisfied with the pull of your sales letters; if you are anxious to push some new product by mail selling, then I can absolutely guarantee results on either job. This isn't a bit of bragging - just plain, unvarnished truth. I do know the technique of writing sales letters - because I have been digging at it for years.

Please let me know when I may see you. (Phone KEarny 6600.) At that time I'll add the other information about myself that you will want. I am old in experience, but not in years. All of that experience is available - to straighten out any kinks in the letters you are now using, or to write new ones that will increase your sales.

Thank you very much.

Very sincerely,

LETTER No. 68. This girl made her application letter interesting, and in that way got the job.

Dear Mr. Hunter:

My name is Alice - Alice Royce.

Of course, you have never heard of me, but it is my hope that some day my name will hang high in your office. Yes, I might just as well tell you now, because it has to come out some place in this letter - that I want to work for your company.

They say that good things come in small packages. Please think they do. You see, I only weigh one hundred and five pounds, and stretch as I will, I can't make myself taller than five feet and two inches. I don't know what to say about my appearance - maybe the least said, the better. But to be quite honest about that, too, I couldn't be so bad or the boys wouldn't have elected me Queen of the Senior class in high school. I say "the boys" because, of course, each girl voted for herself. Oh, yes, I am a blonde - but it's natural, and you couldn't blame me for that, could you?

Well, those are 'the least important of the things you want to know about me. After all, I have always heard that "business is business" and that to hold my own I'll have to be able to stand a lot of competition. All right, I'm not afraid. Maybe it sounds like bragging, but just the same I've got to tell you that in high school I was second in a class of two hundred - and that couldn't have been an accident, could it?

Now please don't think I am claiming to be smart. Of course, I'm not really. But when it came to work - well, the studies came first, and the boys got their dates when the studies were done - which wasn't very often. I never could get any fun out of a job half done, and I wouldn't in your business. You can count on that - and I'm not fibbing.

After high school, I wanted to get some more training - something more practical, more useful in business. So, this month I am finishing my second year in the secretarial course at Brown's Business College. There I have learned a lot of things that will help me to please you. I suppose you already have a good secretary - and I don't want her job. But I do want to be around so that when she goes away to get married, you can say "Alice, how would you like to be my secretary?"

And could I? Well, maybe you don't pay much attention to your spelling, but leave that to me and Webster. We know all the words. And when it comes to shorthand - talk just as fast as you like, and change your mind in the middle of every sentence. It won't matter. You'll get your letters back exactly as you meant to say them. I'll vouch for that.

Please tell me when I can come in for an interview. The telephone number is Garfield 2400, and I mean to stay home until you call. It's on pins and needles I'll be until I know - surely not a place you would long leave a young lady.

LETTER No. 69. A follow-up after the applicant has been granted an interview.

Dear Mr. Johnson:

Thanks much for the pleasant interview.

We had so much to talk over, and the conversation was so interesting, that I completely forgot one important subject which I had intended to mention. That's the little matter of new business - agency solicitation.

Unofficially, I have devoted a lot of time to this phase of agency activity, and have a system of letters and simple mailing pieces that has proved successful in getting inquiries for small agencies. It will be even more effective for a large agency.

The mailings go out in a series, each unit discussing one principle of advertising, and then showing how this principle is applied - to the client's advantage - by our organization; that is, by the agency doing the mailing.

It works. It's a-b-c stuff; but therein, apparently, lies its appeal. Prospects that receive this literature seem to feel that this agency knows the fundamentals, and practices them.

The system works almost automatically, once it's set up. I can handle it between jobs, I'm sure, with the assistance of one stenographer. Leads produced will of course be turned over to a regular new business man for follow-up.

I'm tremendously enthusiastic about the possibilities of that job, Mr. Johnson. It's interesting in itself, and interesting for what it leads to. I'm confiding to you solemnly, Mr. Johnson - it's a clear case of predestination. That job and I were meant for each other. You'll be facilitating the will of the Powers that Be when you say, "All right, Ott; Come on; go to work."

And greatly shall you be rewarded.

Sincerely,

LETTER No. 70. Here the applicant adroitly uses an interesting story to awaken reader interest in himself.

Dear Sir:

Did you ever hear about the man who built a motor boat down in his cellar?

When he got through with it, it was a great boat. But he found that the boat was so big and the door so small, that he couldn't get it out of the cellar.

You had heard of him, hadn't you? But did you ever hear what happened next? I never did. I don't know whether he tore the boat up or the cellar down - or just turned on the faucets and did his sailing in the basement.

Sometimes about the same thing happens in developing new employees.

They are hired, and a great deal of time is spent in adjusting them to the business - only to discover that they don't fit the job.

I honestly believe that I could make good in one of the positions which you have available, if given an opportunity. My experience in working my way through college and taking night school courses on the outside indicates my desire to succeed. An average grade of 94% at the University of Wisconsin and diploma "with honors" shows excellence in scholarship. An executive position which I have held during the summer months, and particularly my college publication activities, indicate that I have the initiative required for leadership.

May I tell you more about my qualifications in an interview?

I shall be looking forward eagerly to hearing from you, either at the above address or at telephone number Colfax 1240.

Respectfully yours,

Now you come to the end of this discussion of business letters. Purposely, the major part of the space has been used to show you many of the ways that letters are actually being used today by business executives to increase sales and build goodwill. You now have a good foundation on which to build future study of the subject. You also have acquired a knowledge which should be of great practical value to you on any job that involves the handling of correspondence—sample letters for many needs that you can use as models, and ideas that you can adapt to other situations.

And here is a parting thought that you should always remember. Do strive in every letter to be *friendly*. Think of the reader more than of yourself. Seek to serve him in a way that will reflect your own friendly spirit, and thus win respect for the company that you represent. The good letter writer seeks not only to transact business speedily, but he never overlooks a chance to make a cordial contact with customer or prospect.

On the letterhead of one company in Mississippi is printed the following slogan—"Language was made so that we might say pleasant things to each other." Doesn't that pretty well summarize all that has been said in this book about business letters? It is mostly a matter of your own mental attitude. The man who enjoys his work, who has a keen interest in other human beings, cannot fail to make his letters interesting and helpful.

Keep your standard high. Let the goodwill in your heart scatter to every place that your letters go. In that way only, can you hope to be a true letter craftsman.

PART III

CHAPTER VIII

BUSINESS LETTER PROBLEMS

The old saying, "Practice makes perfect," is certainly true of business letters. No matter how well you may have mastered the principles explained in the first two parts of this book, you cannot become an expert until you have *applied* your knowledge in solving actual letter problems. Hence, in this section of the book I am going to show you a variety of situations which people in business at one time or another have had to handle by correspondence.

These letter problems are not imaginary. They actually *happened*. Furthermore, they represent a fair cross section of thousands of similar situations which every day are being encountered in American business. They are the sort of thing *you* will meet in days to come, or may even be meeting now, and from your study of them you should reap much benefit. It is only as you *practice* writing that you can *learn* to write—and the more you do practice, the nearer you will come to being a true letter craftsman.

As you were told before, it has not been my intention to worry you with the insignificant, routine letters in business which any low salaried clerk with fair education can write. On the contrary, I have sought to confine my suggestions to those more important letters where *straight thinking* is as necessary as rhetorical ability. In other words, I have taken for granted you are aiming in your career for one of those better jobs where responsibilities are delegated which would not be trusted to the ordinary clerk or routine worker. With that thought still in mind, I have selected problems from my file which do require some thinking. The people in business to whom they fell originally were of some importance in the companies which they served—advertising managers, personnel directors, sales correspondents, credit and adjustment managers, etc. And those are jobs for which *you* are headed.

Some of these letter problems have also been used in contests I have conducted for various business magazines. In those cases, thousands of solutions were sent to me by executives who enjoyed the competition against others of their own rank and ability. You see, even those who have achieved success in business realize the value of practice—how it helps to keep their wits sharpened.

Obviously, the few letter problems you are going to study do not represent all of the letter situations common to business. Not in many whole books, could they all be covered. But they *are* typical exercises—true to life and practical. In them you will meet people from various walks of life—the kind of people who make up that “public” which business seeks to serve. They are all quite fascinating—you will have a lot of fun as well as benefit in deciding how to please them.

All right, let's begin with a letter that came to one of the well-known mail order houses. Permit me to introduce you to Mrs. Sarah Belle Jones.

LETTER No. 71. A comparatively easy sales letter problem.

Gentlemen:

I like the looks of your all-white six-burner gasoline range (268B) and I might be willing to pay the \$64.95 you ask for it.

But the lady who lives on the farm next to ours thinks it is a mistake to pay that much money for a stove which I haven't seen except in the catalog. She says anybody who orders a stove by mail is tempting Providence — that she has been stung too often and knows better.

Of course I don't listen to everything I hear, especially from a woman who talks too much anyway, but I do want to know if that stove will do everything you say it will. If I bought your stove and it wasn't as guaranteed, I'd send it back so quick your head would swim.

My husband has just sold his hogs and we have the cash. He isn't so set on my dealing with your company, but I told him he could mind the farm and I'd look after the kitchen. I guess you know how the men folks are. He ought to be satisfied, as there isn't a lady in Washburn County that serves her family any better meals.

This is not said to brag, but only to let you know that cooking comes natural to me, and if your stove isn't a good cooker you was wasting your time in trying to make me buy it.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Sarah Belle Jones

Why do I call this a comparatively easy sales letter problem? Well, because the prospective customer is already nibbling. She really wants the stove, she has the money, but she is a little bit worried by what her talkative neighbor told her about mail order houses. All she needs is a little encouragement. It happens that this letter of Sarah Belle's was used in a contest and I can show you the prize winning solution. See if you agree that it was a convincing reply. Did it *sell* the stove?

Dear Mrs. Jones:

I like letters like yours. It is evident you are not only a fine cook - but that you really know what you want, and intend to get it.

From personal experience, I know just what it means to have a stove that is a good cooker and baker. Many an evening I've sat in the kitchen waiting for hot bread to come out of mother's stove. I love that grand look on mother's face when she pulls out the bread, steaming crisp and golden brown.

Say - I've also watched mother rush around working over that hot wood range, getting a big dinner for the harvest hands. It's no fun, is it? Well, Mrs. Jones, when that neighbor of yours watches you cooking over that new range with ease and comfort, you can bet she'll be tempted. Yes, tempted to get one herself. Your husband - well, I can just see how proud of the stove he'll be too after it sets in your kitchen.

If you want a stove that will cook quickly, bake evenly - at the same time, economical - then you want our gasoline range, the one you liked in the catalogue. This new table-top model, with automatic safety device, should sell for a lot more than \$64.95, but we offer it at that price, knowing one stove will sell another. We make our profit by selling quality in quantity - and that means a real saving to you.

One burner will provide a full flame for 20 hours on one gallon of low-test gasoline. Isn't that economy, too?

You will like also the smooth design of this range. There are no protruding handles to catch on your apron or dress. The table-top gives a good clean space for kneading dough and mixing cookies. The big oven is insulated with rock wool. This not only saves fuel and gives quick heating, but it is cool in the summer. This oven will give you perfect service for any large family - any time, all the time, for the life of the range.

I don't want you to take my word for all this. Order the stove now, and try it for 30 days. If, then, you do not agree it is the best and most economical stove you could buy, regardless of price,

send it back to us. We'll gladly refund every penny you've put into it, including freight charges

Use the order blank and the envelope when you send the order. It will then come directly to me for prompt handling. Why miss one day in the happiness this wonderful stove will bring you? Send in the order the day you get this letter.

Cordially yours,

Before you think you are going to miss all the fun, I must tell you that last letter was only a "sample." It wouldn't do you much good if I gave you solutions for these letter problems. Not at least until you have had first crack at them. So from now on you can decide how the letters should be answered—and practice doing it.

I imagine the reply to Mrs. Jones, however, would have made the sale. Don't you? It had a good strong chain of reasons for buying, and a quite persuasive hook. But now you must meet Angelo Garatelli, a retail grocer on "Main Street" in any small town. His letter came to a large cereal mill and was passed to the manager of the adjustment department. Angelo wanted credit for some corn flakes because they were infested with weevils, but they (the flakes) had been in his possession for six months and no manufacturer can afford to guarantee perishable goods so long. The claim was denied by the adjustment manager, and the money in full collected. But what was said in the adjustment manager's letter to bring about such a happy result? You try it.

LETTER No. 72. How can you say "No" and retain this man's friendship?

Gentlemen:

How come you try to get Angelo's money for corn food which you know he cannot sell? My customers are the grand folks in town and you cannot expect them to eat corn food which is walking with weevils. I tell this to your salesman two time twice or maybe more, and that if you keep on sending bills, I would give him no more orders.

Only two days before today, I sell three boxes this corn food to my rich customer, Mrs. Williams, and she come back to my store and raise a lot of fuss. She was red in the face and with my store crowded she shout that I am selling spoiled things, and I should ought to be arrested. Then she throw all three boxes at me and say I should be the one to eat the bugs and she would not. Now you tell me — what should I do when my business is ruined by you

people shipping me ten cases of food which is really more bugs than corn?

Now, please, gentlemen, you must send me the permission to get rid quick of eight cases, or say to your salesman to take them away. Then I will pay you for the two cases which I already sell to my customers who maybe don't care what they eat and say nothing about the bugs. It would not be fair to me, as I have been most times to you, do you keep on wanting me to pay for spoiled goods.

Now write to your good old customer Angelo and say to him we all forget about these bills but I pay you for two cases. This way we settle, and then your salesman still get smiles when he come to see me. What you say?

Your friend,
Angelo Garatelli

Mr. Garatelli's English was not so good, but he surely knew how to wheedle. Of course, having been a grocer for a long time, he *knew* that cereals are not guaranteed against weevils for six months. But he wasn't above trying to get credit if he could. Step out of the adjustment manager's office now, and see what is going on in the sales department. The assistant sales manager is reading a letter from John Avery. John has been with the company for fifteen years, and always has been a good salesman. Lately, he has had some difficulty in getting orders.

LETTER No. 73. A discouraged salesman wants to quit.

Dear Mr. Davis

Old Man Bailey turned me down cold again today. As you know, I've been after him for three years, and while you haven't said so, I know you think I'm a piker or I would have landed him long ago.

I guess you are right. I've been plowing through the mud all day and have only twenty bags to show for twelve hours of hard work. The weather isn't any alibi. There wouldn't be any use to give you one because you know a good salesman can get orders under any conditions.

This year I don't understand what's wrong with me. I hate to admit it, but I'm just slipping. I just can't get the business like I could in the old days. I've never tried so hard as this year, and what is there to show for it? Nothing — not a darned thing. No bonus in July — first time I missed in fourteen years — and my name near the bottom of the list the last time out. Maybe a lot of fellows wouldn't let that get their goat, but I was always proud of my standing near the top — and I can't take it any other way.

Mr. Davis, there is only one thing for me to do and keep my self-respect. I've got to look for another job. You have always treated me white, but I know I'm a problem to you now. I'll stick in this territory until you can find a better man for the job. It isn't that I want to leave you and the rest of the boys, but I'm all washed up and there's nothing else I can do.

Your salesman & friend,
John Avery.

Tut, tut! You can't let a good man get away just because he is "blue"—what are you going to do about it? Write him a "pep talk"? I hope not. Salesmen get too much of that. John needs facts, evidence, suggestions, some real help for selling. But don't raise his salary—that would be the easy way out. I see there is another letter bothering the assistant sales manager. It's from Hugo "Dizzy" Dean. I suppose he got that nickname because of his resemblance to the famous pitcher—you can tell he likes to talk by reading his letter.

LETTER No. 74. How to win a bet and lose a customer.

... and you know, Chief, I took that last bulletin of yours about wasted advertising material, and read it twice which you know I didn't have to do because I can read anything once and know what it means by heart. But anyway I made up my mind none of my dealers would let our stuff rot under the counters.

Well, Chief, I landed in Charlie Wagner's store right after lunch and I saw right away that our last display which you said cost four bucks each wasn't getting any business for Charlie or me, because he had hid it somewhere or given it to his kids to play with. That sure made me sore.

But that wasn't all, Chief. Charlie had the gall to tell me he hadn't been sent that display, which I knew was a whopper because I had left that same display at Charlie's place on my last trip. But the more I argued, the harder his head got. I guess you would have laughed to hear us as we were both pretty hot, and it ended by me offering to bet him five dollars that display was somewhere in his store.

Well, you know old Hugo well enough, Chief, to be sure I don't back down when I know I am right so I stuck around until Charlie got busy with some customers who didn't know how glad I was they came in because it gave me a chance to do a little blood-bound work. Like Sherlock Holmes, you know who I mean, Chief.

To make a long story short, I found that display behind a pile of boxes in the back room, and it hadn't even been unwrapped.

You should have seen Charlie's face when he had to fork over those five bucks - and me giving him the horse-laugh all the time.

Well, after I left Charlie ...

Think hard about that salesman, and I think you will be writing him in a way that he doesn't expect. Probably, you can see from the letters of John Avery and Hugo Dean that no two salesmen can be handled in the same way. Some need to be built up, and some trimmed down, but the good salesmanager knows how to get the best results from each individual. Be careful, however, with Hugo. He is a good salesman in spite of his conceit. You can't afford to break his spirit.

But wait a minute. It's evidently a day of problems in the sales department. There's another letter underneath Hugo's, and it, too, concerns a salesman. But this third letter is from Cy Wenner, one of your biggest dealers. I wonder what you are going to say when you reply to him.

LETTER No. 75. The dealer who wants your salesman reinstated.

Dear Mr. Wilson:

I have just read your letter discharging Sam Snell and to say that I am disgusted with such unwarranted action is putting it mildly. I understand that the average corporation has little appreciation of honest service, but it has been my opinion that your outfit was an exception to the usual run of ruthless and cold-blooded companies.

You should realize, if you do not, that Sam has been getting a larger share of Wenner business than any other salesman competing with him. And he is going to continue to get my orders, even if it becomes necessary for me to buy other brands. I am going to stand by Sam, and his successor, if you have gone that far, will not be welcome in my office. I do not like to talk in such an unfriendly manner, but justice is justice, and two can play your game as well as one.

I might remind you that the Wenner Company purchased about fifty carloads of your brands last year, and there are many smaller dealers in this state who go along with us. It will pay you to remember all of this business when you consider my request that you put Sam back on the job, which he surely deserves.

What's the matter with Sam? He is smart enough to hold a college degree, and so well liked that he hasn't an enemy in the world - unless it be you people who have turned him out without reason. He has been working for you almost six years, and it seems queer to me that you would take so long to decide

he wasn't making good. Sam is true blue and you know it, but the thing you probably didn't know is that he is engaged to marry my daughter in June - and a fine wedding present you have handed this young couple!

So you see I have a personal interest in Sam, although that has nothing to do with my estimate of his value to your company. He gets my daughter no matter what you do, but you don't get any more of my business unless he goes back to work. I am ready to buy several thousand cases of canned goods but will wait to find out what you intend to do about Sam.

Yours for fair play,

Cy Wenner, president.

Well, that is a letter-problem. No matter what you may think of Mr. Wenner's motives, the fact remains that a fifty-carload dealer is worth money to your firm. Should you reinstate Sam? Oh, no. He has been slipping badly, was warned many times, and you can't rehire him. I happen to know that the sales manager who actually handled this problem *did* save the account, but he was sweating blood for two weeks over it. So go ahead and write your letter—tell Cy Wenner “No” and make him like it. All right, let's investigate the morning mail of an advertising manager. Here's a letter from Samuel Porter, a new dealer, which is not exactly easy to answer. I imagine Samuel knows he is doing a neat job of chiseling, but he makes things difficult with his glowing account of sales on opening day.

LETTER No. 76. When advertising money is spent without authority.

Gentlemen:

The first order of your radios should be closed out in the next sixty days. You can appreciate now that you have a dealer in Decatur who is on his toes.

As your salesman, Winthrop, suggested, we opened our showing of your line in a grand fashion, last Saturday. We gave potted plants to all the women who visited our store that day, and cigars to the men. Not cheap cigars like politicians and salesmen hand out, but sure enough ten centers. Then we also had balloons and puzzles for the kids, and from the number of them who took advantage of our generosity it is plain we don't have any worry in Decatur about population decreasing.

All of this was a real expense to yours truly, but when working with a high-class outfit like yours I know a few dollars either way make little difference.

Of course, I had to let folks know about this opening day, and I ran a full page ad in the Decatur News on Thursday and Friday. The editor is an old buddy of mine so he gave me a very special price of one hundred bucks for the two insertions.

I wanted your man, Winthrop, to approve this advertising expense, knowing a company like yours would be glad to help a new dealer get started, but he said I would have to get in touch with you as he had no authority. That sounded funny to me, but I went ahead anyway, as I knew you folks would be glad to cooperate.

If there is any question about this matter, I'll go half way and we can split the bill, but I don't suppose you'll hesitate about paying it all. The invoice from the newspaper and copies of the two ads are attached.

Worry no more about sales in Decatur. Before the year is over you'll discover I know how to push a good line like yours.

Sincerely yours,

Samuel Porter.

Of course, you would like to please Mr. Porter, and he has a nice way of putting you "on the spot," but hardly a day passes that an advertising manager is not pestered with similar requests. There is no provision in the budget for such expenditures, and you can't make an exception for Samuel. On the contrary, you do want to be tactful so that his enthusiasm will not be dampened. So try your skill at that one.

Another problem the advertising manager so often faces is the accusation by dealers and consumers that he is spending too much money. They say, "Why not save all that money and sell your products at lower prices?" That's the lament of Eric Casper in this letter.

LETTER No. 77. How can the cost of advertising be justified?

Gentlemen:

While you may not like to be bothered by people who tell you how to run your business, the comment is frequently made among my friends that your prices are too high - that if you didn't spend so much for advertising a good out could be effected.

Isn't it true that while printers' ink will sell any article, good or bad, products of merit will sell themselves?

The advertising you folks do must cost a fortune - big painted signs on the highways, hundred page

booklets mailed at random (most of them never read), and radio hours on national hook-ups can't be bought for a song.

If your products are half as good as you claim them to be, you don't need all these extravagant ads. Why not remember the best ad of all is a satisfied customer, and put your prices down by eliminating all this unnecessary ballyhoo?

A customer who means well;
Eric Casper.

Of course, you know the answer to that complaint. Advertising when carefully planned increases sales, which in turn reduces production cost. Good advertising thus pays for itself. Can you put that thought across to Eric Casper? Some folks don't change their opinions gracefully—be sure to handle Eric diplomatically. But here's a memorandum from the president of the company to the advertising manager—he presents a much more pleasing problem.

LETTER No. 78. Enlisting the wives in a sales contest.

Dear Mr. Brandon:

At our sales conference yesterday while you were out of town it was decided to build a contest around Thanksgiving — with turkeys as prizes.

Here's the plan. The contest will run from October 15 to November 15. Each salesman must beat his sales for the same period last year by 15% to be a winner. The turkeys will be expressed from our experimental farm to arrive forty-eight hours before Thanksgiving day.

We want you to prepare a letter describing this contest which will be mailed to the wives of our salesmen on November 1. We thought it would be smart to enlist the women in this contest since they are the ones most interested in Thanksgiving dinner.

Tell each wife that a plump, juicy gobbler has been reserved for her table and it's up to "her man" to make sure she gets it. As an added incentive, say that the wife of the salesman who makes the highest percentage of net gain gets the biggest turkey on the farm. Last year, for example, we had one monster that weighed twenty-eight pounds.

By getting the wives to spur on their husbands, we should put just the right pull into this contest. We are counting on you to write the kind of a letter that will get these women really excited.

You might let me see your copy before it takes final form. It should be ready in the next few days.

Gordon Stevenson.

It is quite common for the sales department to turn to the advertising manager for help on special letter problems. So the above request is not unusual. You should enjoy doing this letter about turkeys. Be sure it has the Star, the Chain, and the Hook. And while your mind is on the weaker sex, you might just as well write to Mrs. Roberts about little Rollo.

LETTER No. 79. A proud mother wants to sell her child's picture.

Gentlemen:

I have been feeding my boy, Rollo, with your cereal for the past twelve months, and he certainly looks robust and fine. Maybe all mothers feel the same, but you will admit my baby boy is a real prize winner.

Not long ago, I got some pictures of Rollo, and it has been the unanimous opinion of my friends, and that of the photographer, that such a remarkable portrait would make a fine advertisement for your concern. I notice, too, that you have been using the pictures of other children, and I cannot help saying none of them compare in appearance to my Rollo.

While the money is secondary to me, I realize that Rollo's picture with an honest testimonial from me will be of wonderful commercial value to your company.

The photograph is enclosed so that you will have no delay in making use of it. Also, I am attaching a note signed by me in which I say that Rollo's fine appearance and development can be wholly attributed to your cereal.

You may send me a check for a fair amount, and please also send a proof of the advertisement so I can show it to my friends before it appears in the magazines.

Yours a real booster,

Mrs. E. W. Roberts.

Be careful, now. It's not easy to tell this fond mother that you can't use Rollo's picture. Confidentially, I must say that Mrs. Robert's estimate of little Rollo's charm was grossly exaggerated. It was quite an ordinary photograph. But, of course, you can't be frank on that point. What's the best solution?

Well, if that problem didn't take too much out of you, let me now present the angry Adolph Kochendorfer. His letter would be passed to the adjustment manager.

LETTER No. 80. A customer goes over the head of the dealer.

Gentlemen:

So sure as my name is Adolph your dealer here in Arlington you should be ashamed to have selling watches with your name plain on them. Ach, when I think to me what he has done I should give him a push in the nose.

First, I go by his store and he say, "Adolph, this is the good watch you should give it to your boy for graduation. So I give him my money.

But what you think happens then? The boy wears the watch not two weeks altogether and then it looks like something maybe the baby played with. The back of the case is with a big dent, and the face brown is where the numbers are. You wait - that is the best of the worst I now tell you. The watch, it don't run any more.

So second, I take the watch to that chiseler, John Benner, your dealer. Once, twice, six times more, I go to argue, and always that dummer he try to tell me the boy must have dropped the watch, and maybe even taking a bath with it.

Now I ask you, is that sense that such nonsense take place yet? How could my boy drop a watch when hanging there on his wrist it is, and as for the bath - ha - that makes me laugh so mad as I am. Who cares the time it takes for one little bath?

Anyway, Gentlemen, your ads in the paper say your company is honest by its customers and I go now to you instead of that cheater, John Benner. You write him right away I should go to his store and get free a new watch. You be sure to make him do it, or I go soon anyway and give him more than one watch he should worry about.

You guess what I mean, hein?

With no madness to you,

Adolph Kochendorfer.

Obviously, Adolph has no legitimate claim against dealer Benner. The boy probably did forget to take the watch off when he went swimming. But remembering that no matter what the circumstances, a business letter must be a cordial contact with the customer, you can't be too blunt with Adolph. It is true, he will be a difficult man to reason with—but that's your job. Do the best you can with it. Did you ever see a business letter in rhyme? Here's one that actually came to Montgomery Ward & Co. It, too, is the sort of thing that would fall to the lot of the adjustment manager.

LETTER No. 81. A customer's reply to a denied claim.

Gentlemen:

Montgomery Ward, they sold me some shoes,
That were made from the hide of Kangaroos.
I paid two dollars and seventy-five cents,
Besides the postage and other expense.
The shoes were soft, a fine looking pair,
But the doggone things, they didn't wear.
These shoes appeared like the dressy sort,
I wore them on Sunday, around the resort.
Hundreds of people from States and Dominion
Examined these shoes, expressed their opinion.
And the paper reported, even put in the news
That Carson was wearing Montgomery Ward shoes.
The local men threatened to not rent my boats
Because I was cutting the home merchants' throats.
But the Board of Trade decided to let Carson go,
To find out the things we all wanted to know.
The catalogue stated those shoes were the best,
But Carson would know when he gave them the test.
And after he'd worn them, if he wasn't content,
He then could find out what the guarantee meant.
They didn't wear long, as everyone knows,
For soon there were holes in each of the toes.
The shoes they were black, and the socks were white,
The holes showed as plainly as the stars at night.
The paper reported in the Crescent Lake News
That holes had appeared in Carson's new shoes.
So I bundled them up, with the same box and cord,
And mailed them right back to Montgomery Ward.
The folks all agreed that should be just enough
To tell what was meant by that guarantee stuff.
The boys bet cigars, tobacco, and some booze,
What Montgomery Ward would do with those shoes.
"Open this letter," the mailman said, "read the news,
Let's see what they have done regarding those shoes."
It stated that wear plainly showed on the soles
But my toes were to blame for the other two holes.
It stated moreover that the linings were torn,
Had every appearance of having been worn,
And as no adjustment by them could be made,
They were being returned with parcel post paid.
There were sixty-two resorters among them all
Who heard the report that night at the hall,
And now I suppose we will read in the news
How Carson came out with his mail order shoes.

B. B. Carson,

Crescent Lake Resort

This is an easy problem for you, because for once you don't have to say "No." While the shoes had been worn a great deal, and the first refusal to make any adjustment was perfectly fair, the head of the adjustment department decided such an amusing "poem" deserved reward. The answer to it was a brand new pair of shoes, along with a "poem" of the

same style. You, of course, can answer in prose or poetry—according to your own bent.

Some of the most interesting letter problems are those which involve public relations, and if your company has much size there will be a personnel manager to look after them. This one, for example:

LETTER No. 82. She couldn't see why her husband was retired.

Gentlemen:

I suppose my husband would be angry if he knew I was writing to you, but he has never been one to stand up for himself and all the years of our married life I have been the one to suffer.

I don't see how you could have treated Joe so badly - after he gave so much of his life to the service of your company. On the pretense that he was too old you discharged him from the job that he loved better than anything in the world. Now he broods and frets because he hasn't anything to do.

Moreover, you know very well that Joe was one of your best salesmen and his commission and salary have always amounted to three or four hundred dollars a month. How do you expect us to live now on a pension of one hundred? Joe says that two old people should get along on that amount, but again I am the one who has to give up all the things I have enjoyed.

If my husband were an invalid it would be different, but he is still able to get around as good as he has for forty years. Why can't he have his old job back? He would be a lot happier and we wouldn't have to live on such a small pittance. If you people have the slightest gratitude, you will sit down and write to him that he is wanted back on the job.

But don't mention my letter to you, as Joe would say I was sticking my nose where it didn't belong.

Yours expectantly,

Mrs. Joseph Perkins

To be quite honest, it is difficult to tell from that letter how much of it is prompted by love of "Joe" and how much by pity for herself. But anyway, the old gentleman had been carried as long as possible, and his pension is generous compared to what most companies would give. Be kind to Mrs. Perkins, but tell her the request cannot be granted. If she thought her lot was hard, I wonder how she would have reacted to the following letter from an old fellow who had no pension at all.

LETTER No. 83. Discharged after thirty-six years of faithful service.

Dear Sir:

I am writing this letter to you as president of the Blank Company because you are known to everybody as one willing to help an honest man in need.

For thirty-six years I have worked for the Fit-Right Shoe Company. I started in the packing department, went to night school, and learned enough about bookkeeping to win promotion to the accounting department. I kept on studying and finally became assistant to the Chief Accountant.

I am a faithful worker. I do not go by the clock. You would be pleased with me. It is true, however, that I am sixty-one, but everybody tells me that I look and act ten years younger. In all the time I have been working, I have seldom lost a day because of illness - in fact, have not missed even one day in the last five years. I know that I have a lot of honest service left in me, and I don't think it is fair to reject my application because I am sixty-one.

I have not made enough money to put any aside. I have a wife who is a real pal, and a crippled daughter, to support. We would all rather be dead than ask for relief or charity in any other form. Won't you give me the chance to prove that I have just as much energy as any younger man - and a lot more experience?

Please, give me a job.

Sincerely yours,

John J. Nelson.

For that old fellow, you must have the greatest sympathy, but your hands are tied. You have difficulty in finding jobs for your own elderly employees. You can't hire Mr. Nelson, but perhaps you can give him some helpful suggestions. Whatever you do, don't repeat the discouraging thought, "You are too old." Letters of condolence are also usually handled in the personnel department. What would you say if the following request from a salesman fell into your hands?

LETTER No. 84. A word of sympathy for the distressed dealer.

Dear Mr. Rand:

All that you read about the flood in the papers is true. I have seen more misery, and more pluck in meeting it, than I ever expected could happen in a few days.

Particularly, I want you to know about our good dealer, Carl Pickess, of Marietta. His store

was first flooded, and then fire finished the job. While not destitute, he will undoubtedly want us to be lenient on credit during the next few months. He plans to start rebuilding just as soon as the water goes down.

What makes his burden doubly hard to carry is that his oldest boy was drowned while doing rescue work. He and another young man were using an old row boat, and had saved about a dozen lives. Then the boat turned over, and Carl's boy went under. They think driftwood hit him in the head as he was a good swimmer.

As you have personally known Mr. Pickess for many years, I knew you would want to write to him now. The boy finished college only a year ago and was slated to take over the business eventually. His death has been a terrible blow, and I'm sure his father will appreciate anything comforting you may be able to say.

Jerry Browne

Perhaps, it will be a relief to turn from a letter problem as sad as the last one to a time of the year when everybody tries to be gay. What if you were advertising manager of a large company, and the president sent you the following memorandum?

LETTER No. 85. The challenge of the New Year to salesmen.

Dear Mr. Brandon:

How do you like the attached copy of a letterhead for a New Year message to salesmen? You will note it has two candles, one newly lighted, and the other about ready to flicker out.

Yesterday, in one of my extravagant moments I bought enough of these letterheads for our four hundred men in the field. Each year we start a new candle burning in our lives. The old one, of course, stands for all the good things we meant to do - but it's too late now. To me, there is a real punch and inspiration in these two candles.

I guess this is enough to explain in the rough the message I have in mind, but I lack the imagination and emotional power to do a good job in putting that message on paper. I am afraid anything I would write would turn out to be pretty sour, although you know my heart is full of gratitude for the splendid work our salesmen have done in this last difficult year.

In other words, I've got the letterheads, and they are fine, but I need you to write the message. Don't Pan and I'll ask Santa

Claus to bring you a box of those vile cigars you are forever smoking. Don't let me down. Give me the best New Year message these men have ever received.

Gordon Stevenson

Are you wondering why the president doesn't write his own New Year letter? Well, don't fret about that. The chief executive in any large company has a great many responsibilities. He has to delegate to others a lot of things which he might do if time permitted. Anyway, the advertising manager would be the logical man for inspirational writing of this sort. He is almost always one of the best letter writers in the company. So go ahead and decide what you will say on this two-candle letterhead. Give these four hundred salesmen a letter which will inspire them to bigger deeds in the coming year.

When a dealer signs a contract for goods to be delivered within a certain period, it is quite customary to add storage charges to any portion of the order which is not taken before the contract expires. This is fair enough as the company must use valuable space in its own plant or send the unused goods to a public warehouse for storage. But Sam Burman doesn't like the idea of paying such storage charges.

LETTER No. 86. When a big customer wants special privileges.

Dear Mr. O'Mallon:

I have just received a letter from a man in your company who says that the two carloads of unshipped goods on my account have been placed in the Universal Warehouse until I am ready to have them delivered. He sends me also a bill for storage charges which I haven't the slightest intention of paying.

When a man has bought from a company as long as I have from yours, and when he has paid probably a couple of hundred thousand dollars into your pockets over the past ten years, it seems mighty poor potatoes to come along and ask him to fork over a few dollars more for a couple of carloads of goods which he bought, will eventually use, and certainly intends to pay for.

The fellow signs his name as Walter Reed and I don't know what position he holds with you, but it's plain that he goes around with a chip on his shoulder, trying to pick a fuss with the customers who keep your business going. From now on, please do all the letter writing to me yourself, and if you want any more of my business keep Walter out of my mail.

And while you are about it, give this Walter the attached invoice for those storage charges, and tell him to light a cigar with it.

Yours truly,
Sam Burman.

Queer, isn't it, how unreasonable some folks can be. You could easily lose your temper in replying to Mr. Burman—but you *won't*. When a customer is angry, it's your job to make him smile again. You learned that in Part I of this book. By giving in to him? Oh, no, not unless he is right. And Sam Burman is wrong as wrong can be. Well, straighten him out—and get the money. Here's another chap pretty much like Sam. He failed to take his discount within the time allowed. He, too, is crying for special privileges.

LETTER No. 87. The dealer who insists on taking unearned discounts.

Dear Sir:

Our cashier has just showed me your letter about a discount which we deducted when remitting for goods purchased in November. The total amount of the invoice was \$360, and our check less the discount was for \$352.80.

Apparently, it is your desire to enforce a technicality and deprive us of \$7.20. This is in spite of the fact that we have spent thousands of dollars dealing with your concern. Frankly, your attitude is extremely displeasing to me, and unless you see fit to allow this discount, you will please not ask us for any more orders.

It is true that the date of the invoice was November 11, and our check not mailed until December 7, but this was purely an oversight on our part as it has been our custom to always discount bills according to the terms of sale. In this case, our cashier was in the hospital and a number of bills accumulated which otherwise would have been paid promptly.

I might add that your company is the only one out of about fifty that has attempted to chisel us in regard to discounts, and also that we can buy plenty of jewelry from folks who are willing to meet us half way — who will realize better than you do that there are exceptions to any rule in business.

Of course, if you insist on payment, a check will be mailed, but it strikes me as a small amount to cause the severing of our business relations.

Sincerely yours,
G. C. Phelps

I would be tempted to grant this request, except for one reason. It is not true that the Phelps Company has always been prompt. On several occasions, the cashier has "forgotten" to remit and then produced excuses for granting the discount. So it's time to call a halt. But keep his friendship if you can. Now, let's investigate a letter from another grocer—Hugh Patterson. He certainly has an original idea, but the trouble is it will not work.

LETTER No. 88. A dealer wants the benefit of your sales cost.

Gentlemen:

My trade knows your coffees, teas, and spices are good. But in times like these folks like to buy things cheaper. Now, we have been buying your goods for five years and during all that time your salesman has called regularly, and we have given him orders.

We would like to make you a proposition. Suppose we send you our orders direct through the mail instead of giving them to your salesman.

This will save all selling expense in dealing with us. We will continue to feature your line and you will get even more business from us than before. By thus eliminating the salesman, you will be able to give us a special discount.

If this is agreeable, tell us what discount you will allow and tell the salesman to stop calling.

It is only fair to say that other companies have made us the same proposition, but if you will treat us right we would rather stick to your line.

Yours very truly

J. C. Poorman.

The flaw in Mr. Poorman's plan is that even if you accepted it you would still have to maintain the salesman in his territory. The saving would be practically nil, and certainly the idea would not be fair to the salesman.

In the last section of Part II we considered a type of letter which goes *to* business, instead of *from* it to the public. That letter was the application for a position. Because this is likely to someday be an important problem in *your* life, I give you the following letter for you to answer. It may well turn out to be the best practice you have done with all these letter problems.

LETTER No. 89. A company wants to hire fifteen college men.

Dear Dean Foster:

After several years of forced entrenchment, the Colonial Manufacturing Company is ready to resume its training plan for young men. We are once again in the market for "new blood" and naturally, I am thinking of your good university.

We cannot at present go back to the plan on a large scale, but we will hire about fifteen graduates from this year's crop. What I propose to do is to select one senior from each of fifteen universities — yours of course included.

You are already familiar with the opportunities for young folks in our business. We like to start with green timber and do our own seasoning. In our office and on our sales force are five thousand employees, so there is plenty of room for a beginner to grow. In fact, the members of this new group will be limited only by their own ability and attitude.

We will start them all at \$125 a month and advance the rate in six months to \$150 — for those who have made a good impression. After that, it will be strictly up to them how far, and how fast, they can make progress. We are always willing to pay our employees according to their contribution to the business.

I can't spare the time this year to visit these fifteen colleges for interviewing, so will do the "weeding" by correspondence. Will you please, therefore, have any of your students who are interested write to me during the next ten days?

Since the preliminary judgement of the applicants will be based entirely on their letters, I need not point out to you how important it is that they be written with great care and in such a way as to arouse my special interest.

Sincerely yours,

W. E. Maywood.

And so, my friends, with the introduction of Mr. Maywood, we come to the parting of our paths. Selecting these problems—writing this book for you—has indeed been a happy experience, and worth while in proportion to the good you reap from it. That you will continue to study so that your progress in this world may be sure and swift is my sincere wish for you. Carry on—keep the sunshine of life in your heart—and success will be yours. Carry on!

L. E. F.

OFFICE MANAGEMENT

PART I

PRINCIPLES OF ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT

Importance of Office Function. A significant index of the importance of the office function is found in statistics furnished by the United States Bureau of the Census.

In 1910, there were 1,717,458 persons or 4.5 per cent of the total gainfully employed, engaged in clerical occupations. In 1920, there were 3,111,836 persons or 7.5 per cent of the total gainfully employed, engaged in performing clerical tasks.

According to the census of 1930, there were 4,025,324 persons, or 8.2 per cent of the total gainfully employed working in clerical positions.

The increase from 4.5 per cent in 1910 to 8.2 per cent in 1930—a gain of 3.7 per cent is a relative increase of *82 per cent* in the clerical workers of the United States, relative to the total gainfully employed. That is, in terms of the number of people gainfully employed, the clerical work-force has nearly doubled itself within two decades.

These data do not include bookkeepers, cashiers, and accountants who may also be classified as workers within the office. In 1910 the total number of bookkeepers, cashiers, and accountants totaled 486,700; in 1920 the number had risen to 734,688, and in 1930 to 930,648. This is almost a 100 per cent increase in actual numbers to say nothing of the relative percentage increase to the total number of gainfully employed persons.

Organizing for Office Work. In a business of a size sufficient to warrant the grouping of various kinds of activities the following separate major classifications are frequently found: (1) sales; (2) production (if manufacturing is done); (3) financial; (4) record keeping.

All activities relating to the distribution of goods may be grouped under sales. Consequently, a person is put in charge of these activities and the work that he has authority over and re-

sponsibility for is said to come within his department. He is called the Sales Manager.

Someone is also vested with authority and responsibilities for all activities relating to the manufacturing of products. In other words, they are departmentalized under a single person called the Production Manager.

Financial activities include the handling of all money received by the firm; the distribution of this money as needed by various other departments of the business, payment of money to the owners or shareholders of the company as a part of their share of the profits; and the raising of money by stock or bond issues (or commercial loans) when necessary to finance the business. Financial activities so grouped come within the department of the Treasurer.

Activities relating to record keeping include those of bookkeeping, assembling and presenting of financial data, preparing estimates of future activities of the business (called budgeting), and making up other statistical reports.

Because the work done in the office is so related to record keeping, office activities are frequently included here. When this is the case, the clerical duties are grouped in a sub-department under the one in charge of the records (called a Comptroller), and a separate person placed in charge of them. This person is the Office Manager and he is under and responsible to the Comptroller. An organization chart showing this set-up is presented in Illustration 1.

In other organization schemes the Office Manager may be found working directly under the chief executive of the firm, or under the one in charge of the finances of the business—the Treasurer. Variances of these three methods of allocating office departmental activities are unusual rather than typical.

ORGANIZATION OF OFFICE ACTIVITIES

According to the chart shown in Illustration 1, all activities relating to office work are grouped under one person, the Office Manager. While this may be true for some activities, such as handling the mail, providing messenger service, filing, and the transcribing of dictation, it does not hold for all. This is because it is very difficult in actual practice to allocate all activities of a clerical nature under the Office Manager, and have them done in a centralized department.

The Sales Manager, for example, may wish to employ his own secretary who will handle various work in his office. She may even take dictation and write letters, and to the extent that she does this, the central office is relieved of these duties. She may also keep files relating to sales work which in turn reduces the filing done in the central office. What is true for the Sales Manager in respect to handling certain clerical functions may also be true for the Produc-

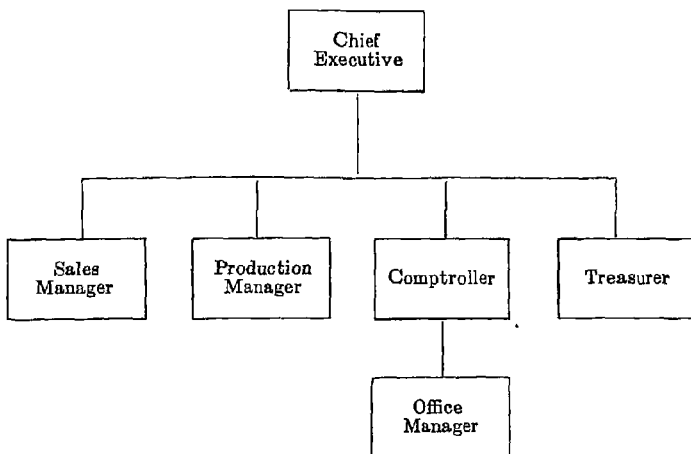


Illustration 1. Chart showing functional grouping of different kinds of activities into departments. The office functions are placed in a separate department under an Office Manager who reports to the Comptroller.

tion Manager, the Treasurer, and possibly other major department heads.

In spite of the fact that there may be performance of a certain amount and kind of clerical work outside the central office, there yet remains a large portion of these same activities which will be performed within the central office, and, in many instances, all of certain kinds of activities will be performed within.

A summarization of activities over which the Office Manager has authority, and for which he is responsible is given below. These various activities will be subsequently discussed in detail. They are as follows:

1. Handling of mail, both incoming and outgoing.
2. Maintenance of a centralized filing department.

3. Handling of correspondence.
4. Purchase and maintenance of office equipment and appliances.
5. Purchase and issuance of office supplies.
6. Maintenance and repair of building.
7. Reception of company visitors.
8. Preparation and duplication of forms.
9. Office lay-out.
10. Office reports, budget, and manual.
11. Selection, training, and payment of office employees.

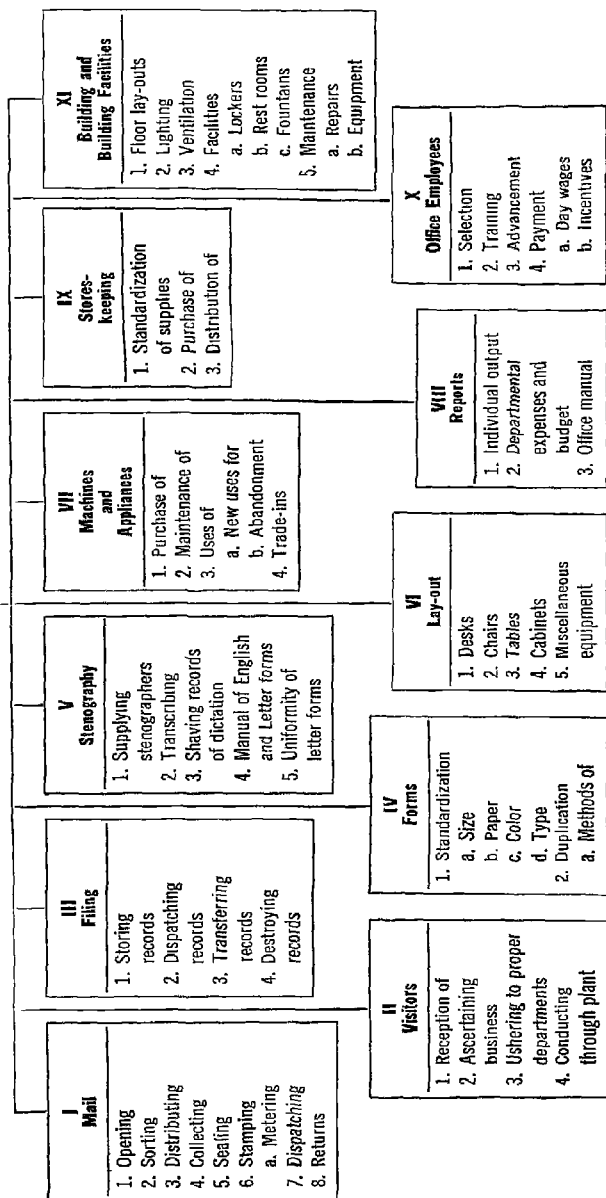
The extent to which these various activities will be delegated to other sub-department or section heads will depend, of course, upon the nature of the business. If the business is large, obviously, the office manager will have to delegate authority and responsibility for the proper performance of each group of activities to some one else. In a business of moderate size it may be possible to delegate activities of two or more kinds to a single subordinate executive. In a small business the office manager may delegate to others some of the activities to be performed, retaining for himself those of greater importance. In any case, however, it is he who is responsible for delegation, supervision, and control of the different activities to be performed.

A chart showing activities within an office grouped on a functional basis is shown in Illustration 2. Functional grouping means that like activities are arranged into separate categories.

Mail Handling. Incoming mail is brought to the central office either by postal employees or by special messengers in the employment of the company. It is opened by employees of the central office by means of mechanical letter openers similar to the one shown in Illustration 3. The letters are fed into the machine by hand or by the use of an automatic attachment. As this is done, a revolving knife shears off an edge so thin that the contents of the envelope remain undamaged.

Mail is removed, *time stamped* to show the time and date received, and the envelope clipped to the letter or to other inclosures. Sorting takes place by first segregating all cash, checks or money orders. Notation of the amount received is placed on each letter. Thereafter a further sorting groups the pieces according to departments within the business. A third sorting arranges it by sections within a department, or according to individuals who are to receive it.

OFFICE MANAGER



Distribution of the mail is made by employees of the mailing section at regular intervals, depending upon the amount received.

Outgoing Mail. Outgoing mail is collected at regular intervals by messengers from the central office. It is sorted according to

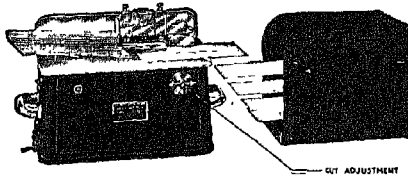


Illustration 3. Power operated letter opener capable of cutting the ends of 500 envelopes per minute without damaging the contents.

nature and geographical centers to which it is to be sent. The first is important inasmuch as different rates of postage apply to the different classes; the second is important partly for the same reason and also because mail sorted and tied in bundles for different geo-



Illustration 4. Steel table used for sorting incoming and outgoing mail. Compartments may be adjusted to conform to the required size for the quantity of mail handled.

graphical locations can be more quickly dispatched by the post office department. Steel tables similar to the one shown in Illustration 4 are used to facilitate the sorting of outgoing mail.

Unsealed mail received from various departments must first be sealed before it can be sorted. Letters and inclosures, if any, are folded by hand, placed in the envelope, and the latter sealed. Seal-

ing may be done by hand or by machine. If done by machine, it is necessary to employ one that will separate the envelopes, feed them into position where moistening and compressing the flap may take place, and eject them into piles.

Stamp affixers, or metering machines place the proper amount of postage on the envelopes. The former, Illustration 5, moistens the stamp, separates it from the roll of stamps contained within the machine and affixes it to the envelope upon the operation of the plunger. On some models a counting device is actuated by operation

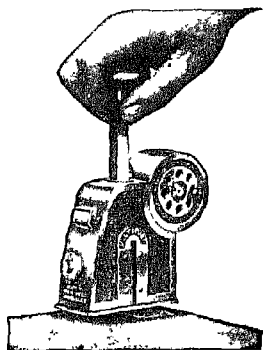


Illustration 5. Hand stamp affixer operated by depressing the lever. The operation moistens the stamp, affixes it on the envelope, and adds the postage in a counter which may be seen at the front of the machine.

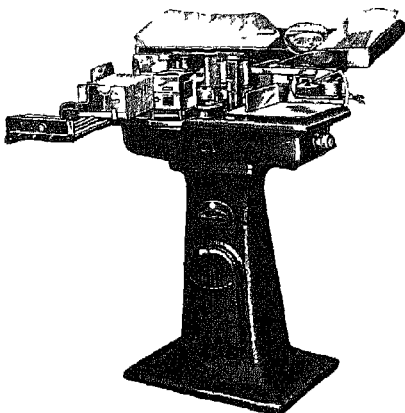


Illustration 6. Mailing machine which not only prints the necessary postage on each envelope but seals the letters as well.

of the plunger, thus enabling the office manager to keep account of the stamps used.

A metering machine, as shown in Illustration 6, is procured from the post office. Instead of affixing stamps it prints the proper indicia thereon. The number of impressions needed are paid for in advance, the machine is set, and imprinting takes place. When the limit is reached, the meter must be reset by a postal employee.

Mailing machines such as these usually perform the following operations: (1) feeding, (2) sealing, (3) imprinting, (4) counting, (5) post-marking, (6) cancelling, and (7) stacking. Mail thus prepared is segregated according to geographical location and sent to the post office with assurance that it will be dispatched quickly.

Returns. It is the duty of the section head in charge of the mailing room to trace lost letters, and to account for all returned letters. In case of the latter, it may mean the elimination of the name to which the letter was addressed from the mailing file inasmuch as money is wasted by attempting to reach parties who have moved and left no address.

Visitors. The reception of visitors is an activity which may be combined with some other office routine. The employee at the reception desk is frequently required to handle the switchboard, type letters, and even keep books or records during intervals when he or she is free from callers.

Since this miscellaneous work is of a clerical nature, and since it can be easily combined with the duties involved in receiving callers, it naturally follows that this latter activity should fall to the office manager. Furthermore, since the office is essentially a service department administering to the needs of the various departments within the business, the reception of callers is essentially a function involving a service which can be better handled by this department than by any other.

Receiving visitors requires a certain amount of tact and resourcefulness on the part of the employee at the reception desk. This calls for a certain type of individual which must be either trained or selected from those already trained. The office manager is in a strategic position to supply this person because of his intimate knowledge of the needs of the other departments in respect to receiving or avoiding visitors.

Making appointments for the visitor with employees within the organization and either directing or ushering him to the proper place are duties involving the reception desk and for which the office manager must assume responsibility.

In some instances, regularly conducted tours through the plant are a part of the firm's policy in order to advertise the product and build goodwill. When this is the case, it is the duty of the office manager to supply the proper guide service, arrange the tours, schedule the time, and in cooperation with the sales department prepare lectures for the guides, and to distribute literature.

Filing. To the extent that centralized filing is maintained under the office manager, to the same extent does this particular

function become increasingly important. Centralized filing means that all papers or correspondence relating to a subject or transaction within the company are assembled and kept in one place. This in itself is an advantage over the method which permits the papers to be scattered in various files in the several departments, since a complete story of the subject matter or transaction can be had only when all pieces of copy relating thereto are in a single place.

Concentration of all filing under the office manager enables him to select and train employees who are adept at this work. Because these employees become specialists in this work, they are able to store material and locate it when needed more efficiently than those whose duties include filing as only one out of many.

A centralized filing section under the office manager brings about a more uniform system of filing and indexing. Inasmuch as this work is often unstandardized when done within the various departments, a uniform system raises the efficiency of the entire firm in this respect. Inasmuch as methods of filing and indexing constitute an important routine within the firm, whether the work is centralized or decentralized, an entire section of this text is devoted elsewhere to this phase of office work.

When a central filing bureau is maintained, savings may often be made. These arise, in part, from the fact that the filing equipment is more likely to be used to capacity, and in part, from the fact that *floor space for filing cabinets is more efficiently allocated.*

Lastly, since it is the business of the filing section to *file*, work is done according to schedule and files are kept up-to-date at all times.

Arguments against the maintenance of a centralized filing section under the office manager are usually two, namely: (1) that the different departments have different needs to satisfy and hence no central filing bureau can service these needs; and (2) department heads are inconvenienced in having to send materials to the central filing section. Inconvenience may also result when papers thought to be of a confidential nature must leave the departmental office for the central section, or when delay occurs in furnishing the folders upon call. As to the first, it might be stated that the papers belong to the firm and, unless of a high confidential nature, they need not be retained in the departmental office. As to delay in dispatching

the folders this may be overcome by prompt messenger service, and by the use of a pneumatic tube system, Illustration 7, or overhead carriers for the transmittal of filed material.

Forms. To the office manager is assigned the function of supplying other departments within the business necessary forms. Assignment of this function to him means that he can coordinate the requirements of all departments regarding the form required. This

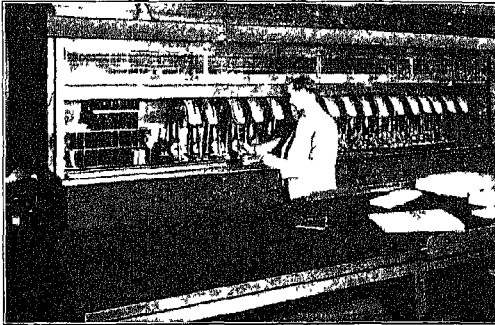


Illustration 7. Pneumatic tubes used to transmit papers and correspondence from central office to various departments within the business.

frequently results in a considerable saving to the business; inasmuch as unstandardized forms, coupled with lack of inventory control, mean waste and increased costs for these materials.

In order to standardize the forms, the office manager takes into consideration the following factors: (1) purpose, (2) design, and (3) construction.

The use to which a form is to be put determines its design and construction. If required simply for notations of temporary character, its design will probably be simple, and the paper stock used certainly of an inexpensive kind. Forms which are used to assemble data regarding financial facts of the business will be, perhaps, more intricate in design, and on paper stock of grade that gives permanence to them.

Weight of paper stock usually determines its permanency, although other characteristics, as composition and finish, are of importance. The former, however, is usually bound up with the latter two characteristics. The length of time the form must be preserved,

the number of times it must be handled, and the kind of impression which is to be made thereon are factors to be considered in determining the quality of the stock to be used.

Matter written in pencil or ink, typed, printed, or duplicated by any of the various methods described and illustrated in detail in a separate section of this discussion, have, because of their specific characteristics, a certain influence upon the design and construction of forms.

Other aspects of standardization of forms relate to the number of lines to be written or duplicated thereon, the kind of instrument or machine used in making the impression, the name of the form, and the number. Once these points have been decided changes are not made except for the very best of reasons.

Stenography. Whether all stenographers are located in the central office under the direct supervision of the office manager, and available for call by executives in other departments will, as previously stated, depend upon the way the business is organized. Inasmuch as stenographic work is essentially of a service nature, the office manager may exercise a certain amount of control over these employees wherever located.

When a central stenographic unit is created within the central office, certain advantages accrue as a result. In the first place, it becomes possible to assign work on the basis of its difficulty, and to those competent to handle it. Work can be distributed among the different stenographers as may be necessary, thus avoiding peak loads of work which often result within departments having one or at the most a few such employees. Salary scales may be worked out to compensate the stenographer in accordance with the quality and quantity of work done. Lastly, standards of performance and standards of accomplishment may be inaugurated. Standards of performance set up the methods of doing the work (such as the style to follow when writing a letter); standards of accomplishment measure the efficiency of the worker. The unit of measurement may be the page of writing, the line of writing, or the stroke on the typewriter. Whatever it may be, the output of the stenographer is measured by the chosen method, and payment for work is made accordingly.

When stenographers are employed in the various departments,

the office manager may exercise a certain authority over them by indirect means. Working through each department head, he may set up standards of performance and standards of accomplishment for these stenographers just as he does for those kept in his own office.

A certain amount of stenographic work can be done in the central office regardless as to whether all such work is centralized there. Dictating machine records prepared on dictating machines, Illustration

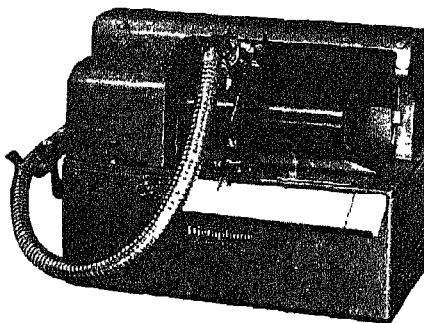


Illustration 8. Dictating machine. The operator speaks into the mouthpiece in a natural tone of voice in order to record the message on the cylinder.

tion 8, and originating in the different departments may be brought to the central office for transcription. (See Illustration 9.) Thereafter, the records can be prepared for new dictation by shaving off a portion of the wax cylinder, Illustration 10, and then returned to the originating department.

Correspondence manuals prepared by the office manager are useful to stenographers wherever they may be stationed within the business. These manuals are useful in standardizing the mechanical make-up, as well as the content of letters. Standardized make-up includes uniform methods of writing the date, address, inside address, and salutation. Indention of paragraphs, spacing of lines, width of margins, punctuation, and method of writing the signature are some of the other features of good letter writing covered in the manual.

Standardized content results from the preparation of form paragraphs to be used by the stenographer or typist when so desig-



Illustration 9. Transcribing section of a central office.

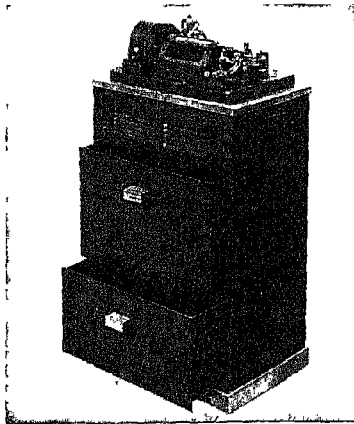


Illustration 10 The shaving machine cuts a thin layer of wax from the cylinder thus removing the old dictation. The records are used by the dictator over and over again.

nated by the dictator. These are referred to by number and it is only necessary to turn to the corresponding number in the manual for the paragraph to use.

Other useful information which may be incorporated in the manual includes lists of words frequently misspelled, and lists of words and phrases improperly used. To make these vital, they should be worked up from an analysis of errors made by the firm's own stenographers.

Layout. The arrangement of sub-departments or sections within the office is known as layout. The fundamental principle underlying layout is: *routine work should flow continuously from the point of origin to the point of termination.* As a corollary of this, it follows that sufficient employees must be stationed along the path of the routine to keep the work moving at all times. This may mean that two employees will be stationed at Point A, four at Point B, and so on, depending upon the ration of the amount of work to be done at these particular places to the total amount to be performed.

Another principle of proper layout is that sub-departments related to each other should be located next to each other. For example, the filing section should be close to the stenographic bureau; the credit and collections section should be adjacent to the book-keeping section; and the duplicating section should be close to the mailing room.

The problem of actually allocating space to each of the various sections where specific types of work is to be performed therein may be solved by the use of a floor plan drawn on a board plus templates. The latter are small wooden or cardboard pieces cut to represent the furniture and equipment to be located in the office. Since both floor plan and templates are made according to scale it is possible to make as many arrangements as are needed knowing that once the most suitable one is found it will be an exact duplicate of the final layout of the office.

Templates are always arranged on the board containing the floor plan with the objective of providing for the continuous flow of work in those sections where it will take place, and also with the idea of conserving as much floor space as possible.

Conserving floor space is important inasmuch as aisles three feet in width are generally necessary, with the main aisles being bisected about every thirty feet. The space necessary for a desk and chair is approximately seventy-five feet. Distance to be allowed between desks ranges all the way from thirty to forty inches, but the

latter distance is preferable. Once an efficient layout is worked out with floor plan and templates, it is approved by the office manager and a blueprint of it is made.

MACHINES AND APPLIANCES

Importance in Office. The fact that records and reports can be produced more quickly, more economically and more accurately justify the use of office machines and appliances.

Records are produced quicker because the machines are operated either mechanically or electrically at faster paces than can be maintained by hand. Replacement of manual workers for specialized machines lowers operating costs. Standardization of method eliminates errors.

Selection of Machines and Appliances. Since so much dependence is placed upon office machines and devices, the function of purchasing, using, maintaining, and discarding becomes one of the most important functions assumed by the office manager. In the purchasing aspect of the function is involved the selection of the proper kind of equipment—a difficult problem when there are so many different devices on the market. Obtaining maximum use of the equipment, and the keeping of cost records in order to have criteria, as to when maintenance costs are exceeding costs which would be incurred in buying a new machine, are also other aspects of this function. Each will be discussed in detail.

Procedure for Proper Selection. In selecting an office machine or appliance, the office manager may be guided by the fact that it is always possible to obtain data on the speed the machine operates thus obtaining criteria as to its productive capacity. He may also get data on its operating upkeep and, in many instances, records are available which will indicate its average useful life. These factors will enable him to decide in part, at least, whether the machine meets his requirements. Other criteria useful in evaluating the worth of any office machine or appliance is the success with which it has operated in other offices. Of course, this may be no indication that it will be successful under different conditions of use. In the latter instance, the office manager may insist on a demonstration by the company selling the machine, and to even insist that a survey be made to see if the machine can be adapted to the routine in

use, or whether the routine can be changed without upsetting the entire office procedure when it is adapted to the machine.

Inasmuch as single units of certain types of office machines sell for as much as \$2,500 the question of cost becomes important. As it frequently happens, the most expensive machine may be the least desirable for the use to which it is to be put. A case in point is found where an expensive duplicator was purchased to turn out a limited number of forms which were usually discarded within a week after use. A simple type of duplicating machine would have served the purpose just as well, saved money, and would have been less in the way than the large machine.

Use of Machine. Since most office appliances are expensive, it naturally follows that their purchase must be justified in many cases by the use to which they will afterward be put. This was illustrated above by the needless purchase of a costly duplicator when an inexpensive machine would have filled the purpose. Other examples of the importance of the factor of use may be found on every hand. An adding machine which shows totals in the dial is generally less expensive than a listing machine, and, in some cases, where the operation is that of checking invoices and the like, the former serves the purpose equally well. A calculating machine operated manually will be appropriate for a limited amount of statistical work, whereas, the electrically operated models should be bought when the statistical work is heavy.

Maintenance of Machines. Maintenance of machines involves keeping records for every piece of equipment in the concern, as well as seeing that they are kept in proper repair. It is a function that may be exercised by the office manager regardless as to whether the device is kept in his own department or in another department.

A purchase card showing the date, kind, serial number, and cost of each machine should be kept. The card will show in addition to these data where the machine is located in the firm. Such cards are filed under the make of the machine and in serial number order.

Entries are made upon these cards at such times the machines are serviced, traded in, or abandoned. Costs of repairs are charged on the cards.

The policy of abandonment or of trading in machines may be determined by the office manager or laid down by the management.

Some machines will last almost indefinitely with the proper care and maintenance. On the other hand, machines of later design may be so improved in regard to operating efficiency and increased capacity that it results in distinct savings to either discard the old machines or trade them in at regular intervals for new ones. Some firms have a general policy of trading in typewriters just prior to the end of their fifth year of service.

Classification of Office Machines. Office machines have been classified in many ways. One writer classified them as follows:

1. Machines for computing, such as adding machines and calculators.
2. Machines for the creation and preparation of accounting records, such as bookkeeping machines and addressing machines.
3. Machines for the handling of correspondence, such as dictating machines, sealing machines, and label-pasting machines
4. Machines for handling money, such as cash registers, coin-changers, and check protectors.
5. Machines for intercommunication, such as the telegraphic typewriter, and electric alarm systems.

This classification, as well as others, serves a useful purpose, but for the purpose of this discussion no attempt at a comprehensive classification is given. Part II of this text is devoted to bookkeeping and accounting machines. Inasmuch as these machines are versatile, costly, and highly necessary, a detailed discussion, built around certain much used types, is given.

Part III of the text deals with filing and the methods of filing; a necessary equipment without which no office could function.

Duplicating machines are covered in considerable detail in Part IV of the text, since the many uses to which machines of this type may be put are not always appreciated.

Part V of the text deals with some of the machines and devices which have a more or less universal appeal or use, but no attempt has been made to include machines of every kind and class.

REPORTS

Output. The office manager is charged with the responsibility of maintaining proper records to show the individual and sub-departmental output. The first shows the output by worker, the second by groups of workers. In times past, there was little, if any, attempt to measure production of workers or of sub-departments.

Today, however, production in terms of amount of dictation transcribed, matter typed, pieces of material filed, number of letters prepared for mailing, or amount of material addressed, are measured.

Measurement takes place by assigning a unit of work accomplished for each of the specified activities. Transcription may be measured by the line. This is true for material transcribed from shorthand notes, or from records prepared on the dictating machine. Typing may be measured by the line, or better still by the number of strokes on the typewriter. If the latter method is in use, a cyclometer is added to the typing unit which records every stroke made on the machine. Work done on the addressing machine is measured by the number of pieces addressed. Work in the mailing room is also on a piece basis. Due allowance is given, of course, for variations in the kind of work which is done. Obviously, not as many pieces can be mailed if the name and address of the person must be filled in in the mailing room before the letter is folded, placed in the envelope and sealed, as may be done when the first operation is omitted.

All data needed for measurement if it cannot be accumulated automatically is accumulated by the person performing the operation under the direction of a supervisor.

Departmental Expenses and Budget. Costs incurred in the central office should be assembled on the basis of functions or activities performed. These functions may include the following: (1) dictation; (2) typing; calculating and computing; filing; and supervision. In addition to these costs, there will be allocations of charges on the basis of depreciation of machines and equipment, cost of floor space used, indirect costs which include insurance, janitor service, lighting, heating, and others. The total of all these sub-departmental costs gives the total costs for the entire department.

Costs assembled in the manner just described form the basis of the operating report which goes to the executive to whom the office manager is responsible.

Expense accumulations, such as these, form the basis of the office budget. Past accumulated costs serve to indicate the amount of money which must be had to operate the central office. This money must either be allocated to the office manager by the management, or the office manager must make charges to other depart-

ments for work done at prices which will not only enable him to cover all direct costs (such as payroll) but all indirect costs (such as heat and light).

Office Manual. Office manuals are designed to provide employees with information about the *general policies* of the company, and to indicate to employees what their *duties* and *responsibilities* are.

Advantages of office manuals have been set forth by their users as follows:

1. They enable the workers to be trained quicker because they outline specific tasks for each class of work.
2. They prevent shifting and evading of responsibility for the given task.
3. They provide a basis for further development of standards (e.g., methods and performance).
4. They help the beginner to orient himself in his new field of activity

Some of the disadvantages of office manuals are said to be:

1. The office manual encourages frequent changes in routine, since it asks employees to help in standardization of method and performance. Innovations upset the office force.
2. Office manuals are too costly
3. Manuals in defining the task restrict the initiative of employees.
4. Manuals insist upon a certain degree of efficiency. Quantitative and qualitative measurement of output is objectionable on the part of the office force.

STORESKEEPING

Storeskeeping Function. The standardization, purchase, and issuance of office supplies is a function which is often neglected. However, when put under the office manager, much can be done to bring about uniformity in the kind, quantity, and quality of supplies needed in the business.

Standardization. Standardization of a supply begins by studying the use to which the supply is to be put. For example, in the case of stationery, the letterheads needed for selling purposes are quite different than those required by executives. The former may require a certain amount of "dressing up" to aid in the selling appeal, whereas the latter, to carry prestige, must be simple and dignified. Paper stock for the former may be inexpensive; for the latter of high grade and hence costly. The letterhead for the former may be printed; for the latter engraved.

Once the thing needed has been examined and its uses defined, specifications may be set up for its purchase. These specifications must be written out in detail and referred to when future orders are to be placed.

Standardization, therefore, not only aids in maintaining a certain orderliness within the office, but it is a distinct benefit in placing purchases, since all quotations may be examined in the light of previous purchases of the same kind and quality.

Distribution of Supplies. If supplies are kept in a central office and issued from there, a stockroom must be established. The requisites of a satisfactory stockroom are: (1) compactness, (2) accessibility, and (3) orderliness.

Compactness and accessibility may be achieved by using specially built bins and shelving for the stockroom. Steel bins and shelving are highly satisfactory because they are portable and can be knocked down if it becomes necessary to move the stockroom. In addition, the shelves are adjustable, thus allowing for the various sized packages which must be stored. In regard to the latter, it may be stated that bulky materials should be placed at the bottom of the bins or shelves, whereas light packages and articles should be placed on the top shelves.

Orderliness in the stockroom will depend primarily upon who keeps it. If everyone is allowed access to it, anything but orderliness is usually the result. The best plan requires that one person be put in charge of the stockroom who will be held responsible for keeping it clean, and also for issuing all supplies.

Supplies are issued upon written requisition only. These requisitions should be signed by the department head of the department requiring them, or by some one in the department who has been given this authority.

Supplies in the stockroom may be controlled by means of a stock record. This record should show at all times the following: (1) the balance of each supply on hand; (2) the date and amount of the last order; (3) the receipt of new supplies into stock; and (4) the issuance of the supply.

The stock record is in effect a perpetual inventory of the supplies on hand, a separate card being kept for each different kind of supply.

Periodically the stock record figures are checked against an actual count of the supplies on hand. Discrepancies must be located, if any, to see whether there is an error in the record or whether supplies are being stolen from the stockroom.

OFFICE EMPLOYEES

Selection of Office Employees. The office manager may recruit his work force from the following sources: (1) unsolicited letters of application; (2) friends of present employees; (3) newspaper advertisements; and (4) employment agencies.

Unsolicited Letters of Application. Unsolicited letters in which the applicant requests work are not thrown in the waste basket as many believe. Letters that indicate that the applicant has the training, personal qualifications, and possible experience in this field are given careful consideration. Many times writers of these letters are requested to call for a personal interview; in other cases acknowledgment of the letter is made and it is filed for future reference when the need for another employee arises.

Friends of Present Employees. A further source of contacting desirable help is through the present employees of the company. Some office managers are fearful of employing friends of employees because they believe that too many workers of such a character lead to "company politics." That is, these workers tend to form groups on the basis of their friendship solely for the purpose of furthering their own interest in the way of securing more desirable positions and higher wages. However, if the employees recommend friends who are *fully qualified* for the position, and the office manager is an executive capable of strong leadership he will be able to cope with such situations should they arise.

Newspaper Advertisements. Want ads placed in newspapers usually bring a flood of applications from all types of workers. Many of the applications are from qualified persons; but unless rigid specifications are laid down in the advertisement, experience has proved that most applications come from people just wanting a job—any job. When this is the case, the office manager has the task of culling out the applicants that he feels are undesirable. The only way he can do this without interviews (which are impossible except for only a very few applicants) is to judge the applicant on the basis of the

letter written. If it is set up well mechanically, and the English is good, he may assume that the worker is qualified. Consequently, proficient letter writers may get an opportunity to sell themselves in the personal interview that those who were unable to turn out a good letter do not receive. Obviously, this is a haphazard method of selection, since those who are not so adept at letter writing may be very good office workers on *certain types of work*.

Employment Agencies. The office manager may obtain his help from employment agencies. This is frequently the case in large cities. Inasmuch as the agencies are acquainted with the kind of work to be done, and know something about the general policies of the company wanting the help (to say nothing of the personal likes and dislikes of the department head of the business) they are able to recommend applicants who are suitable. This, of course, requires that they weed out the desirable applicants from the undesirable before sending them for personal interviews. This procedure conserves the time and energy of the office manager.

Training of Office Employees. There are three main training programs which are offered to office workers by many companies. The first of these is concerned with the training of the employees for the specific tasks to be performed. This kind of training calls for instruction as to the nature of the work, the way to do it, and, perhaps, something about the general policies of the company as may be related to the work.

The second type of training is that which is given to prepare the employee for the job immediately ahead. It is a sort of "under-study" training. Its object is to make the person being trained sufficiently proficient in the other line of work so that he may take over the duties of the new position in case the one who is now performing such task is promoted, transferred, or resigns.

The third type of training program is that offered to minor executives and supervisors within the department. Its object is to prepare those taking the training for more responsible positions. It should not be confused with the second type of training which is a preparation for tasks of a routine nature rather than for executive positions.

Training of this character often includes formal course work in such branches of learning as mathematics, accounting, actuarial

science, business English, life insurance, and many others. The instruction may be by an important executive within the company or by instructors brought in from different colleges and universities.

Payment of Office Employees. Payment of office workers calls first for the consideration of the following fundamental principles which are necessary to successful salary administration of any sort, namely: (1) a limit of pay must be set below which compensation would be unfair and unjust; (2) a limit of pay must be set above which compensation would be too costly for the company; (3) pay must be related to the different grades of work to be performed; and (4) pay for the same tasks to be done throughout the company must be at the same rate.

Further comment on these cardinal principles of salary administration is unnecessary. Among good office administrators they are axiomatic.

Before rates of pay can be inaugurated on either a day basis, or in accordance with some plan which pays the worker on the basis of output (piece rate plan or bonus plan), it is necessary to determine: (1) what other firms are paying for the same kind of work; (2) the difficulty or grade of work to be performed; (3) the highest and lowest rates which might be paid for the performance of a given task; and (4) the effect of the adoption of a certain standard of pay upon the office budget and general budget of the company.

A rate of pay based upon what others are paying is sometimes spoken of as the "going rate." It is a rate which is generally known and which may have to be paid in order to get any help at all. Occasionally a firm will pay more than the going rate on the theory that it will draw a better class of workers. On the other hand, a firm may pay less than the going rate if there is a dearth of office workers, or if it offers the employees other benefits which it feels offset the reduction in the rate. These may take the form of educational training, pensions, unemployment insurance, and others.

Little need be said about rates of pay as related to the grade of work to be performed. It is axiomatic that work which is of a purely routine nature and which is essentially physical in character cannot be paid for at the same rate as work which demands close attention, quickness of movement, accuracy, and carries with it a certain amount of responsibility.

The spread between the lowest and highest rates of pay for the same kind of task should be fairly close together. A minimum rate which is too low and a maximum rate which is too high often cause trouble among the work force. Those being paid the low rate often charge those receiving the high rate as being the recipients of favors from the office manager. Internal dissension thus caused is not conducive to departmental efficiency. When the minimum and maximum rates are fairly close together, charges of favoritism or injustice are hard to substantiate. There should be provision, however, for several step increases between the minimum and maximum rates. These increases are given for length of service with the company, or for meritorious work.

When rates of pay are being established, it is essential that the office manager make sure that the total payroll will not exceed the amount which has been budgeted to him by the management. Or, if he is charging other departments for services rendered him, he must make sure that the amount budgeted for payroll does not exceed the amount collected and which can be allocated for this purpose. Payroll is only a part of the total expense of conducting the general office and care must be taken to provide for other overhead expenses.

BUILDING AND BUILDING FACILITIES

Need for Entire Building. Some business houses conduct practically all of their transactions in offices. Illustration of these are: insurance companies, correspondence schools, book publishers, magazine publishers, trust companies, loan companies, brokers, etc. In instances such as these, it is often desirable that the concern own its own building. Consequently, some attention must be given to the size and shape of the building inasmuch as it is to house offices only.

Design of Building. An office building should be rectangular in shape. Such buildings are easy to adapt to new floor layouts, are easy to light, and lastly and perhaps most important of all—easy to expand. New wings may be added at either end without difficulty, and they may be either a continuation of the main structure or they may be placed at right angles. Office buildings should have foundations which will permit more stories to be added inasmuch as past experience has proved that new stories are often necessary.

Lighting within the Office. The best lighting arrangement pos-

sible is required for efficient performance of office functions. This is because the workers are required to use their eyes under a set of conditions which soon makes for eye strain if the light happens to be poor. On the other hand, too strong light is almost as bad as light that is dim. It is just as bad to "blind" workers with glare as it is with darkness.

To establish the amount of foot candles necessary for each desk, meter readings should be taken. Obviously, the same amount of artificial light will not be necessary for those who use desks near the windows as will be needed for those sitting at desks within interior bays.

Types of Lighting Fixtures. There are three types of lighting fixtures used with artificial lighting, namely: (1) the direct; (2) the semi-indirect; and (3) the indirect.

The direct fixture calls for a reflector which diffuses all the light down to the desk. This type of fixture is seldom considered satisfactory because the reflected light causes glare, and it also produces shadows on the desk. Most bookkeepers, for example, are so disturbed by these shadows that their output is reduced.

The semi-indirect fixture requires a partially transparent or a frosted globe that is open at the top. Because of this arrangement a part of the light is reflected to the ceiling before falling upon the desk. Some of it comes, however, directly downward through the partly transparent portion of the globe or through the frosted globe. This type of fixture eliminates glare, but it does not do away with the shadows.

The total indirect fixture has an opaque globe open at the top. The light therein reflects the rays to the ceiling from where they are diffused to the desk. This method of lighting eliminates both glare and shadows, but larger light bulbs are required to provide the proper candle foot intensity than are needed with the other methods.

Ventilation. In many of the new and modern office buildings air-conditioning has solved the ventilating problem. These units deliver the required amount of fresh air at temperatures which are comfortable in both winter and summer.

Where air-conditioning is not as yet installed, attention must be given to the methods of supplying plenty of fresh air. Much sickness is due to faulty ventilation, especially drafts. Window boards which

cause the air to flow toward the ceiling when the windows are opened are useful, as are also ventilating fans which are installed in the upper part of the windows.

Facilities for Employees. Some buildings are equipped with lockers which are used to store the personal effects of employees. In others cloak rooms are maintained on each floor. Unless lockers are built-in much floor space is lost and this is often cited as an argument against them. On the other hand, the cost of employing a check girl in each cloak room is an objection to the other method of providing storage facilities.

Rest rooms and drinking fountains must be provided on each floor of the building. At the present time, electrically operated coolers are replacing the old type of drinking fountain. These are economical to operate and workers actually get a refreshing drink.

Maintenance of Building. The superintendent of the building reports in many instances to the office manager. Therefore, the latter must know something about building maintenance. In addition to the proper maintenance of lighting fixtures, ventilators, and drinking fountains, attention must be given to washing windows, woodwork, and floors. Periodic polishing or oiling of the latter are required to preserve whatever floor base may be in use.

Do not study this section (Part 2—Accounting Machines) until you have completed the work on Accountancy in Volumes 9 and 10. This section covers the use of accounting machines which requires a thorough knowledge of accounting theory. Continue your study with Part 3 on page 485 (foot folio).

PART II

ACCOUNTING MACHINES

Accounting Machines Defined. An accounting machine is any mechanical device used for the mechanical computation, distribution, and recording of numerical data.

Specifically, and for the purposes of this exposition accounting machines are machines which are equipped with descriptive or symbol printing apparatus, and with mechanisms for accumulating debits and credits in more than one counter and automatically determining the balance between them. This specific description of accounting machines eliminates listing and non-listing adding machines, and typewriters not equipped to accumulate debits and credits and to compute automatically resulting balances. These machines are described later on in the text.

Number of Accounting Machines in Use. Exact data on the number of accounting machines in use is not to be had. The use of them is so important and so extensive that some attempt to arrive at an estimated number is necessary in order that some concept regarding the displacement of hand records may be formed.

Statistics furnished by the office equipment industry in the United States show that approximately one-third of the total annual production of these machines is sold abroad. The average annual exports of billing and bookkeeping machines for the period 1926 to 1930 was 10,545 units. Exports of punched card equipment totaled 1,439 units for the same period.

On the basis of these statistics, it appears that the number of billing and bookkeeping machines entering domestic use during the period 1926 to 1930 averaged 21,090 yearly. Punched card equipment going into domestic use for the same period totaled approximately 2,876 units.

In 1934, 3,543 billing and bookkeeping machines were exported along with 1,541 card punching, sorting, and tabulating units. On the basis of these statistics, it appears that domestic purchases of the same equipment for 1934 totaled 7,086 and 3,092 units, respectively.

Since 1935 to the present time, 1946, except for the war years, manufacturers have reported increased sales each succeeding year.

Inasmuch as the average life of equipment of this nature is estimated to be ten years, calculations placing the total number of accounting machines in use at 250,000 units are thought to be conservative. These figures are, of course, for the United States.

Types of Accounting Machines. Accounting machines may be classified according to the type of base upon which they are built, namely: (1) those with a typewriter base; (2) those with an adding machine base; (3) those with a cash register base; and (4) punched card equipment which has distinctive designs for each of the various pieces of equipment necessary.

Machine with a Typewriter Base. This type of accounting machine consists primarily of a typewriter to which has been added mechanical devices called accumulators or registers, and devices called cross-footers or cross-computers. The accumulators either add or subtract amounts written when the carriage of the machine brings the printing point within the scope of the register. The cross-computer adds and subtracts, one or several times, as the carriage of the machine is moved from right to left. Further explanation of these devices will be given in a subsequent section.

Typewriter machines may be sub-classified into two other main groups as follows: (1) for the automatic printing of balances and totals; and (2) for the copying of totals from the registers.

(1) *Machines Printing Balances and Totals.* These machines print in one or more places the balance or the total of either debits or credits, or both, which have been accumulated in the registers. This may be accomplished by merely depressing a single key on the machine. The number of figures available on machines of this type are either 10 or 12, thus permitting the recording of monetary units which are picked up and printed by the accumulators in any amount up to 100 billion.

Other machines of the same general type have, in addition to the typewriter keyboard, an auxiliary keyboard with several vertical banks of numbers running from 1 to 9. Ciphers are printed automatically as the need for them arises, thus eliminating depression of such keys.

(2) *Machines Calling for the Copying of Totals.* Totals and

balances are accumulated in the registers of these machines but there is no mechanism for printing them. To clear the accumulators, it is necessary to bring the carriage into the proper position for each accumulator, copy the amounts, and then depress a key to bring the dial of the register back to zero. Machines of this type have 10- or 12-figure keyboards.

Machines with an Adding Machine Base and Symbol Keys. Machines of this general type consist of a standard adding machine with a 10- or 12-figure keyboard. Or in lieu of the 10- or 12-figure keyboard there may be a multi-figure keyboard, to which is added special keys for printing short words, such as CASH. Machines of this type automatically print totals and balances upon depressing a single key, eliminating copying from dials.

Machine with a Cash Register Base and Symbol Keys. The cash register forms the base of this type of accounting machine, and it may be had with as many as 29 different registers. The keyboard is multi-figure. The amount to be registered is determined by depressing the number keys, and the registers into which the amount is to be recorded is determined by depressing the desired register key. Totals of each register, and a grand total of all registers used may be had by depressing a selected number of keys.

Punched Card Equipment. Data are recorded on cards which have a range of 45 to 80 vertical columns of numbers running from 1 to 10, the latter indicated by a cipher. These digits are expressed by punched holes. This is done by means of electrically-driven *key punches*. Information in the cards is, therefore, in terms of punched holes rather than in terms of written or printed items.

The accuracy of punching is determined by checking the cards against the original media by running them through another punch called the *verifying key punch*, or by running them through an *interpreter* which prints the data punched at the top of the card. Following checking for accuracy, cards are sorted into any desired classification by means of electrically-operated *sorters*. These sorters select the cards in each class by mechanically- or electrically-driven impulses which are transmitted through the punched holes.

Sorted cards are tabulated on *tabulating machines*. The latter reproduce, list, and accumulate sub-totals and grand totals of the data punched in the cards. Tabulators are available which print

either numerical or alphabetical information, previously transcribed, into the card by means of punched holes by the key punch. Tabulators have accumulators or registers which print sub-totals, balances, and grand totals, whenever the classification on the card changes or when so designated by especially punched cards.

Advantages of Accounting Machines. *Speed.* Through the use of accounting machines, business transactions may be recorded faster than can be done by hand. The automatic computations of totals and balances enables important data to be rapidly and accurately summarized. Furthermore, more than one record can be made at one time. For example, it is possible to post charges to the customer's ledger account, enter the same charges on the customer's statement, and record the transaction in the sales journal, with distribution as to kind of sale, place of sale, and by whom the sale was made—all in one operation.

Accuracy. A high degree of accuracy usually can be achieved at less cost by means of machines which record and classify the data required than can be attained by hand methods. This is true, of course, only when the machines are in good working order, because at such times it is mechanically impossible for the machines to make an error. However, this does not eliminate mistakes which are due to the human factor. Nevertheless, it is much easier to check work turned out on a machine for mistakes made by the operator than it is when the same work is done by hand. Furthermore, the introduction of machines necessitates a more carefully thought out routine for handling business transactions and compiling records, and this in turn makes it easier to locate errors due to the inability of the operator.

Internal Check. Accounting machines facilitate methods of internal check as provided by the accounting system in use. The performance of departments or of individuals may be checked easily because it is possible to distribute amounts in multi-register account machines and accumulate the figures required for this purpose. To attempt to do this by hand may be so laborious and so costly that it is left undone.

Devices on accounting machines which assist in the internal check are the automatic balances and proof figures which are accumulated in the machine. The totals of these cannot be cleared on

some machines without the insertion of a special key to which the operator of the machine has no access. It is, therefore, impossible under these conditions for him to cover up defalcations by juggling or manipulating machine balances or totals.

Volume. Practically all the accounting machines are capable of handling a large volume of work as compared to hand methods. The punch card equipment, for example, is especially adaptable to large volume. Computation and distribution of the numerous daily New York Stock Exchange transactions are by means of punched card equipment.

APPLICATION OF ACCOUNTING MACHINE WITH TYPEWRITER BASE

Accounts Receivable. The handling of accounts receivable in a department store offers a satisfactory example of the use to which an accounting machine with a typewriter base, Illustrations 11 and 12, may be put. This is so because nearly all department stores have found it necessary to meet the demands of their customers for an itemized statement at the end of each month, and a machine with a typewriter unit incorporated therein is required to effect itemization.

Furthermore, an accounting machine with a typewriter base has registers which accumulate totals of all charges, as well as all credits posted. These totals are needed for proof purposes, as will be explained later. In addition to registers which accumulate totals and as a complementary part of the accounting mechanism, a machine suitable for handling accounts receivable must have a device which will automatically compute the customer's new balances each time a charge or credit is entered on the statement and on the ledger sheet, and which can be printed in the Balance column by depressing the proper key. The accounting machine with the typewriter base has this type of mechanism, which is called a *cross-computer*.*

To avoid misunderstanding, perhaps it should also be stated at this point that accounting machines with adding machine bases and symbol keys used for printing descriptions of merchandise bought, likewise have registers that total all charges and all credits made to customer's accounts, and which cross-compute to provide new balances. But they are limited to the description of the purchase of

* This register either *adds* or *subtracts*, functioning simultaneously with or independently of other registers.

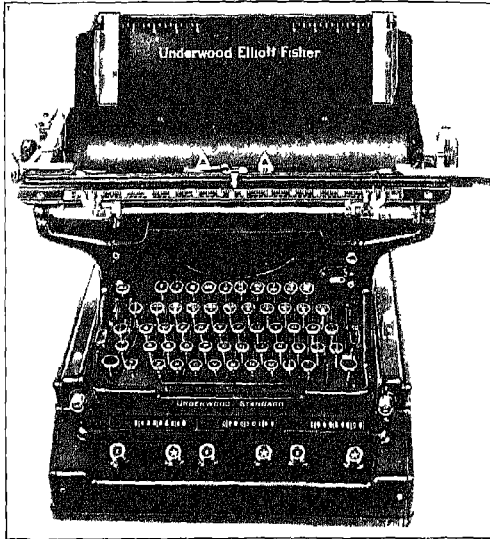


Illustration 11. Accounting machine with a typewriter base. Forms are fed around the cylinder just as in the operation of an ordinary typewriter. Note the dials at the front of the machine.

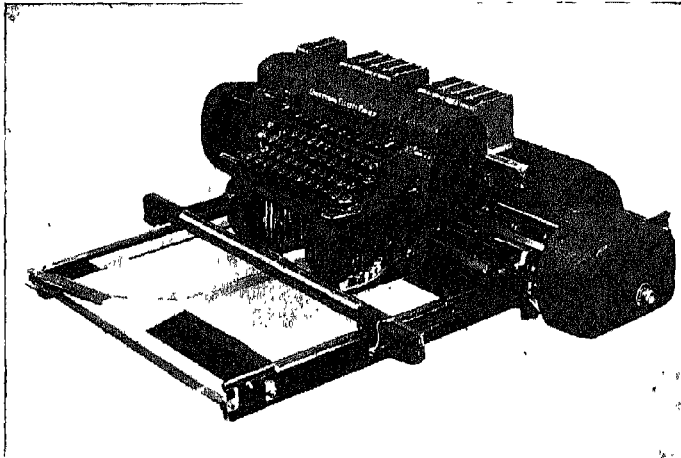


Illustration 12. Accounting machine with a typewriter base. Forms are fed to the printing point on a flat base. Observe the totalizers or registers at the back of the machine.

merchandise, since only a limited number of symbol keys can be incorporated in the machine. Usually the symbol keys which are incorporated in the machine cover only the most common purchases. That is, purchases which can be described in words of one syllable. For example, words such as SHIRT, SHOES, and COAT, can be printed by depressing a single key. Machines which have a full type-writer keyboard are not, obviously, limited in this manner, since all that is necessary is to type the required description.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT					
CONSTANCE SMITH 8080 MICHIGAN BOULEVARD CHICAGO, ILLINOIS					
OLD BALANCE	DATE	DESCRIPTION	CHARGES	CREDITS	NEW BALANCE
		BALANCE FROM PREVIOUS STATEMENT			85.50
85.50	May 1, 19—	GLOVES	3.00		
		HAT	7.50		
		TAX	.32		96.32
96.32	May 1, 19—	CASH		50.00	46.32
46.32	May 5, 19—	HOSE	1.90		
		GROCERIES	4.40		
		IES LAMP	15.00		
		TAX	.64		68.26
68.26	May 10, 19—	TIE	1.50		
		GLADSTONE BAG	27.00		
		TAX	.86		97.62

Illustration 13. Customer's statement showing how charges or credits are either added to or deducted from old balance to obtain new balance

Methods of Posting. There are two methods of posting charges and credits to customer's accounts, namely: (1) the unit method, and (2) the dual method. The unit method will be explained first.

(1) **The Unit Method of Posting.** The first form used under the unit plan of posting to customer's accounts is the Statement of Account, as shown in Illustration 13. On the statement of Constance Smith for the month of May appears in the Balance column the amount of \$85.50. This represents the balance due on account for the month of April, and the figure was obtained from the statement previously rendered. To this balance is added the charge:

May 1	GLOVES	3.00
	HAT	7.50
	TAX	.32

This charge is effected by setting up in the accounting machine the old balance of \$85.50. Upon depressing the motor bar, the amount is printed in the Previous Balance column along with the date of entering all in a single operation. The machine now moves automatically or may be tabulated into the proper columnar position for entering the new charges. In the Description column is typed the name of the merchandise purchased, and in the Charges column is printed the sale price of each article bought. To the amount of the sale is added a sales tax, if any, usually identified by the depression of a special key on the keyboard, thus printing the word TAX in a single stroke.

The new balance of 96.32 is now printed in the Balance column (after bringing the machine into the proper position by means of the tabulator key), through the depression of the motor bar or special *balance key*.

To record the credit of \$50.00 received on account, and on the same date as the new charge of \$10.82 was recorded, the old balance of \$96.32 is set up in the machine, recorded in the Previous Balance column, the nature of the transaction described, and the amount of cash received printed in the Credits column. The credit is automatically deducted in the cross-computer, thus causing the machine to print the new balance of \$46.32 in the Balance column upon depressing the proper key.

Charges incurred on May 5 and 10 are entered by manipulating the machine in the same manner, as previously described.

The Ledger Sheet. The data shown on the Statement of Account is duplicated on the ledger sheet or page, Illustration 14, by means of a carbon. The ledger sheet constitutes the permanent record of the store.

The Proof Journal. The proof journal, Illustration 15, gives a cumulative record of the day's postings, or a record of a particular run of sales tickets which may be posted to the accounts receivable at any time during the day as may be desired. This record shows also the total of all charges made to accounts receivable for the day,

OFFICE MANAGEMENT

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ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE LEDGER

Name CONSTANCE SMITH

Credit Limit 150

Address 8080 MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

Account No. 734

OLD BALANCE	DATE	DESCRIPTION	CHARGES		CREDITS	NEW BALANCE
85.50	May 1, 19—	GLOVES	3.00			85.50
		HAT	7.50			
		TAX	.32			96.32
96.32	May 1, 19—	CASH			50.00	46.32
46.32	May 1, 19—	HOSE	1.90			
		GROCERIES	4.40			
		1 E S LAMP	15.00			
		TAX	.64			68.26
68.26	May 10, 19—	TIE	1.50			
		GLADSTONE BAG	27.00			
		TAX	.86			97.62

Illustration 14. Customer's ledger card showing credit limit, account number, and duplication of data on statement of account.

PROOF JOURNAL

Date May 1, 19—

OLD BALANCE	DATE	DESCRIPTION	CHARGES	CREDITS	NEW BALANCE	PROOF PICK-UP
85.50	May 1, 19—	GLOVES	3.00			
		HAT	7.50			
		TAX	.32		96.32	85.50
96.32	May 1, 19—	CASH		50.00	46.32	96.32
10.00	May 1, 19—	DRESS	17.50			
		TAX	.53		28.03	10.00
53.25	May 1, 19—	CASH		53.25	00.00	53.25
21.75	May 1, 19—	END TABLE	7.50			
		RUG	18.00			
		VASE	3.00			
		TAX	.86		51.11	21.75
			58.21	103.25	221.78	266.82
						0

Illustration 15. Printed on the proof journal are the totals accumulated in the charge and credit registers. The cross-computer gives the total which is printed for the new balance column.

obtained of course, by accumulating these charges in the register used for these particular items. This total is printed when postings to all accounts have been completed, simply by depressing the proper key. In a like manner, the total of all credits to customer's accounts are accumulated in a second register, the total of which is entered on the Proof Journal at the end of the posting period by a depression of the proper key.

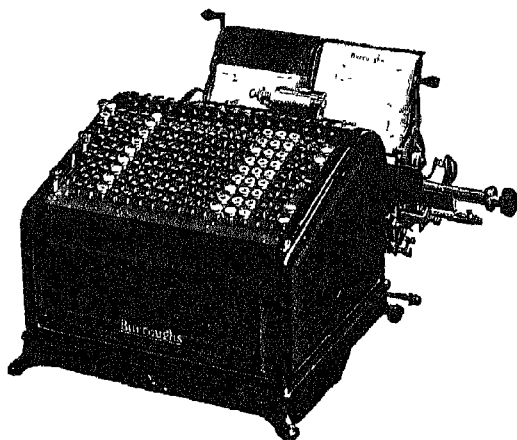


Illustration 16 Accounting machine with an adding machine base. This machine prints numerical data as contrasted with machine with the typewriter base which prints both numerical and alphabetical data.

The first entry on the Proof Journal is a duplicate of the new charge to the account of Constance Smith as of May 1, \$10.82. The second entry shows her payment of \$50 on account. The third entry shows the purchase made by another customer on the same day, amounting to \$28.03. The fourth entry shows a payment in full of account by a third customer, \$53.25, and the last entry of \$29.36 is an increase to the old balance of a fourth customer.

The total charges to all customers' accounts for the day, May 1, total 58.21; the total credits \$103.25.

(2) **The Dual Method of Posting.** Under the dual plan of posting from sales tickets to accounts receivable, the first operation consists of entering either the charge or credit on the ledger page of the customer. This is done as a separate operation by means of an accounting machine with an *adding machine base*, Illustration 16.

Like the accounting machine with a typewriter base, this machine has registers which accumulate totals of all charges and of all credits which are posted to the various accounts, and it has a cross-computer to compute new balances. This machine prints only numerical data; description of the merchandise purchased does not appear on the ledger sheet.

The customer's statement under this plan is made in another posting operation and by means of an accounting machine having a typewriter base, since, as already stated, the merchandise purchased must be itemized to meet the wishes of the customers. The name "dual plan" arises from the fact that two operations are necessary to get the items posted to both the statement and ledger page. The original medium from which the data is transcribed (a sales slip or cash credit memorandum, for example) is used for both posting operations although two different operators enter the amounts on the statement and ledger forms.

Variations in Posting. There are three variations in posting under the dual plan. Under the first method, the total of each sales check or credit memorandum is recorded on the customer's ledger sheet daily. That is, if the customer buys in three separate departments with the result that three sales tickets are written, there would be three entries on the ledger page—one for the total amount purchased in each department.

Under the second method, the sales tickets for the three departments in which purchases were made are assembled in the accounting department. There a total for the three is computed. This total is then entered on the ledger sheet. Obviously, this method saves two postings as compared with the first method, and requires only one line of writing as against three for the first method.

Under the third variation of posting, sales slips of a customer are accumulated for a period of a month, the total figured, and this amount entered on the ledger page. Naturally, this results in a further saving in entries on the ledger page for the period under review, and it brings about a corresponding saving in time and space ordinarily required to write the charges on the ledger page.

To offset the advantage gained by saving time and space in entering items on the ledger page, is the additional work required to compute totals which must be done either under methods one

or three. The work of adding and totaling falls either to the machine operator or to a clerk employed especially for this purpose. Furthermore, method three may cause a peak load of accounting and machine work at the close of the month which, in general, is undesirable.

Attention is directed to the fact that regardless as to which variation of posting to the ledger is used under the dual plan, there is

ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE LEDGER

Name CONSTANCE SMITH

Credit Limit 150

Address 8080 MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

Account No. 734

OLD BALANCE	DATE	CHARGES		CREDITS	NEW BALANCE
85.50	May 1, 19—	3.00			85.50
		.09			88.59
88.59	May 1, 19—	7.50			96.32
		.23			96.32
96.32	May 1, 19—			50.00	46.32
46.32	May 1, 19—	1.90			48.28
		.06			48.28
48.26	May 1, 19—	4.40			52.81
		.13			52.81
52.81	May 1, 19—	15.00			68.26
		.45			68.26

Illustration 17. Skeletonized ledger showing entries as made upon receipt of media from various departments in which purchases were made.

always the necessity for posting to customers' statements by means of an accounting machine with a typewriter base which can be used to describe the purchases made.

Postings to customers' statements are made daily under the dual plan just as they are under the unit plan.

The ledger page of Constance Smith as it appears on May 1, 19— when the first method of posting is in effect is shown in Illustration 17. Since each of the items purchased was in a different department, five lines of writing are necessary. The amount of the tax is shown separately for each article.

ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE LEDGER

Name CONSTANCE SMITH

Credit Limit 150

Address 8080 MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

Account No. 734

OLD BALANCE	DATE	CHARGES		CREDITS	NEW BALANCE
					85.50
85.50	May 1, 19—			50.00	35.50
35.50	May 1, 19—	31.80 .96			68.26

Illustration 18. Skeletonized ledger showing entry of all charges made by combining amounts on media from all departments for one day.

Illustration 18 shows the ledger written up under the second method of posting, as of May 1, 19—. In this case total charges for each day are entered, with a single amount of tax for all. Only one line of writing is necessary to record the charges.

ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE LEDGER

Name CONSTANCE SMITH

Credit Limit 150

Address 8080 MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

Account No. 734

OLD BALANCE	DATE	CHARGES		CREDITS	NEW BALANCE
					85.50
85.50	May 1, 19—			50.00	35.50
35.50	May 1, 19—	60.30 1.81			97.61

Illustration 19. Skeletonized ledger showing entry for all charges made by combining amounts on media from all departments for one month.

In Illustration 19, posting under the third method, only one line of writing is necessary since the purchases for the month have been added together and posted in a single sum. The entry for the tax does not require a complete line of writing.

It should be added at this point that the Proof Journal is prepared along with the customer's statement under the dual plan, the Journal serving as a method of proof of posting in this method just as it does under the unit plan of posting.

Methods of Proof. One of the principal reasons for employing accounting machines over and against hand methods is to obtain increased accuracy. Accuracy, however, is largely dependent upon the methods used to prove accuracy.

To be assured that postings to the accounts are absolutely correct, it is necessary that: (1) all postings have been made to the right account; (2) that the old balance of each account to which a posting is made is picked up correctly; (3) that the correct amount of the charge or credit is entered in the account; and (4) that the new balance is properly printed in the Balance column.

Proof of Posting to Right Account. Proof that postings have been made to the right accounts may be ascertained by having a control clerk make a run of the old balances of the accounts to be affected by charge and credit entries. The control clerk does this at the same time that he "stuffs" the ledger. A ledger is "stuffed" when sales tickets and credit memoranda are placed immediately in front of the accounts which are to be affected by the data thereon. Inasmuch as the sales ticket or other memorandum is allowed to extend beyond the edge of the ledger sheet in each case, the place of posting is marked for the operator.

When the posting is completed, the total of the Proof Pick Up (sum of old balances) is obtained by depressing the proper key. This figure appears on the Proof Journal as may be seen in Illustration 15. The total obtained should agree with the pre-run total of old balances obtained by the control clerk in a separate listing of the old balances. When it does, this indicates that postings were made to the proper accounts.

Proof of Old Balance Pick-Up. Proof that the old balances have been picked up correctly in posting to customer's accounts is of considerable importance inasmuch as a failure to so do will give the wrong new balance after either charges or credits are added to or subtracted from the old balance. Consequently, several methods have been devised to insure the accuracy of picking up old balances.

That old balances have been picked up correctly is proved under the dual plan by accumulating these figures in registers on both statement and ledger machines. If the totals in the register of the machine used for preparing the statement agree with totals in register used

If, however, the unit plan of posting is in operation, proof of correct pick-up of old balances may be obtained by making an adding machine run off the old balances of the accounts to which postings are to be made. As the posting takes place, the accumulated figures will be shown in the register used for this purpose. At the end of the run the total of all old balances will have been accumulated, and if this total agrees with the total obtained on the pre-run, old balances have been picked up correctly.

A third method of proving the correctness of old balance pick-up, as long as the unit plan of posting is in operation, is by making use of two cross-computers on the accounting machine. These cross-computers are extra equipment and do not eliminate the need for registers which accumulate charges and credits made to the accounts. The procedure required under this method of proof is as follows:

1. The old balance, say \$50, is picked up, entered in the machine and printed in the Old Balance column of the Statement of Account. At the same time this amount is also automatically added in one of the cross-computing registers. This register may be designated for purposes of illustration as *Register B*.
2. The date and description of the charge are entered in the appropriate columns.
3. The operator enters the amount of charge (or credit) as indicated on the original medium—the sales ticket—in the machine, say \$20. This amount is printed in the charge column of the Statement of Account. At the same time it is added in *Register A*, an adding register; in *Register B*, a cross-computer; and in *Register C*, another cross-computer.
4. The effect of entering a charge of \$20 is shown in the machine dials thus:

Register A	Register B	Register C
20.00	70.00	20.00

5. The operator reads the new balance of \$70 in *Register B*, enters it in the machine, and records it in the Balance column on the Statement of Account. If the new balance is correctly recorded in the Balance column, the result is shown in the dials of the registers thus:

Register A	Register B	Register C
20.00	00.00	9,950.00

The amount of 9,950.00 is the complement of the old balance of \$50.00. *In arithmetic the complement is the difference between a number and the next power of ten above it.* For example, 82 is the arithmetical complement of 18. 9,950 is the arithmetical complement of 50. By adding back the 50 the dials would revert to zero. No matter how many digits there are in each dial the arithmetical complement of 50 will consist of a series of 9's and 50. 99999950 in a dial is *still* the complement of 50, as only the digit capacity of the register is increased.

Since the Cross-computer shows only the \$20 new charge, it will take only a \$20 subtraction to bring its dials back to zero. But since the \$70 is composed of the new charge of \$20, and the old balance of \$50, the ultimate effect is to not only eliminate the \$20, but to subtract out \$50 more, thereby showing up the complement of \$50. This is 9950.

Recording the new balance of \$70 automatically subtracts it out of *Register B*, leaving the dial clear; and at the same time subtracts it from *Register C*. This brings *Register B* back to zero, and produces in *Register C* the complement of the old balance of \$50, or \$9.950.

6. The operator picks up the old balance a second time, and records it in the Proof Pick-Up column of the Proof Journal. The effect of this operation is to add \$50 back in *Register C*, bringing the dial to zero as shown below:

Register A	Register B	Register C
20.00	00.00	0,000.00

7. The final operation consists of depressing the Star Proof Key. If all dials are clear, with the exception, of course, of those in which charges and credits have been accumulated, the depression of this key causes a star, cipher, or other symbol to be printed in the Proof Pick-Up column of the Proof Journal. If the key locks instead of releasing the mechanism to print the symbols, this indicates that the old balance was not picked up correctly in one of the two instances mentioned above, and hence all dials of the cross-computers are not clear.

Proof of Correct Pick-Up of Charges and Credits. When the dual plan of posting is in operation, proof that charges or credits have been picked up correctly from the original media may be had by comparing the total of the registers accumulating charges and credits on one of the machines with the difference between old and new balances accumulated on the other machine. For example, assume that the register accumulating charges on the machine with the typewriter base, used to prepare the statements, shows charges of \$5 and \$10 on Account No. 1, and Account No. 2, respectively, making a total of \$15. The registers on the machine with the adding machine base used for the ledger work show the following accumulations:

Old Balance	Charges	New Balance
25.00	5.00	30.00
30.00	10.00	40.00

The difference between the total Old Balance and the total New Balance is \$15. This agrees with the total posted to the two customers' accounts as indicated by the register accumulating charges on the statement machine.

If there are credits involved as well as charges, then the difference of the totals of the registers showing charges and credits on the statement machine will equal the difference (if all work is correctly done) between old and new balances on the ledger machine. For example, assume that Customer No. 2 pays \$10 on account. The net charge for the postings to the two accounts is, therefore, \$5, found

by subtracting the total credit of \$10 from the total charges of \$15. On the ledger machine the registers show:

Old Balance	Charges	Credits	Balance
25.00	5.00		30.00
30.00	10.00	10.00	30.00

The difference between the old and new balances is \$5. This is the same difference as exists when the total charges and total credits are accumulated and then subtracted on the statement machine.

Another method of proving that charges and credits have been picked up correctly under the dual plan of posting is to make an adding machine run for all charges and all credits shown on the original media, before posting is begun. After the items have been posted to the statements and the amounts totaled in the charge and credit registers, these are compared with the totals obtained by the pre-run. If there is agreement, charges and credits have been picked up correctly and hence posted correctly.

Proof of Correct Recording of New Balance. If the statement machine has two cross-computers, the new balance is recorded automatically by the depression of a single key. If all other posting operations have been made correctly, it must follow that the new balance is correct. If, however, only one cross-computer is in use, the operator must read the new balance shown in its dial, enter this in the machine, and then depress a key to print it. Since there is considerable probability that the operator will err in this routine, other methods of proof are necessary to check the accuracy of the pick-up of the new balance.

Under the dual plan, proof that the new balances have been correctly entered may be obtained by simply comparing the new balances shown in the register on the statement machine with the old balances plus charges (and minus credits) on the ledger machine. If these totals are in agreement, the correctness of the new balances is proved.

Attention is directed to the fact that when the dual plan is in operation it is unnecessary to have registers accumulating old balances and new balances on both machines. Under the usual set-up, registers for this purpose are found on the statement machine only.

Use of Star Key. That the new balance has been properly recorded may be proved through the use of a star key as previously stated. This holds true for either statement or ledger machine. If the new balance is printed correctly, and the cross-computer dial is clear, the star key may be depressed with the result that a star or other symbol is printed after the new balance. If the new balance is not correctly printed, the cross-computer prevents the depression of the star proof key and calls the operator's attention to the fact that there is an error.

Under the unit plan of posting, it is possible to prove the correctness of the new balances by adding another register on the machine which will accumulate the total of the new balances. The amount in this register at the end of the run should equal a total of the old balances, plus charges and minus credits.

Advantages of Unit Plan. Less Costly. Everything considered it is less costly to handle accounts receivable by the unit plan than it is to handle them by the dual plan. This is because there is less invested in accounting machines since fewer are needed, and consequently less is paid in the way of salaries since fewer operators will be required. In addition to these economics there is a saving in the amount of floor space required which must be paid for at so much per square foot per month. Then there is a further saving in miscellaneous expenses including cost of forms, stationery, filing equipment, and others.

Less Work. There is less work to be done under the unit plan because statement and ledger sheet must agree, inasmuch as the latter is a duplication of the first. Aside from the fact that there is a saving in one operation, there is also less work resulting from checking. Comparison of statement with ledger page at the end of a month, as is necessary under the dual plan to catch mistakes before the statements are mailed to customers, is eliminated with the unit plan. Of course, it should be added in all fairness that statements and ledger sheet may check out one hundred per cent under the dual plan. Yet, at the same time, the fact that the entries are made by different operators under different runs increases the possibility of errors.

Aid to Credit Department. When the unit plan is in use, both statement and ledger show the same balance at all times. Under the

dual plan this may or may not be true, depending upon what variation of posting is in use. In any case, however, the credit department must look at both statement and ledger page when the dual plan is in operation to verify the exact status of the customer's account. Otherwise, one amount may be found on the statement and another on the ledger due to failure to keep both in agreement at all times. Before the credit department can extend or refuse credit, the amounts must be brought into agreement, or the most recent posting on either form may be assumed to be correct.

Disadvantages of Unit Plan. *Illegible Ledger Page.* Since the ledger page results from a duplication of the statement by means of a carbon, the former often becomes, in the process of long and continued use, smudged and illegible—obviously a disadvantage to both the accounting and the credit departments.

Itemized Ledgers. Itemized ledgers are in ill favor with the credit department. This is because detail is of little value to the credit manager. When he inspects an account, he does so for the purpose of ascertaining a comprehensive view of the status of the customer's account. He may wish to know, for example, the total purchases by the customer up to the current date, as compared to those made in a like period the preceding month. He may also wish to know total payments made on account up to the current date. Unnecessary detail on the ledger sheet deters rapid inspection of the account. The seriousness of this delay becomes increasingly important when one considers the fact that small department stores have 10,000 to 25,000 active accounts receivable; large department stores from 50,000 to 150,000.

Furthermore, itemized ledgers require twice as many lines of writing on the average, as do skeletonized ledgers which may be prepared under the dual plan. This in itself means approximately twice the cost for forms, binders, and storage cabinets.

Inaccessibility of Records. Under the unit plan records are not as accessible as they are at all times under the dual plan. Customer's statements and ledger sheets are kept in the same file, and they cannot be available to both accounting department and credit department at the same time. To give the credit department the right to have its clerks examine the records to obtain credit data at all times means that the accounting department will not only be inconven-

ienced but its work may actually be delayed and its routine upset.

Advantages of the Dual Plan. *Fewer Errors.* If the statement machine and the ledger machine are equipped with two adding registers and one cross-computer (minimum requirements), a larger percentage of the errors made will be discovered at the time of posting than will be discovered when only one machine is used for both statement and ledger, as under the unit plan. To the extent that errors are discovered at the time of posting, to the same extent they may be corrected, with the ultimate result that there will be greater accuracy.

Accuracy of posting may be checked under the dual plan by accumulating in one register all charges (or credits), and in another a total of old balances on the statement machine. If one of the registers on the ledger machine is used to accumulate old balances, also, the total shown in it may be compared with the total of old balances shown in the register on the statement machine. If the totals are in agreement, accuracy is presumed. Or, if the sum of the total charges plus old balances, as shown by the registers on the statement machine, equals the total of the new balances, as shown by this register on the ledger machine, it may be assumed that all postings have been made to the proper account.

Errors which result from posting to an account with a similar name and where there is no old balance pick-up (as for example, A. A. Smith instead of E. M. Smith) are more easily detected under the dual plan than they are under the unit plan. The reason for this is found in the fact that both operators are not likely to record the same amount to the wrong account twice and when the next run of postings is made the error will be discovered, as the old balances on statement and ledger machines are compared, since they will not be in agreement. As a result, the old balances printed on the Proof Journal during the run will be immediately checked back against the old balance on the accounts to which the charge was made and the incorrect posting located.

Under the unit plan of posting, a charge (or credit) to the wrong account may not be located until the customer receiving the incorrect statement makes an objection.

Greater Flexibility. The work involved under the dual plan is more specialized than under the unit plan. Routine duties are kept

to a minimum for each operator because there is a division of labor. Because of this flexibility, it is possible to train operators more quickly for one machine or the other. As a consequence, new operators may develop speed in posting more quickly to say nothing of a higher degree of accuracy. The dual plan is sufficiently flexible to be able to use the machine operators in other clerical work during slack periods, or to transfer an operator from the statement machine to the ledger machine or vice versa as the occasion demands it.

Disadvantages of the Dual Plan. *More Costly.* More equipment is needed when the dual plan is used and this in itself makes the plan more costly. The use of the additional equipment is attended with increased expense for operator's salaries, forms, files, and extra floor space.

These costs are direct or primary ones and they may be partially offset, at least, by increased indirect or secondary costs which must be incurred under the unit plan. To make the costs of the latter plan comparable with those of the dual plan, consideration must be given to extra expense for adding machine, adding machine operator's salaries, and supplies for these machines.

Peak Loads. Peak loads may result when the dual plan is in operation and these considered from any angle are undesirable. The peak load comes from allowing either posting to the statements or to the ledger to fall behind, depending upon which operation is done first and the length of time allowed to elapse between runs on the different machines. If ledger postings are made at the end of the week, or the skeletonized ledger is prepared at the end of the month (both possible under the dual plan), peak loads are likely to occur at these times.

Peak loads may also occur during times when the store is having a special sale or at certain seasons of the year when purchases are unduly heavy. In either instance, work piles up for either the statement or the posting machine.

MECHANICAL FEATURES OF ACCOUNTING MACHINES WITH THE TYPEWRITER BASE

Inasmuch as there are a number of different makes of machines on the market, each having a typewriter base, it naturally follows that there are also different mechanical devices or features on the

various machines. Since it is impossible, because of space limitations (to say nothing of the doubtful educational value of so doing) to give a full description of the various machines, charts comparing the different mechanical features of six different brands have been worked out, and they appear in Illustrations 20 to 23 inclusive.

Other Machine Applications. An accounts receivable application is only one of many accounting applications for which machines with the typewriter base (or machines with the adding machine base for that matter) may be used. For example, other important applications include: (1) accounting for the payroll; (2) accounting for inventory; (3) accounting for accounts payable; and (4) accounting for manufacturing costs.

Methods of using the machines, however, are similar to those described for accounts receivable. Methods of proof for any or all of these other applications call for checks and balances similar in nature to those used to prove the accuracy of accounts receivable postings.

Attention is directed to the fact that accounting machines are being constantly improved and hence new devices are constantly being added to the machines. Basic features remain unchanged.

PRINCIPLES OF PUNCHED CARD ACCOUNTING

Before describing a typical application of punched card equipment in the field of machine accounting, it is necessary first to examine some of the principles that must be considered before installing the method. Other accounting machines may be purchased outright and depreciated over a long period of time; punched card equipment is leased at so much per month for each unit needed, and the cost may be greater. If the latter prevails, its use may then be justified only in the light of the existence of certain fundamental conditions necessary for its successful operation. These conditions have been restated in the form of principles which are discussed in detail in the following pages:

Volume. The number of media, number of items, number of classifications, number of classes in each classification, and the number of active classes in each classification have an effect upon the volume of work which is to be done on the equipment. *Without sufficient volume it is difficult to justify the punched card method of machine accounting.*

Costs. Volume, the reduction in time for the preparation of reports, the subsequent use of the punched card, the legal necessity for maintaining records for a long period of time, the percentage of allowable error in the records, idle machine capacity and the question of buying machine equipment, as against the renting or leasing of tabulating equipment, are *all related to costs*. The punched card method of accounting must justify itself over other machine methods by either providing more efficient methods at increased costs or by reducing accounting costs. If the first condition prevails, the management of the business assumes the additional expense because it believes that the punched card method of accounting will accomplish the end desired better than any other hand or machine method of accounting.

Media. Media may be defined as the original records or vouchers containing primary or secondary information about the business transaction which is used as a basis for transcribing data into the cards by means of punched holes.

The *number of media* used in the accounting operations may have a decided bearing upon the question under review, because it is tied up with the volume factor. It would be difficult to think of a situation where punched card equipment would work economically where only one or two hundred media per day resulted from the transactions of the business. In a situation such as the latter, it would be more economical to post the data by hand (or distribute it as the case may be) or to purchase an accounting machine of another type which although simple in design and low in cost could do the work efficiently.

The fact that original data may be written directly upon the card and then later punched into it is an argument for its use (if sufficient volume exists) because other original vouchers from which the data would have to be abstracted and punched are eliminated. Another point along the same line and one which may constitute an argument for the use of the punched card method is the fact that once the data is in the card a permanent record is made and there is no further necessity for keeping the original media created at the time of the business transaction. These may be destroyed by the department creating them after they have been returned by the tabulating department.

ILLUSTRATION 20. FEATURES OF ACCOUNT-

(Data contained in this table represents author's

Mechanical Features	Burroughs Moon-Hopkins	Remington
I. Typewriter Keyboard 1. Stationary 2. Movable	1. Stationary	1. Stationary
II. Numerical Keyboard 1. 10 keys 2. 81 keys or less. Full keyboard. May be more or less	1. Two sets of 10-key keyboards each, and mechanical multiplier	1.
III. Paper Feed 1. Flat or curved 2. Front or back 3. Alignment	1. Either. Also collating table available 2. Either 3. To line or point on collating table	1. Curved around cylinder 2. Either or both 3. Direct to writing position on platen, by guide wire
IV. Platen 1. Cylindrical 2. Flat	1.	1.
V. Visibility of Writing 1. Visible 2. Blind	2.	1.
VI. Impulse for Registers 1. Key-driven 2. Motor-driven	2.	1.
VII. Printing of Numbers—Accumulating in Registers: 1. Printed and accumulated digit-by-digit 2. Printed digit-by-digit; but accumulated when last digit key of any number is released 3. Printed and accumulated by depression of motor bar or separate key after depressing numeral keys	3.	1.

ING MACHINES WITH TYPEWRITER BASE

(opinion at time of making comparison)

Underwood	National—Ellis Model	Elliott-Fisher
1. Stationary	1. Stationary	1. Movable (Numerical keyboard also)
1.	1.	1.
1. Curved around cylinder	1. Curved around cylinder	1. Flat
2. Either or both	2. Either	2. Front
3. By estimating proper place on platen	3. By estimating proper place on platen	3. Directly to position on platen by means of line-finder
1.	1.	2.
1	1.	1.
2.	2.	1.
2.	3.	1

ILLUSTRATION 21. FEATURES OF ACCOUNT-

(Data contained in this table represents author's

Mechanical Features	Burroughs Moon-Hopkins	Remington
VIII. Tabulation		
1. For column position	1a.	1b
a. Automatic		
b. Tabulator key		
2. For dollars and cents position	2a	2b
a. Automatic		
b. By tabulator keys		
IX. Punctuation		
1. Automatic	1	
2. Manual		2 Manual, if any. Totalizers do not print differentiation for dollars and cents
X. Printing of Date		
1. Automatic—whole line at one time	1. (At same time old balance is printed)	
2. Typed in		2. Automatic printing device available
XI. Proof on Line of Writing		
1. For one pick-up—either old balance or charges (credits)		1. Possible
2. Two pick-ups—old balance and charges (or credits)	2.	2. Possible
3. Methods	3b	3b. Two if desired, one is usually used
a. Two cross-computers		
b. One cross-computer		
XII. Printing New Balance		
1. Automatic. Depress motor bar and/or proper key	1.	
2. Visual and manual. Copy from cross-computer.		2.

ING MACHINES WITH TYPEWRITER BASE

(opinion at time of making comparison)

Underwood	National--Ellis Model	Elliott-Fisher
1a. (1b. if wanted)	1. Carriage returned manually after use of typewriter keyboard; money column selection automatic	1b.
2b.	2a.	2b.
1	1.	1. Skips space between dollars and cents automatically
2. 1 is optional	2. 1 is available	2.
1 2. Possible 3a.	1. Visual line proof pick-up of old balances used 2. Available, but seldom used 3b.	1. Mechanical line proof not possible
2	1. By balance key and motor bar	2.

ILLUSTRATION 22. FEATURES OF ACCOUNT.

(Data contained in this table represents author's

Mechanical Features	Burroughs Moon-Hopkins	Remington
XIII. Proof that Cross-Computer is Cleared 1. Prints "0" after old balance in proof column 2. Prints star (*) after old balance in proof column	1 With XI 2.	1. 2. Or look proof clearance
XIV. Subtraction in Cross-Computer 1. Direct in all carriage positions 2. By complementary method	1. Possible	1. If No. 20 cross-computer is used 2. If No. 30 cross-computer is used
XV. Subtraction Vertical registers (For purpose of making corrections or clearing control totals at end of run) 1. Direct subtractions 2. By complementary method	1.	1. Mechanical device available for subtraction in any register
XVI. Proof Record 1. Audit sheet 2. Tally tape	1. or 2. as wanted	1. or 2. as wanted
XVII. Carriage Return 1. Automatic	1.	1.

To the extent that media may exist automatically, or may arise as a by-product of the business transaction, or may be arranged in proper classes or classifications, as a result of some previous routine operation, to the same extent may the need for punched card equipment be lessened.

If the media are already grouped so that the data thereon may be summarized without additional labor, the need for punched card equipment is lessened. A case in point is the posting of sales invoices

ING MACHINES WITH TYPEWRITER BASE

(opinion at time of making comparison)

Underwood	National—Ellis Model	Elliott-Fisher
2	1. If register is clear— otherwise prints in proof column amount left in register	2.
1.	1.	1. If subtract stops are used for particular position 2. Without subtract stops
1. In any register by sub- tract key	1. Direct to clear totals 2. Complementary method for correc- tions	2.
1. or 2. as wanted	2. 1 Available	1.
1.	1.	1.

to accounts receivable on a geographical basis. To do this brings about a grouping of the invoices by salesmen and by territory, and the grouping of the media in this manner permits distribution to other records without further handling of the invoices.

Number of Items. Items are the number of entries on the original media which must be posted. Items exist in most instances in terms of both quantity and quality. For example, the number of articles, commodities, or products may be said to be a quantitative

ILLUSTRATION 23. FEATURES OF ACCOUNTING MACHINES WITHOUT A TYPEWRITER BASE

(Data contained in this table represents author's opinion at time of making comparison)

Mechanical Features	Burroughs	National
I. Platen (Writing Surface) 1. Cylindrical 2. Flat	1.	2.
II. Paper Feed 1. Flat or curved 2. Front or back 3. Alignment	1. Curved around cylinder 2. Either 3. Visual alignment by means of line finder	1. Flat 2. Front 3. Depress key corresponding with line number on ledger card to bring printing point even with line
III. Proof on Line of Writing 1. For one pick-up—either old balance or charges (credits) 2. Two pick-ups—old balance and charges (credits) 3. Methods a. Two cross-computers b. One cross-computer	2 3b	None
IV. Tabulation 1. For column position a. Automatic b. Tabulator key 2. For dollars and cents position a. Automatic b. Tabulator key	1a. 2a.	1a. 2a.
V. Number of registers (Maximum)	Six adding—one cross-computer Also direct subtraction	Twenty adding registers

measure; the value of each article, commodity, or product, singly or in total, may be said to be a qualitative measure.

To obtain information regarding a number of different commodities according to their value requires many sortings of the media containing the items. Such a task is laborious by hand methods and as many of the accounting machines cannot sort media containing items existing quantitatively and qualitatively, the punched card method is used because it is especially suitable for this kind of work.

The number of items necessary to make punched card equipment economical should in no case be less than 1,500 per day, and probably the economical lower limit should be set at 2,500 per day. Of course, the nature of the items themselves is often a determining factor because if sales are made by a factory making only one commodity there will be no need to sort the media for different items because they will all be the same. If, however, a factory makes fifty items which can be grouped into eight or ten main classes, punched card equipment will group these articles into the desired main classification more efficiently than can be done by any other method.

Number of Classifications. One of the principal reasons that punched card equipment is especially suitable for compiling the results of the census of statistical survey is because these data must be sorted into a number of different classifications. To compile census facts, it is necessary to group the statistical data according to sex, race, color, age, occupation, location, and many other classifications. This is done at a rapid rate on the sorter; so fast, as a matter of fact, that it is said that unless it could be done in this manner, the results of the 1930 census could not be made available by hand methods before the next census was ready to be taken in 1940. The same situation prevails to a lesser extent for vital statistical data accumulated by insurance companies in the course of actuarial studies.

In department store accounting, an audit of sales invoices calls for only a few groupings of the media. Classification of data by salesmen and by salesladies can be arranged so as to give at the same time the total sales for the various departments. Two-way classifications such as this eliminates the need for punched card equipment if this is the only factor to be considered. But if there are a large number of media, all containing a large number of items (postings),

this may change a negative need for punched card equipment into a positive one.

Number of Classes. Classes refer to the *number of accounts*. Thus, there may be 1000 pieces of original media, containing 15,000 different items grouped into 50 account classes, according to 5 different classifications.

Punched card equipment is especially suitable for the handling of various classes or sub-classes which are grouped under different classifications. The reason for this is due to the fact that the tabulator is capable of accumulating information in more registers than may be handled on any other accounting machine. The largest tabulator permits of printing information from the punched card in as many as four major classifications.

From what has been said about media, items, classes, and classifications, it is apparent that *volume* of accounting operations depend not necessarily upon any one of these factors, nor necessarily upon a combination of them. There can be great volume if the media exist in quantity but this does not necessarily call for the punched card method. On the other hand, if there are many media but only a few items to be posted, it may be that a less expensive machine equipment set-up will be more economical than the use of punched card equipment. Where, however, there are at least two classifications with several classes or sub-classes falling thereunder, punched card equipment usually begins to function economically.

In the last analysis, volume does not result so much from the amount of work to be done as it does from the manner in which the accounting data must be entered or distributed in the books of record, and the way in which it must be classified to obtain the desired reports.

Reduction in Time for Preparation of Reports. If there is a minimum of volume but still it is sufficient to justify the use of the punched card method, a further advantage may be claimed for the use of the equipment inasmuch as it operates so quickly that the preparation and presentation of reports and records are frequently advanced beyond the usual time of completion. One firm stated that cost analyzing by the operating department was advanced two weeks by use of the punched card method, and that final figures for the inventory of raw materials, supplies, goods in process, and finished

goods were made *currently* available by this method. Also, the figures for inventory for the month were made available within the next day or two in the following month in contrast to a waiting period of a week or more before the data was in final useable form.

Some of the reasons that the punched card method causes a lessening in the time normally required for the preparation and presentation of records and reports, other than those found in the inherent nature of the equipment itself, are:

1. To use punched card equipment efficiently, there must be better coordination of accounting function between the various departments within the business and the accounting department. The concrete effect of better coordination is found in more efficient scheduling of original media from the other departments to the tabulating division of the accounting department.
2. A systems man is assigned by the tabulating company to each new installation of the equipment. He devotes his entire time in helping the management establish proper accounting routines for the equipment and aids the accounting department in setting up schedules for media which when properly established permits the tabulating department to turn out work with dispatch.
3. Inasmuch as other machines, such as adding machines and calculators, are necessary adjuncts to the punched card method insofar as they are needed to prepare the original media for scheduling to the tabulating department this often increases the efficiency of the organization as a whole. As a result, records and reports are brought out on an earlier date.
4. Punched card equipment utilizes preprinted forms and vouchers from which information may be quickly abstracted and placed on the card in the form of punched holes.
5. Lastly, since the tabulating department must operate as a centralized department, it is possible to shift employees from one department to another to keep the media coming in to the department at a uniform rate. Many times this shifting enables the management to avoid "jams" or "bottle-necks" in the scheduling of media from the various originating departments to the tabulating department.

Subsequent Use of Punched Cards. An example of the subsequent use of punched cards after they have served for reports for the current operating period is found in an accounts receivable application of the punched card method. After the cards are used to gather and print the data relative to accounts receivable, the cards are then used to prepare a *detail aged trial balance*, and then to prepare a

history of any desired customer's account. The first report makes it possible to determine the age of the different items of the customer's accounts according to 30- 60- and 90-day periods. The second gives a numerical picture of the relative activity or inactivity of the customer's account including the amount of merchandise purchased, the amount paid thereon to date, the promptness of each payment, and the amount still unpaid. It cannot be denied but that these subsequent reports are worth much from a managerial point of view, and since they were obtained as a by-product of the accounting operations for accounts receivable (at very little extra cost) this increases the value of the equipment.

Punched cards are frequently used again after having served their purpose in records sales information. Records may be made from the sales cards which, because of reclassification of data thereon, are useful in production control, back ordering, and in stock or inventory control. Reports such as these may be made during the current period when the information is of greatest value. At the end of the month the sales data may again be classified to obtain reports of sales according to salesman, commodity, territory, and other desired groupings, depending upon the information originally punched in the card. All of these reports are needed for executive control purposes.

It is conceded that the use to which punched cards may be put, after the original accounting operation is completed, is an important factor to be considered in determining whether the punched card method should be installed. Yet, at the same time, it is frankly admitted that accounting machines are purchased primarily to bring about economies in the normal accounting operations of the business and upon this criterion alone must be evaluated installation of any accounting machine.

Legal Necessity for Preserving Accounting Data. Admitting that there may be a legal necessity for preserving records, reports, or media for a certain length of time, any advantage accruing from the punched card method in this respect must arise from the ease, readiness, and quickness with which the desired information may be abstracted by the punched card method, and by the comparative cost of obtaining this information, as against hand or accounting machine methods.

The fact that required information may be obtained easily and quickly when the media are in the form of punched cards is a point in favor of punched card equipment. Today these factors must be weighed in the light of sudden and unexpected calls on the part of governmental regulatory bodies for reports covering past transactions of the business. In the "Twenties" it was not unusual (nor is it today for that matter) for the Interstate Commerce Commission to call for reports from railroads which were not readily available. But, because many of the facts were recorded on punched cards, the reports were easily prepared, and at a relatively low cost. At the present time, establishment of many other governmental regulatory bodies, such as the Social Security Board, The Securities and Exchange Commission, and the Commodity Exchange Administration, and others which have the power to compel submission of business data, may call for setting up an accounting system which has sufficient flexibility to develop any kind of reports desired.

Allowable Errors. Although the punched card equipment is highly complex, errors arising from mechanical faults are few. Most errors occur during the key punching operation. A failure on the part of the operator to read or interpret the data properly, or a failure to transcribe it properly into the card are two prevalent sources of error. The prevalency to make errors at this point may be further increased by the fact that the punched card method of accounting utilizes "coding" as a device to expedite the recording of numerical data into the card. As a matter of fact, it should be stated at this point that one of the fundamental principles underlying the whole punched card method of accounting is that much of the data on the original media is transcribed to the card in the form of a code. For example, commodities, states, cities, accounts, departments, and what not, are designated by code numbers. The coding process enables more information to be entered on the card with less punching of holes. Furthermore, coding is necessary in order that cards may be sorted and resorted expeditiously into the various desired classifications preparatory to the tabulation of the needed reports.

Naturally, there are certain safeguards to help eliminate errors in coding. Standardized codes which are simple but comprehensive are available. When the operator becomes *familiar* with them, little difficulty is encountered in key punching.

On the mechanical side, the data punched into the cards may be verified by three different methods. In the first method, the cards are run through a Verifying Punch after key punching. This is a repetitive process carried on by another operator directly from the original media and it is costly. Another method of checking the punched cards is by running them through the Interpreter. This machine prints digits at the top of the card to correspond to the punched holes. These printed figures are easily checked against the data or codes on the original media. A third method is to use an Electrically Operated Key Punch which not only punches holes in the cards but which prints the digits to correspond with the holes at the top of the cards all in one operation.

Another cause of errors lies in the failure to exercise rigid supervision of the machine operators. A good supervisor will set up controls other than those already mentioned which will enable the accuracy of the work to be proved.

Idle Capacity. To secure maximum efficiency from punched card equipment, it must be running at all times. It is needless to say that this is impossible. For one thing, the machines are highly mechanized and require servicing to keep them in good working order. Card jams occur which necessitates the stopping of the machine, and in some cases work is held up until spoiled cards can be repunched. Lastly, time is lost because the plug-board has to be changed to tabulate the material in a different order. While idle capacity may be a minor factor in determining whether punched card equipment can be efficiently used on the contemplated accounting routine, it is true, nevertheless, that a maximum use of the machines helps to insure a successful application of the method.

Costs. Punched card equipment is leased—not sold. There is a monthly rental charge for each piece of equipment installed. Included in this charge is a certain amount unknown to the user to cover the costs of servicing the equipment. A small installation will call for at least three pieces of equipment—the key punch, sorter, and tabulator (either listing or non-listing). The necessary operators include a key punch operator, and an operator for the sorter and the tabulator. To this personnel must be added a supervisor or systems man. It is his duty to supervise these operators and to coordinate tabulating work with the work of other departments.

PUNCHED CARD METHOD OF ACCOUNTING FOR ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE

The Tabulating Card. The accounts receivable application begins, as do all other applications of the punched card method of accounting, with the designing of a tabulating card which will serve as a permanent record of the customer's account. An 80-column card is used for this purpose, as shown in Illustration 24. It is $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $7\frac{3}{8}$ inches, with tolerances of minus .003 to plus .008 for width and length, respectively. These cards are made from spruce cut during the winter seasons at which time the trees are free from sap

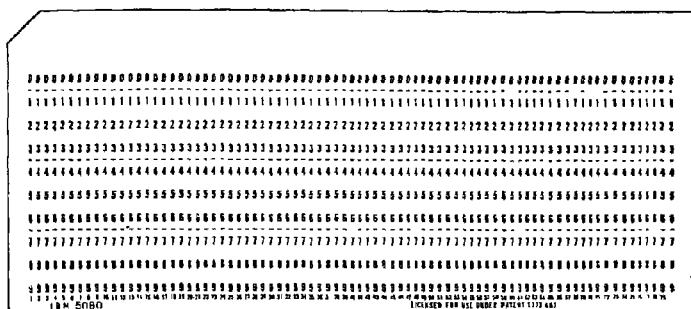


Illustration 24. Tabulating card showing 80 vertical columns. There are 12 vertical positions, ten of which are shown—the cipher and the digits 1 to 9.

and gum. Special treatment in the manufacturing process prevents the cards from warping, curling, swelling, or shrinking. In the process of their manufacture, they are inspected for carbon spots, breaks, pin holes, and other defects. By means of this inspection, defective cards are culled out, and this in turn eliminates the possibility of electric contacts being made through any other place on the card but the punched hole.

Columns and Digits. Each of the 80 columns on the card contains twelve punching positions. Ten of these are indicated by the printed digits 0-9, corresponding to the digits of the numerical data punched. Positions 11 and 12 are not shown, since they are at the top of the card and this space is needed for a printed description of the various fields for the particular accounting application. Illustration 25 shows a tabulating card marked off into the fields necessary for recording data applicable to customer's accounts.

Punching the Card. The transcription of data from a sales

been transcribed into the cards, they are put through an Interpreter, Illustration 28. This machine translates into figures the holes in the tabulating card and prints these figures at the top of the card as shown in Illustration 29. Following this operation, the printed data on the card is compared with the data on the sales slips for proof of the accuracy of the punching. Inasmuch as the Interpreter handles cards at the rate of 75 per minute, this work is soon finished.

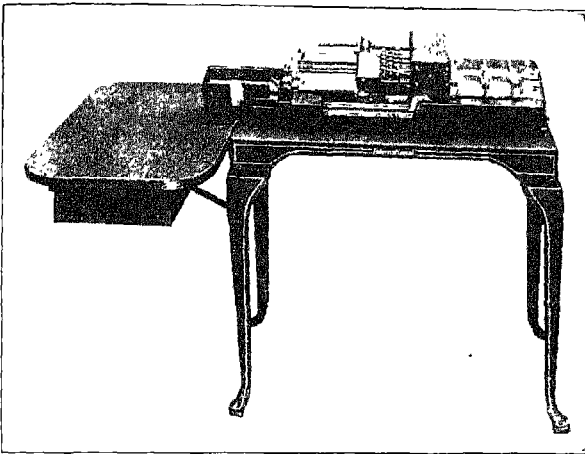


Illustration 27. Motor-drive duplicating key punch. This machine is used to record data in cards by means of punched holes. Data common to a group of cards may be recorded automatically. The feeding and ejecting of cards is also automatic.

Charges and Credits. Each time a purchase is made by a customer, a new card is punched. If a payment is received on account, this may either be entered on the charge card or it may be entered on a separate credit card of the customer. All accounts receivable cards are kept in a separate file according to customer account number. When money is received which cancels a charge on a specified card, the card is removed from the active file and placed in a paid file.

At the end of the month, the cards in the active file are removed and tabulated on the Electric Bookkeeping and Accounting Machine, Illustration 30. This machine is a multiple adding, subtracting, classifying, totaling, and printing machine. It prints at the rate of

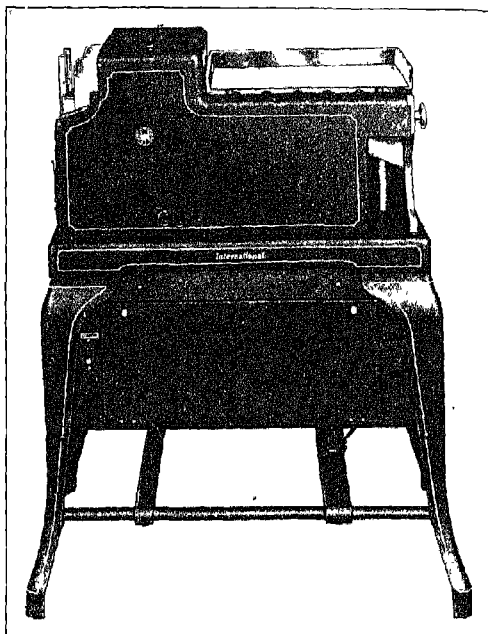


Illustration 28. The Interpreter translates the data in the form of punched holes. It prints this data at the top of the card thus indicating the digit punched in every columnar position on the card.

47654321370000106568305232145100020000									
CUSTOMER NUMBER	DEBIT	DATE	INVOICE NUMBER	DATE	DEBIT	CREDIT	DATE	PAID	DATE
00000000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000
11111111	1111	1111	1111	1111	1111	1111	1111	1111	1111
22222222	2222	2222	2222	2222	2222	2222	2222	2222	2222
33333333	3333	3333	3333	3333	3333	3333	3333	3333	3333
44444444	4444	4444	4444	4444	4444	4444	4444	4444	4444
55555555	5555	5555	5555	5555	5555	5555	5555	5555	5555
66666666	6666	6666	6666	6666	6666	6666	6666	6666	6666
77777777	7777	7777	7777	7777	7777	7777	7777	7777	7777
88888888	8888	8888	8888	8888	8888	8888	8888	8888	8888
99999999	9999	9999	9999	9999	9999	9999	9999	9999	9999

Illustration 29. Tabulating card showing data punched in card and numerical translation at the top of the card.

75 cards per minute and from it is obtained the monthly statement for each customer. Illustration 31 shows the monthly statement of

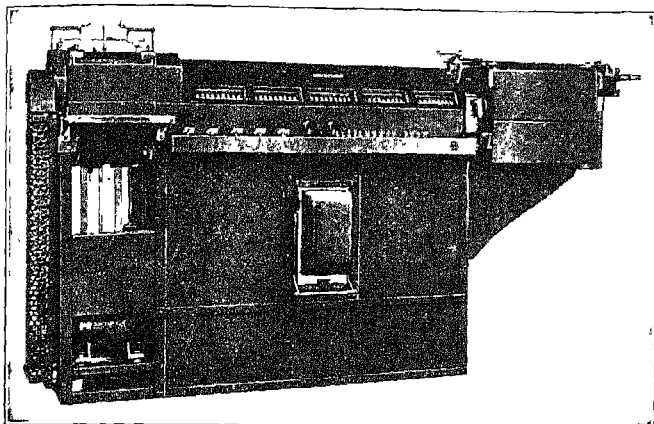


Illustration 30. Electric bookkeeping and accounting machine. This machine is a multiple adding, subtracting, classifying and printing machine. It is actuated by electrical impulses through the punched holes of the card. Reports prepared on this machine may be in summary form, or in detailed form with totals, net totals, and accumulated net totals for classified groups.

REPRESENTATIVE COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Code:

- 1 - Invoice
- 2 - Cash Receipt
- 3 - Debit Memo
- 4 - Credit Memo

Name: Harry Johnson
Address: 1107 West Avenue
City: Clinton

Illinois

March 1, 1937

CUSTOMER NO.	DATE			INVOICE NO.	CODE	DEBIT AMOUNT	CREDIT AMOUNT	BALANCE
	MO.	DAY	YR.					
4765431	11	6	36	8430523	1	200 00		
4765431	11	14	36	8367231	4		68 00	
4765431	12	8	37	8147052	1	954 60		
4765431	12	9	37	8217435	1	654 32		
4765431	2	2	37	8756201	2		100 00	
4765431	2	10	37	8367231	1	540 25		
								2181 17*

Illustration 31. Monthly statement of Harry Johnson, 1107 West Avenue, Clinton, Illinois, as tabulated from punched cards.

Harry Johnson, 1107 West Avenue, Clinton, Illinois. A duplicate of the statement is retained for reference.

Other Reports. After monthly statements have been prepared from the punched cards, other useful reports may be compiled from the accounts receivable cards. One of these reports is the Detailed

DETAILS AGED TRIAL BALANCE

NAME OF CUSTOMER	CUSTOMER NO.	DATE			SALESMAN	CREDIT LIMIT	MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1937				CREDIT	BALANCE
		MO.	DAY	YR.			90 DAYS AND OLDER	60 DAYS	30 DAYS			
HARRY JOHNSON 1107 WEST AVENUE CLINTON, ILLINOIS	4765431	11	5	36	21	431	10000					
	4765431	11	15	36	21	431	10000					
	4765431	11	25	36	21	431	10000					
	4765431	12	15	36	21	431	10000					
	4765431	12	25	36	21	431	10000					
JOHN JONES 425 WEST STREET PEORIA, ILLINOIS	2568330	11	5	36	23	522	5000					
	2568330	11	15	36	23	522	5000					
	2568330	11	25	36	23	522	5000					
	2568330	12	15	36	23	522	5000					
	2568330	12	25	36	23	522	5000					
							362350	275630	175260		85000	275000
											85000	

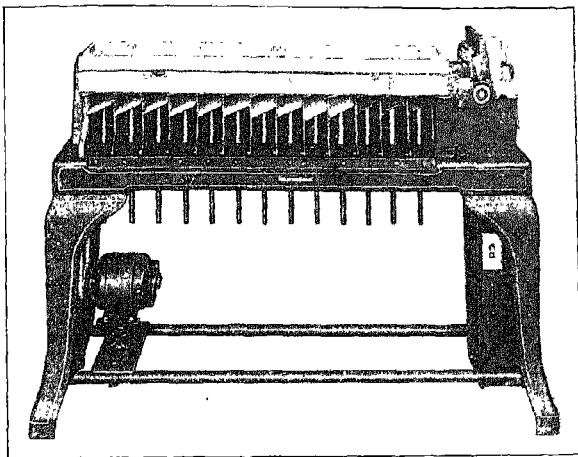


Illustration 34. Card-operated sorting machine. Cards are automatically sorted into any desired classification on this machine, and in any sequence desired. It sorts at a rate of 225 to 400 cards per minute.

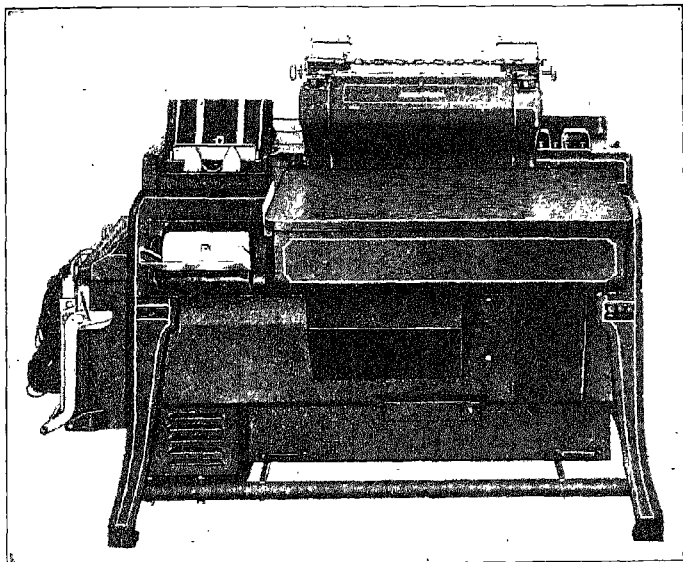


Illustration 35. Alphabetical bookkeeping and accounting machine. Listed or tabulated reports, containing both numerical and alphabetical data, are prepared on this machine through the data on the punched cards. The counters in this machine are used for either adding or subtracting.

counts receivable accounting application, is found in the Card-Operated Sorting Machine, Illustration 34. This machine automatically groups all cards of common classification and at the same time arranges the classifications in the sequence desired. After the new report is tabulated, the cards may be rearranged in their original account number and returned to the accounts receivable file. The sorting machine operates at a rate of 225-400 cards per minute.

Alphabetical Punched Card Equipment. The above application of punched card equipment to accounts receivable is, as previously stated, based entirely upon transcribed numerical data into cards in the form of punched holes. Equipment is also available which permits not only transcription of numerical data into the card, but also alphabetical data. This means that words may be written as well as numbers, in fields allotted to this purpose. Consequently, it is possible to punch into the card the name of the customer, his address, city and state—all of which is reproduced upon his statement when his bill is prepared on the Alphabetical Tabulator, Illustration 35. The Alphabetical Key Punch shown in Illustration 36 incorporates a regular typewriter keyboard as a part of its punching mechanism and it is from this that alphabetical data is transcribed in the card.

APPLICATION OF ACCOUNTING MACHINE WITH CASH REGISTER BASE

Hotel Accounts Receivable. An explanation as to the method of using an accounting machine with a typewriter base, along with an explanation as to how a machine with an adding machine base might be applied to accounts receivable, has already been given. The accounting routine concerned is that generally found in a department store.

In this section an exposition of the method of applying an accounting machine with a cash register base is given. The accounting routine selected for this purpose is that found in a hotel. It is a routine which might be inaugurated at any hotel, apartment hotel, club, international house, or other institution where money is *currently* received in payment of the customer's account.

The machine shown in Illustration 37 is particularly suited to this application.

Accounting Requirements for Accounts Receivable. The requirements regarding the accounting routine for any of the institutions mentioned above may be summarized as follows:

1. A record of the cash received must be made at the time it is received—not later.



Illustration 36. Alphabetical duplicating printing punch. This machine is used to punch both numerical and alphabetical data in cards. As the holes are punched in the cards, the figure or letter is also automatically printed at the top of the card, thus eliminating the need for the Interpreter, Illustration 28.

2. All charges and credits must be posted to the guest's account promptly—there can be no delay.
3. An itemized and totaled *receipt* showing all charges and credits must be available at the time the guest checks out.
4. Earnings of the various departments, as for example, rooms, telephone switchboard, cafe, valet, laundry, etc., must be known at regular intervals throughout the day.
5. The amount of cash remitted by each cashier upon going off duty must be known.
6. The guest accounts receivable ledger must always be in balance.

The advantages of using an accounting machine with a cash

register base is found in the various accounting functions which this machine will perform, some of which are listed below:

1. Eliminates hand posting and transcribing.
2. Mechanically posts and extends balances.
3. Describes the nature of all guest charges and credits.
4. Prints four postings at one time—each in the proper column of the guest's bill, the account card, the charge voucher, and the detailed audit sheet.
5. Automatically accumulates charges into departmental totals.
6. Replaces the night transcript with a printed audit sheet showing all transactions.

Posting Accounts Receivable. Posting to the guest's account takes place in the cashier's cage at the time original media containing a description of the charges or credits are received. Three records are made at the time the posting is entered. These are as indicated in No. 4, above, the guest's statement of account, his ledger card, and the audit or journal sheet.

As the three records are made, the amounts printed thereon are automatically accumulated in locked registers or accumulators on the machine. The totals accumulated in these registers are under the control of the hotel auditor—not the clerks. It is he who checks them and who has authority to clear the accumulators. Unauthorized clearing of these registers, if it occurs, is easily detected.

Whenever the accounting forms are inserted in the machine, full word descriptions of the transactions are printed thereon at the same time as the amounts are entered.

Keyboard of Machine. A keyboard of the cash register type accounting machine is pictured in Illustration 37. The amount keys are at the left of the keyboard. These six rows of keys are used to charge and credit the accounts of the guests. Five rows of print keys appear at the right of the keyboard. These are used to print the number of the guest's room on each of the four records already described. The rows of keys at the extreme right are used to designate and identify sample rooms, private dining rooms, and so on.

The Keys Labeled: MISCELLANEOUS, LAUNDRY, VALET, RESTAURANT, TELEPHONE, ROOM, LONG DISTANCE, CIGAR STAND, PORTER, TELEGRAM, and PAID OUT are used to post charges to the accounts. The TRANSFER FROM

CITY LEDGER key is used when a guest's account is to be cancelled in the city ledger and recharged in the guest ledger. The key is used also whenever a guest's account is to be charged directly in the guest's ledger. The **CASH** and **REBATE** keys are used when credit is given a guest, and the effect of depressing them is to subtract out the amount from the balance in the machine. The **TRIAL BALANCE** and **AUDITOR'S CASH TOTAL** keys are used during the day by cashiers when they make the daily entries on their records. The **AUDITOR'S CONTROL** key is used only when the

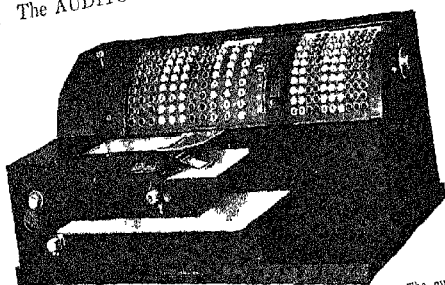


Illustration 37 Accounting machine with a cash register base. The customer's statement, ledger page, and proof journal, or tape, is prepared in one operation on this machine by depressing the proper keys.

head auditor reads or clears the total of all cash received from the various sources within the institution. It is equipped with a lock.

Registration Routine. When a guest registers at the hotel or institution, a ledger card and guest statement are made up. These show room number, name of guest, date of arrival, and rate of room. At the same time, the room, mail, information and telephone slips are written. The ledger card and guest statement are filed in a tray at the side of the machine. Guest accounts are always kept up-to-the minute because the machine posts charge vouchers just as soon as they are received from the originating departments within the institution.

The three records to which postings are made in a single operation of the machine appear in Illustrations 38 to 40 inclusive. Illustration 38 is the guest card of Paul Price, 101 Winona Avenue, Tulsa, Oklahoma. The name and address are typed in. This form shows

OFFICE MANAGEMENT

charges for room, telegram, porter, laundry, restaurant, and valet. Charge vouchers are shown in Illustration 41, for telegram and laundry; other charge vouchers are of a similar nature.

PAUL PRICE
101 WINONA AVENUE
TULSA OKLAHOMA

MEMO	DATE	EXPLANATION	AMT CHARGED	AMT CREDITED	BAL. DUE
	1 JUL-1-37	ROOM	* 4.00		* 4.00
	2 JUL-1-37	TELEGRAM	* 0.65		* 4.65
	3 JUL-1-37	PORTER	* 0.50		* 5.15
	4 JUL-2-37	LAUNDRY	* 1.75		* 6.90
	5 JUL-2-37	ROOM	* 4.00		* 10.90
	6 JUL-2-37	RESTAURNT	* 2.50		* 13.40
	7 JUL-2-37	VALET	* 1.50		* 14.90
	8 JUL-3-37	PAID		* 14.90	* 0.00
	9				
	10				
	11				
	12				
	13				
	14				
	15				
	16				
	17				
	18				
	19				
	20				
	21				
	22				
	23				
	24				

P 2012—
THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO., DAYTON, OHIO

LAST BALANCE IS AMOUNT DUE UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED



Illustration 38. Guest card or statement prepared on accounting machine with cash register base.

When Mr. Price paid his bill of \$14.90, a credit posting was entered in the column designed for this purpose on both statement and ledger card, Illustrations 38 and 39. This same credit appears on the audit tape as may be seen in Illustration 40 opposite Room 202. Upon payment of the account the statement is given to the guest, the ledger card is placed in the check-out file, and the charge vouchers are filed for future reference or analysis. The audit sheet remains in

the machine until the night auditor finishes making his report.

Cashier's Reports. A *Cashier Insert Key* is inserted in a slot on the right side of the machine when the cashier goes on duty.

PAUL PRICE 101 WINONA AVENUE TULSA OKLAHOMA							
FROM FOLIO				TO FOLIO			
MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY	
FRIED		SATURDAY		SUNDAY			
MEMO	DATE	EXPLANATION	AMT. CHARGED	AMT. CREDITED	BAL. DUE	ROOM NO.	
	1 JUL-1 37	ROOM	* 4.00		* 4.00	#202-	
	2 JUL-1 37	TELEGRAM	* 0.65		* 4.65	#202-	
	3 JUL-1 37	PORTER	* 0.50		* 5.15	#202-	
	4 JUL-2 37	LAUNDRY	* 1.75		* 6.90	#202-	
	5 JUL-2 37	ROOM	* 4.00		* 10.90	#202-	
	6 JUL-2 37	RESTAURANT	* 2.50		* 13.40	#202-	
	7 JUL-2 37	PAID	* 1.50		* 14.90	#202-	
	8 JUL-3 37			* 14.90	* 0.00	#202-	
	9						
	10						
	11						
	12						
	13						
	14						
	15						
	16						
	17						
	18						
	19						
	20						
	21						
	22						
	23						
	24						
REMARKS			TRANSFER TO CITY LEDGER				
			GUEST'S SIGNATURE				
			CHARGE TO				
			ADDRESS				
			APPROVED BY				

Illustration 89. Ledger page of guest. This record is prepared at the same time as the statement.

Through the use of this key, a symbol is printed on the audit sheet which identifies the cashier making the entry.

At the time the first cashier goes off duty, a sub-total reading is taken of Cash, Cigar Stand, Porter, Telegram, and Paid Out. On Form A, Illustration 42, the closing cash balances are printed. At the

same time these totals are printed on Form A, they are also printed on Form B, Illustration 43. The first form is used for the cashier

	S		☆ 2.50 BL	#00-
VALET	S	☆ 1.24		#234-
	S		☆ 3.74 BL	#00-
	S		☆ 5.75 BL	#00-
	S PAID	☆ 5.75		#312-
	S		☆ 0.00 BL	#00-
	S		☆ 21.50 BL	#00-
LONG DIST	S	☆ 6.75		#456-
	S		☆ 41.25 BL	#00-
	S		☆ 23.35 BL	#00-
LAUNDRY	S	☆ 5.00		#436-
	S		☆ 28.35 BL	#00-
	S		☆ 12.35 BL	#00-
MISCEL.	S	☆ 2.35		#301-
	S		☆ 14.70 BL	#00-
	S		☆ 2.35 BL	#00-
	S PAID OUT	☆ 5.00		#348-
	S		☆ 7.35 BL	#00-
	S		☆ 13.40 BL	#00-
	S TELEGRAM	☆ 2.23		#605-
	S		☆ 15.63 BL	#00-
	S		☆ 14.90 BL	#00-
	S PAID	☆ 14.90		#202-
	S		☆ 0.00 BL	#00-
	S		☆ 12.34 BL	#00-
LONG DIST	S	☆ 2.15		#333-
	S		☆ 14.49 BL	#00-

Illustration 40. Audit tape containing a chronological record of all transactions for each posting period. Note the receipt of \$14.90 shown in bold face, paid by Paul Price on account.

going off duty, Miss Benson, and the second for the cashier coming on duty, Miss Ainslee.

When the second cashier, Miss Ainslee, goes off duty, closing totals are printed on Form B. The difference between the opening

and closing balances being, of course, the amount of cash which should be on hand for the various departments obtained during the period of duty of Miss Ainslee. Closing balances are again picked

TELEGRAMS		
Name	<i>Paul Price</i>	Room <i>202</i>
Explanation	<i>Day message</i>	<i>65</i>
(Do not write in above space)		
<small>Print of the National Cash Register Co. Dayton Ohio</small> <small>Form 629</small>		SIGNED BY: <i>H. H. M.</i>

LAUNDRY		
Name	<i>Paul Price</i>	Room <i>202</i>
Explanation	<i>1 75</i>	
(Do not write in above space)		
<small>Print of the National Cash Register Co. Dayton Ohio</small> <small>Form 618</small>		SIGNED BY: <i>H. H. M.</i>

Illustration 41. Charge vouchers constitute the original media for entering charges of other departments upon customer's statement and ledger page.

up on a new Form A for the third cashier coming on duty. This process is repeated every time a new cashier takes over the desk. Attention is directed to the fact that *Opening* and *Closing* position are reversed on Forms A and B, and that all these balances were obtained by means of the *sub-total* key.

The night auditor checks all charges and credits for all departments made during the period under review. In this case, 12:00 noon to 12:00 midnight. On his report appear the totals of \$2,411, \$47, \$55, \$10.40, and \$85 for room, cigar stand, porter, telegram,

OFFICE MANAGEMENT

and paid out respectively. These are the same totals as are shown on Form B. In addition to taking these totals he also posts local telephone charges, room charges, proves the balance in the guest's

ON DUTY 12:00 A.M. **A—CASH REPORT—FRONT OFFICE REGISTERS**
 OFF 6:00 P.M. CASHIER Benson
 THE NAME OF HOTEL WILL BE PRINTED HERE

RECEIVED (CASH CR)		DATE	DEPARTMENT	BALANCE	DIFFERENCE	MACH TOTALS
CASH	CLOSING 1	JUL-3-37	PAID			* 1,745.50 AU
	OPENING 2				X X X X X	
	3					
DISBURSED	4					
	CLOSING 5	JUL-3-37	CIG. STAND			* 35.00 AU
	OPENING 6					
	7					
	CLOSING 8	JUL-3-37	PORTER			* 40.00 AU
	OPENING 9					
	10					
	CLOSING 11	JUL-3-37	TELEGRAM			* 6.80 AU
	OPENING 12					
	13					
	CLOSING 14	JUL-3-37	PAID OUT			* 72.00 AU
	OPENING 15					
	16		BALANCE			
CORRECTIONS	17	SUBTRACT CASH CR DEDUCTIONS				
	18					
	19	ADD	DE.			
	20		DE.			
	21		DE.			
	22		DE.			
	23		NET			
	24					

687—PAGE OF THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO. DAYTON, OH. O

CASHIER TOTALS OF ABOVE KEYS MUST BE IMPRINTED ON FORMS A AND B IN PRESENCE OF ONCOMING CASHIER (SEE CORRECTION SHEET)

Illustration 42, Form A showing the arrival of cashier, Miss Benson, at 12.00 noon, and departure at 6.00, with machine totals for a six-hour period.

accounts receivable ledger, and when necessary corrects any errors.

Illustration 44 shows the form used by the night auditor to prepare his report and to clear the machine of all totals. Before he can clear the machine, it is necessary to run a trial balance. He does this by picking up the present balance of each account, posts the local telephone charges and room charges, and extends the balance. This balance accumulates in a register. The register is

cleared when the total is printed on the night auditor's report, Form D.

Auditor's totals are checked against figures furnished him by

B—CASH REPORT—FRONT OFFICE REGISTERS

ON DUTY 6:00 P.M.
OFF DUTY 12:00 P.M.

CASHIER Ainslee

THE NAME OF HOTEL WILL BE PRINTED HERE

MACHINE NO. _____

RECEIVED (CASH CR)	DATE	DEPARTMENT	BALANCE	DIFFERENCE	MACH TOTALS	
CASH OPENING 1	JUL-3-37	PAID			* 1,745.50 AU	# 0.00 -
CLOSING 2	JUL-3-37	PAID		X-2-2-2	* 2,411.50 AU	# 0.00 -
3						
DISBURSED 4						
NEWS STAND OPENING 5	JUL-3-37	CIG STAND			* 35.00 AU	# 0.00 -
CLOSING 6	JUL-3-37	CIG STAND			* 47.00 AU	# 0.00 -
7						
PORTER OPENING 8	JUL-3-37	PORTER			* 40.00 AU	# 0.00 -
CLOSING 9	JUL-3-37	PORTER			* 55.00 AU	# 0.00 -
10						
TELEGRAMS OPENING 11	JUL-3-37	TELEGRAM			* 6.80 AU	# 0.00 -
CLOSING 12	JUL-3-37	TELEGRAM			* 10.40 AU	# 0.00 -
13						
DISBURSEMENTS OPENING 14	JUL-3-37	PAID OUT			* 71.00 AU	# 0.00 -
CLOSING 15	JUL-3-37	PAID OUT			* 85.00 AU	# 0.00 -
16		BALANCE				
CORRECTIONS 17	SUBTRACT	* CASH CR DEDUCTIONS				
18						
19	ADD	NEWS DE				
20		* PORTER DE				
21		* TELEGRAMS DE				
22		DISBURSMT DE				
23		NET				
24						

7-400—PRINTED BY THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO. DETROIT, CH. 4

CASHIER TOTALS OF ABOVE KEYS MUST BE IMPRINTED ON FORMS A AND B IN PRESENCE OF ONCOMING CASHIER UNDER "CORRECTIONS" SUBTRACT "CASH CR DEDUCTIONS AND ADD "NEWS STAND" * PORTER" * TELEGRAMS AND DISBURSEMENTS DEDUCTIONS (SEE CORRECTION SHEET)

Illustration 43. Form B showing the arrival of second cashier, Miss Ainslee, at 6.00, and departure at 12:00 midnight, with machine totals for a six-hour period.

each of the various departments, which are called control figures or totals. If the work is correct, his total will agree with the control totals furnished by each of the various departments.

The head auditor controls, by a key, the register which accumulates all cash received and which is called the *Auditor's Cash Total*.

Consequently, he has control over the cash reported by the night auditor.

At the close of the night audit, the audit sheet, Illustration 40,

D—NIGHT AUDITOR'S MACHINE BALANCE NO. _____

THE NAME OF HOTEL WILL BE
PRINTED HERE

DATE July 3 19__

MEMO	DATE	DEPARTMENT	NET TOTALS	CORRECTIONS	MACH TOTALS	NO OF ITEMS
MISCELLANEOUS	1 JUL-3 37	MISCELL.			* 0.00 AU	#000
LAUNDRY	2 JUL-3 37	LAUNDRY			* 102.00 AU	#000
VALET	3 JUL-3 37	VALET			* 148.25 AU	#000
RESTAURANT	4 JUL-3 37	RESTAURANT			* 478.50 AU	#000
LOCAL PHONE	5 JUL-3 37	TELEPHONE			* 49.10 AU	#000
ROOM	6 JUL-3 37	ROOM			* 2,760.00 AU	#000
LONG DISTANCE	7 JUL-3 37	LONG DIST.			* 74.30 AU	#000
TRANSFER FROM C. L.	8 JUL-3 37	CHARGE ACCT			* 122.00 AU	#000
TRANSFER DEBIT	9 JUL-3 37	FORWARD			* 50.00 AU	#000
NEWS	10 JUL-3 37	CIG. STAND			* 47.00 AU	#000
PORTER	11 JUL-3 37	PORTER			* 55.00 AU	#000
TELEGRAM	12 JUL-3 37	TELEGRAM			* 10.40 AU	#000
DISBURSEMENT	13 JUL-3 37	PAYD OUT			* 85.00 AU	#000
TOTAL DEBITS	14					
CASH	15 JUL-3 37	PAID			* 2,411.00 AU	#000
REBATE	16 JUL-3 37	REBATE			* 12.00 AU	#000
TRANSFER TO C. L.	17 JUL-3 37	CHARGE ACCT			* 30.00 AU	#000
TRANSFER CREDIT	18 JUL-3 37	TRANS. CR			* 100.00 AU	#000
TOTAL CREDITS	19					
NET DEBITS	20					
OPENING DR. BALANCE	21					
TOTAL MACHINE DR. BAL.	22					
LESS CREDIT BALANCES	23					
NET OUTSTANDING	24					

FORM 801—PAGE OF THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

AFTER CLEARING MACHINE AS ABOVE SEE THAT THE FOLLOWING ARE DONE (CHECK EACH AS DONE)

- 1 DATE WHEELS ARE CHANGED
- 2 ROWS 2 AND 3 ARE CLEARED ON NEW AUDIT STRIP
(IF E REGISTER ALL KEYS TO SHOW ZERO)
- 3 ITEM COUNTERS ARE SET AT ZERO
- 4 LOWER LOCK OF ROW 1 IS LOCKED
- 5 THERE IS SUFFICIENT AUDIT STRIP

Illustration 44. Night auditor's report showing machine totals.

is removed, dated, and filed for future reference. Attention is directed to the fact that this audit sheet furnishes the management with a printed transcript of the twelve hours' business in chronological order. Should a ledger card be lost, it is possible to trace the particular card to the audit sheet and determine the amount due at the time the last posting was made.

PART III

FILING METHODS AND EQUIPMENT

It is axiomatic that a filing system (whether it be maintained in the central office or in the separate department) is worth while only when the letter, invoice, card, or other piece of copy which is being filed, can be found without any delay at the time it is desired. Needed information must be available at all times.

For a filing system to function efficiently, the following two things are necessary: (1) an efficient personnel to file the records; and (2) adequate and modern filing equipment.

The implications of the second point are that the filing equipment should be of such a type as to protect the records against loss or damage from fire, flood, or other contingency, and, at the same time, be the best possible type of equipment for the work to be filed.

To care for the files efficiently, it is assumed that the employees are thoroughly familiar with the records to be filed, and that they have a sound knowledge of the basic methods of filing which are in use. A review of the latter is presented below.

The five general accepted methods of filing are: (1) chronological; (2) alphabetical; (3) subject; (4) numerical; and (5) geographical.

Chronological Filing. The chief advantage to be gained by this method of filing (that is, by date) is simplicity. This method is generally followed in filing bills, daily or weekly reports, and other similar records where the date is of primary importance.

The chief disadvantage of the method is in the fact that the piece of copy may not be brought to the attention of the interested party until the date under which it is filed. With invoices this is important inasmuch as a firm wishing to take advantage of a cash discount for payment within a ten-day period must have the bill brought to the attention of the treasurer before the due date.

To provide for bringing the fact that the bill is due and payable, two general methods are in use.

Under the first method, a duplicate invoice is made and filed (in the same file) several days in advance of the due date. This

brings the invoice to the filing clerk's attention in sufficient time to remove it from the file and send it to the party making the disbursement. For example, a bill due the 10th of the month would be filed under this date, but a duplicate of the invoice would be filed under the 7th. The latter being removed on this date reaches the disbursing office in sufficient time to take advantage of a cash discount for payment within a ten-day period.

Under the second method, a card index file is used to bring the matter up in time for action to be taken. This is a separate file from the one in which the invoice is filed by date, and is known as a tickler file. In it are filed reminders of what matters are to be handled each day. To indicate that an invoice is due for payment if the discount is to be taken, a notation to the effect is typed or written on a card, and the latter filed according to the time when this should be brought to the attention of the interested party. The card would be cross-referenced in order to show where the original invoice might be found.

Alphabetical Filing. The title explains this method of filing. The equipment necessary is a drawer containing file guides from A to Z, with subdivisions for each letter if numerous media are to be filed, as shown in Illustration 45. This system of filing functions best where the surname is the basis for classification, such as in the filing of correspondence.

In small concerns where the volume of correspondence is not heavy, this method of filing works well; in large concerns where the volume is heavy, the chief disadvantage arises from the fact that so many pieces are filed in a single drawer under many subdivisions of the different letters that the files become cumbersome, and consequently it requires time to locate a particular folder of correspondence. For example, if a drawer contains a hundred folders with the name Brown, each a different individual, it requires time to locate the folder containing the correspondence of G. A. Brown.

Nevertheless, in spite of these weaknesses, the method is a common one, and hence the rules necessary to make such a system function with ease are to be enumerated at this time. They are as follows:

1. Surnames should be used as a basis for filing, except when a given object or institution is known by its full title, as for example, Laura Falk Foundation, or Ida Noyes Hall.

These would be filed under the letters L and I, respectively. Names such as Smith, or Jones, are filed with the surname as a basis, with the given name determining the order, thus:

Smith, Adam C.

Smith, Arthur

Smith, Bernard M.

Smith, Boris

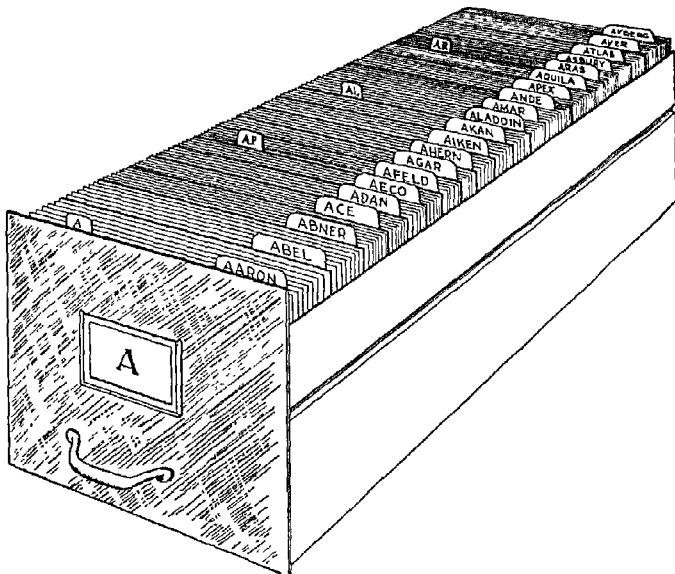


Illustration 45. File drawer showing alphabetical divisions. Pieces are filed under guides A-Z, or under subdivisions of each letter depending upon the volume.

2. The second, third, or as many letters as are necessary should be used to arrange the names in the proper alphabetical order. If, for example, two names have the first two letters the same, the third letter in either of them should indicate the order of filing. This is shown below:

Aabbott

Aagard

Aaron

Abel

Abner

3. Where single letters are used with a word or words to constitute a complete name, the letters should be treated as a part of the name, and filed accordingly, thus:

A. A. A. Team
A. B. A. Group
A. B. C. Manufacturers
A. C. E. Printers

4. When individuals have titles attached to their names, such as Dr., C. P. A., and Ph.D., these titles should determine the order of filing when the names of the persons are the same. An example is given below:

Brown, James
Brown, James, C. P. A.
Brown, James, Ph.D.

5. Names such as MacDonald, McMahan, LaPointe, should be filed as though the prefix constituted a part of the surname, thus:

MacDonald, Rosemary
McDougall, Michael
McDougherty, Patrick
McMackin, John
McMahan, Joseph
McMahill, Helene

6. When a list of names are the same but some are accompanied with initials and others with the given name, those with the initials are filed first. This may be seen in the following example:

Brown, A. M.
Brown, A. P.
Brown, A. R.
Brown, Andrea
Brown, Andrew
Brown, B. S.
Brown, B. T.
Brown, B. W.
Brown, Beatrice
Brown, Bernard

7. When the names of institutions or organizations are filed

along with the names of persons, they should be filed as though they were the names of individuals. The correct procedure is shown below:

Jones, Adam A.
Jones Corporation, The
Jones Hotel, The
Jones, Millard F.
Jones, Morton

8. The symbol used for "and," namely "&," prepositions, and conjunctions do not affect the filing order of names.
9. When a business concern uses initials as a part of its name, under directory order, this name should head the list beginning with that particular letter as may be seen in the illustration below:

A. B. Company
Aaron Burr
Abbott Company

10. In the file folder, the most recent piece of copy or correspondence should be on top. In Brown & Co.'s folder, for example, the letter received today would be filed on top of the one received two days ago. The letter received the previous week would be back of the letter received two days ago.

Subject Filing. When this method of filing is in use, all pieces of copy are filed according to the subject indicated on the copy. Arrangement of the pieces filed may be according to an alphabetical division, or according to the Dewey decimal system. If the first is used, subjects beginning with T are filed under this letter, as for example, *Tickets*, *Ties*, and *Timekeeping*, as may be seen in Illustration 46.

If the Dewey decimal system is used, all human thought and knowledge is divided into ten major classifications. Each classification is given a certain number which remains unchanged for all time. Each of the major classifications may be broken down into ten sub-groups, and each of these sub-groups may in turn be broken down into ten smaller groups. For instance, 500-599 is the major classification for science, 510 for mathematics, 520 for astronomy, 530 for physics, 540 for chemistry, and so on.

A street railway might make use of this method of filing in the following manner:

500-599—Transportation

500-509—street cars

510-519—bus lines

520-529—improvements

530-539—complaints from passengers

540-549—service department

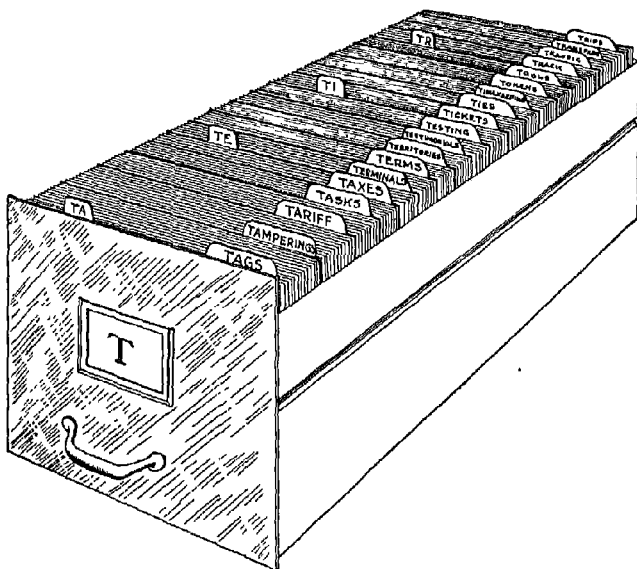


Illustration 46. File drawer showing subject divisions. Material is filed under the various subjects which begin with the letter T.

The subject method of filing can be used to best advantage by street railways, contractors, auto clubs, trade associations, employment agencies, medical societies, and by any other type of organization or business which can classify its correspondence into well-defined categories. When this method is followed, it is important that the topic headings, with sub-headings, be chosen with care. Topic headings must be logical headings, otherwise there will be confusion in filing. Cross-references are necessary inasmuch as some correspondence may relate to more than one subject.

If subject filing is in use in the central office, the office manager will assign his experienced help to keep these files.

Numerical Filing. Sometimes it is advantageous for an organization, such as a real estate agency, to have its correspondence filed under two headings; first, under the name of the correspondent and second, under the subject to which the letter pertains. Instead of using cross-reference tabs which would become too numerous and thus make the file cumbersome to handle, the filing clerk places the letters in a numbered folder. This number is then typed, or written, on two cards which are filed alphabetically in a card index under the name of the correspondent and also under the subject matter to which the letter pertains. Each card contains a cross-reference to the other.

An example will make this clear. Assume that the number of the folder is 86 and that the real estate agency receives a letter from Marie A. Thiel regarding the sale of an apartment house. The letter is placed in the folder and the latter filed in the proper place for No. 86. Two index cards are now marked 86. On one is written Thiel, Marie A., with a cross-reference to *Apartments, sale of*. The other index card will have *Apartments, sale of*, written on it with a cross-reference to Thiel, Marie A. The first card is filed under T; the second under A. During the entire period covering the transaction, file No. 86 is reserved for Thiel, Marie A., and *Apartments, sale of*.

While the preparation of two cards requires an extra step in the filing routine to say nothing of having to refer to the file before locating the folder, the fact that the method is conducive to quickness and ease in finding material more than offsets these additional procedures.

Geographic Filing. Under the geographic method, the territorial unit is the basis for filing. Such geographical divisions as the state, county, city, or salesmen's territory are usually chosen. The one that is selected will depend upon whatever the company considers a satisfactory filing unit. Once the territorial unit is selected, pieces of copy are filed alphabetically thereunder, as indicated by Illustration 47.

Mail-order houses, publishing concerns, and insurance companies use this method to a large extent. If a mail-order house desires to

circularize its customers in the state of Illinois, for example, it may readily secure a mailing list from the geographical file for this particular state.

One of the disadvantages of using the geographic method of filing arises when correspondence is received from the same person from two different places. To file each piece under different places violates the principle that all pieces of copy should be kept in the same folder,

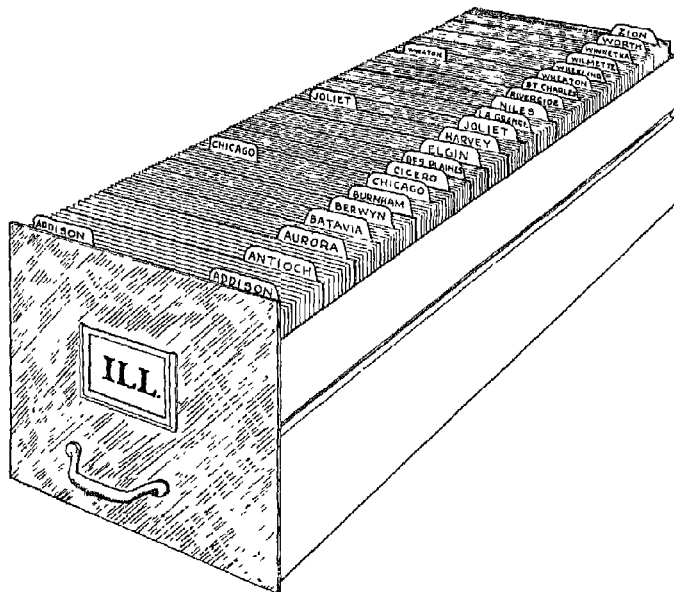


Illustration 47. File drawer showing territorial divisions. Once the territorial unit is selected, filing takes place thereunder in alphabetical order.

and yet a failure to do so may result in confusion in handling correspondence.

FILING EQUIPMENT

Steel Cabinets. Although there are various types of filing equipment in use today, the steel cabinet is undoubtedly the most logical equipment to use. It provides a maximum of safety against fire or other contingency, and is the ultimate in strength and durability. To meet the requirements of various types of business, steel cabinets may be purchased in a variety of sizes. The standard size, however,

is about 51 inches in height, each of its four drawers providing approximately 28 inches of filing capacity measuring from front to back as may be seen in Illustration 48.

Filing cabinets, as a rule, are constructed as units. That is, each cabinet is a separate unit, but it may be placed along with others to form a battery, as seen in Illustration 49. The advantage of cabinets

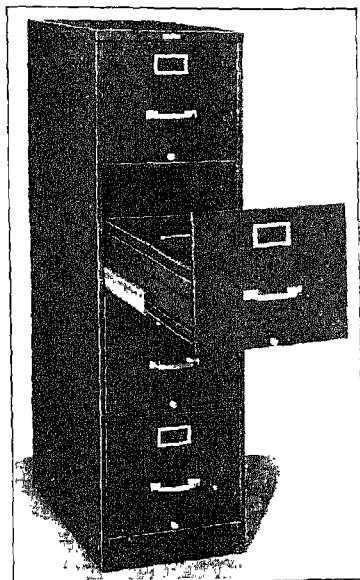


Illustration 48. Filing unit with four-drawer construction.

of this type is that unlimited expansion is possible simply by adding more units. Furthermore, uniformity is maintained thus making for an attractive filing section. Four drawer filing equipment is popular among various business houses. Aside from mercantile and manufacturing establishments, it is used by banks, investment houses, trust companies, insurance companies, and by city, state, and Federal governmental departments. All of these types of business institutions (including the governmental units for the sake of argument) are large users of filing equipment since the nature of their transactions requires multitudinous correspondence.

In addition to four-drawer filing cabinets, five-drawer ones may now be obtained. Originally there was some skepticism about their practicality because of the fact that they had to be built several inches higher, and the drawers had to be reduced somewhat in size. Today, however, these cabinets are being well received inasmuch as they provide 25 per cent greater filing space, and yet require no greater floor area than the four-drawer cabinet.



Illustration 49. File cabinets in the filing section of a central office. Each cabinet is a separate unit which when placed along with other units form a battery

In some concerns need arises for two- and three-drawer cabinets. These, of course, are not economical for handling a large volume of routine correspondence, but they are useful in filing special pamphlets, and business or legal documents. Cabinets of this type are frequently used by executives for filing material of a personal and confidential nature. Since the two-drawer cabinet is of a height about the same as that of a desk, the top of it may be used to place a receptacle for in-coming and out-going mail. The three-drawer, being of counter height, may be used as a counter over which customers are served, or as a writing desk when papers are abstracted from the file for brief notations.

Lighting. After the most suitable type of filing equipment has been selected, bearing in mind the type of construction, the floor space available, the use to which it will be put, and the size and im-

portance of the record to be filed, consideration must be given to location. Sufficient light must be available, and the files must be accessible to those who make the most use of the material contained in them. As previously stated, the question which must be decided in each individual case is whether it is more advantageous to have all the files located in the central office, or to have only a part of them there, with the balance of them located in the various departments.

Inactive Material. Material in folders in the files which has become inactive should be either transferred to an inactive file or destroyed. Definite policies as to what material is inactive must be laid down by the management of the business, as the office manager cannot be expected to be responsible for transference and destruction of material other than that of the most routine character.

To work out a basis or policy regarding transference and destruction of media in the files, all material may be classified as follows (1) records which relate to the organization, management, and chartering (if a corporation) of the company; (2) periodic reports relating to the status and operating condition of the company; and (3) records which are of a routine nature.

The first include organization charts, organization manuals, minutes of directors meetings, the charter issued by the state, and others of a similar type. These should never be destroyed.

The second include balance sheets, profit and loss statements, income tax reports, social security tax reports, undistributed profit tax reports, and many others of a similar nature. Records of this kind constitute a "history" of the business in many respects and while they need not be maintained indefinitely in the active files, transference to inactive files where they remain as long as the business continues is a proper procedure.

Material found in the third category is that of a routine nature. The office manager should see that it is transferred from active files to inactive files just as soon as it has served its purpose. From the inactive file, it may be taken later to the incinerator and destroyed. The time it should be kept, however, may depend upon the legal necessity for retaining records for a certain period of time. In the case of receipted invoices, the Statute of Limitations may be the criterion. This Statute sets the time within which suits must be brought to collect on an open account receivable. It varies according

to the different states but if no suit has been brought within the time limit prescribed it is safe to destroy the receipted bills.

Files containing correspondence may be destroyed periodically, say at the end of each fiscal year, providing no need arises for keeping the correspondence.

Inactive files need not be maintained in the central office if centralized filing prevails nor in the various departments if decentralized filing is in vogue. Space may be rented in a public warehouse at a cost less than that which may have to be paid for office space. On the other hand, there is usually a certain amount of undesirable floor space in every office which may be utilized for the inactive files. The type of cabinets used for this purpose need not be of the more expensive steel kind. Out-modeled cabinets of wooden construction can often be used for this purpose, or in lieu of these, heavy pressed board filing drawers serve the purpose quite satisfactorily in many cases. Attention is directed to the fact, however, that although the equipment used for storage of inactive material need not be of an expensive nature it should be of sufficiently sound construction to protect the material stored against dust, vermin, and deterioration through atmospheric conditions.

VISIBLE RECORD EQUIPMENT

Features of Visible Equipment. Inasmuch as visible filing equipment differs from standard filing equipment, it is discussed in a

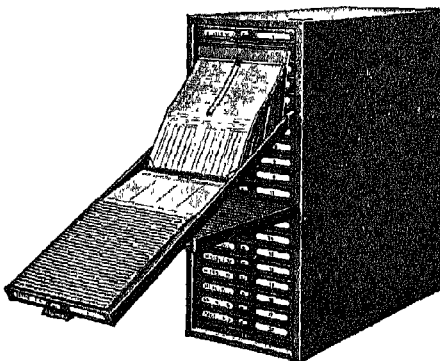


Illustration 50. Visible filing cabinet, showing drawer containing cards. Note how the cards turn back thus enabling all data on desired card to be read.

separate section. The main feature of this type of filing equipment is that the name, record, or information which is being sought can be located with dispatch, since the name can be seen at a glance. Information sought in the files is brought to the attention of

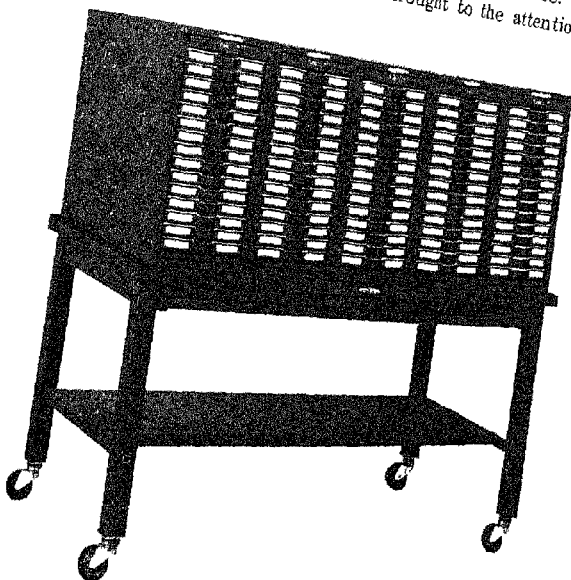


Illustration 51. Visible record cabinets placed side-by-side to form a battery. A movable stand enables the cabinets to be moved to any desired location within the office.

the user by means of various kinds of signal devices. This is made possible in the case of the cabinet type of visible equipment by fastening cards in shallow trays in such a manner that they overlap, but so spacing them that the lower edge of each card is exposed. When the tray is pulled out, this position shows the name and any signal device attached to the card.

The tray cabinet just mentioned is the most common type of visible equipment. It is compact and of steel construction, as shown in Illustration 50. Record cards for cabinets of this type may be 5 to

15 inches in width. They are made to conform to the requirements of the user, both sides being visible and used. When turned back, they fall of their own weight, making it possible to turn them with one hand, thus freeing the other hand for the handling of media which is being compared with the card. The number of trays in each cabinet ranges from 6 to 20 as a rule. A large cabinet with a depth

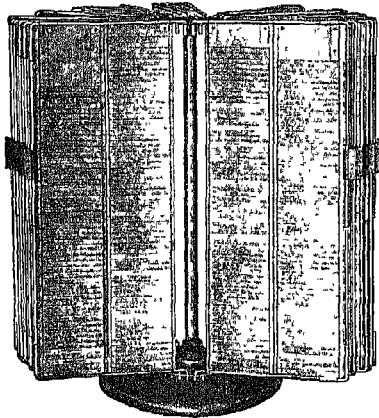


Illustration 52 Visible records on a revolving stand enable the file clerk to select data quickly and easily.

of 24 inches will hold as many as 1,900 cards. Any number of cabinets may be placed side-by-side to form a battery as shown in Illustration 51.

Another type of visible equipment is the revolving stand. This type of equipment holds the cards in a manner similar to that of the tray cabinet, except that the cards are on both sides of a slide. As the name implies, the slides are hung on stands and so fastened that they may be turned to facilitate reference and entering data thereon. Slides are indexed in order to speed up reference to them. The revolving stand, Illustration 52, is indispensable to concerns or organizations which make many references to their records, and where speed in finding necessary information is essential. Equipment of this type is often found in use by information departments of telephone companies, credit departments of retail stores, and by banks which use it for signature cards necessary in verifying signatures on checks

Although there are standard types of visible record systems, it is usually advisable for the user to have a manufacturer of this equipment design and install a system which meets the exact requirements of the business.

Some of the special applications to which visible equipment may be put are as follows:

1. To signal limits of credit to customers, and to show whether accounts are up-to-date or past due.
2. To signal minimum, maximum, and ordering points for inventories; and to show the names and addresses of sellers, and their quotations.
3. To provide information about employees relating to training, experience, departments worked in, and other pertinent data.
4. To show memberships in clubs, or other organizations, the contributions made by the various members, and other data.
5. To signal due dates, payments of notes, and collections of interest on loans made by loan companies and banks
6. To signal the kind of progress salesmen are making with the various lines of merchandise being sold.



THE TYPEWRITER WAS THE FORERUNNER OF MANY INVENTIONS FOR THE OFFICE
Accounting machines and duplicating equipment employ its fundamental principles

PART IV

DUPLICATING METHODS AND MACHINES

Place of Duplicating Equipment. For duplicating machines or equipment to find a place in a business organization, it must be shown that they save time, money, or provide greater accuracy. Any one or all of these factors may be present.

Time. Time is saved because it is possible to duplicate faster than it is to make original copies. This may be true even though the number of copies required may not exceed a dozen. The reason for the economy in time is found in the fact that the method of preparing the original copy from which duplication takes place is simple. Furthermore, time required to set up the duplicator for duplication is usually commensurate with the number of copies required. For only a few copies, a simple process is available and the time required to duplicate a dozen or more copies is short. For 100 to 1000 copies the time required to prepare the equipment is, perhaps, slightly longer, but the speed of turning out the copies more than compensates for this. If 2,000 to 5,000 copies are wanted, the time to prepare the copy and set the machine is, of course, proportionately longer, but the printing takes place at a rapid rate, again compensating for time required to prepare the machine.

Saving. Duplicated forms as compared with printed forms may bring about a saving for several reasons. In the first place, to secure low prices for printed forms it is necessary to buy in quantity, since much of the cost of printing is in what is known as the *make-ready*. This involves the setting of type, locking it in forms, and putting the forms on the presses. The process, in general, is long and involved, as compared to most duplicating processes.

Since the duplication process is a flexible process, fewer forms need be kept on hand, inasmuch as a new run may be made with a new original at a cost which is likely to be under the extra expense incurred when a large amount of money must be tied up in large stocks of printed material. Obsolescence of the latter may also occasion loss, all of which may be avoided by duplicating on the desired quantity at each run.

Accuracy. Once a master copy has been approved, duplication is the same for each succeeding copy. In the process of preparing the master copy, errors are eliminated, and usually there is sufficient

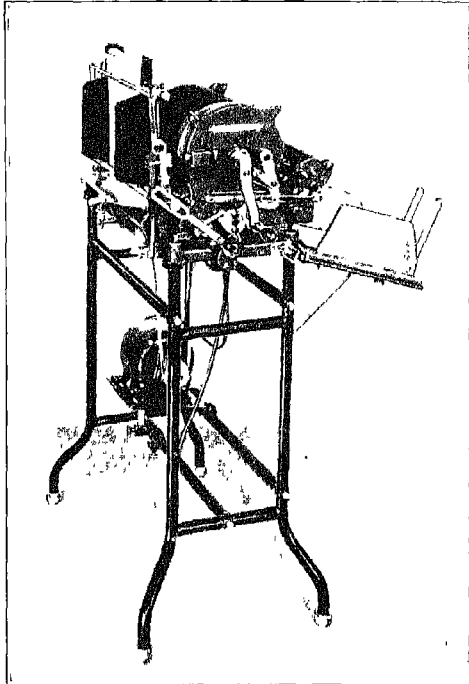


Illustration 53. Multigraph used for duplicating letters. It produces from 8,000 to 5,000 signed letters per hour, and is equipped with a power drive, an automatic friction paper feeder, and a signature device.

extra care to insure that correct English and good sentence structure prevail.

Type Duplicators. The Multigraph, Illustration 53, employs printing fundamentals in duplicating. The three printing elements necessary for this type of work are as follows: (1) the type, embossed strip, or plate by which the printing is done; (2) the various bases which hold the type, strips or plates; and (3) the ribbons or inked rollers which produce the inked impression.

Illustration 54 pictures some of the different kinds of type which may be used in this duplicating method. The "loose" type is of an alloy composition; printer's type which also may be used is the same as that found in any print shop with the exception that it is shorter. "Loose" type comes in metal tubes which hold on an average 100 characters each. The type may be loaded directly from

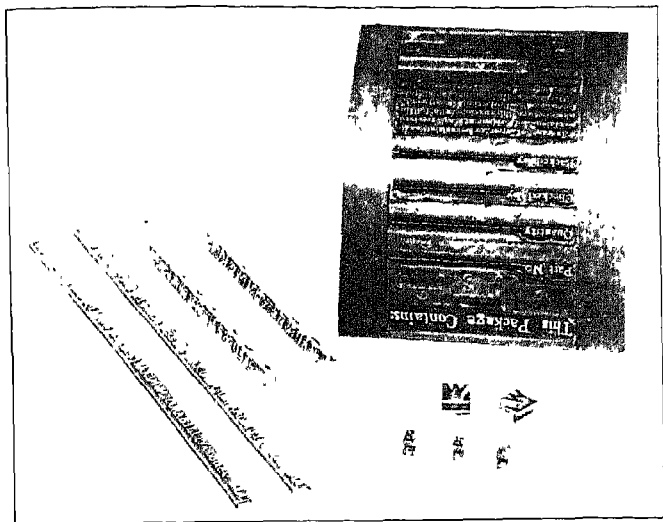


Illustration 54. Printing elements used on the duplicating machine—the Multigraph. Loose type, aluminum strips of type, line-cast slugs and an electrotype printing plate are shown in this illustration.

these tubes into typesetters, Illustration 55. The latter hold the type and facilitate its composition for printing and its distribution after the printing has been done as shown in Illustration 56.

Embossed strips, Illustration 57, may also be used for printing instead of type. These are made on a special machine which embosses the letters on a continuous roll of aluminum tape.

Printing plates or curved electrotype plates, which may be mounted on the printing base, save time in that composition of type and distribution of it after use are eliminated. Furthermore, when the plates are used, it is possible to incorporate illustrations along with the regular type matter.

Bases which hold the type, embossed strips, or plates are of various kinds, depending upon the need. These may be seen in Illustration 58. The standard base has horizontal channels into

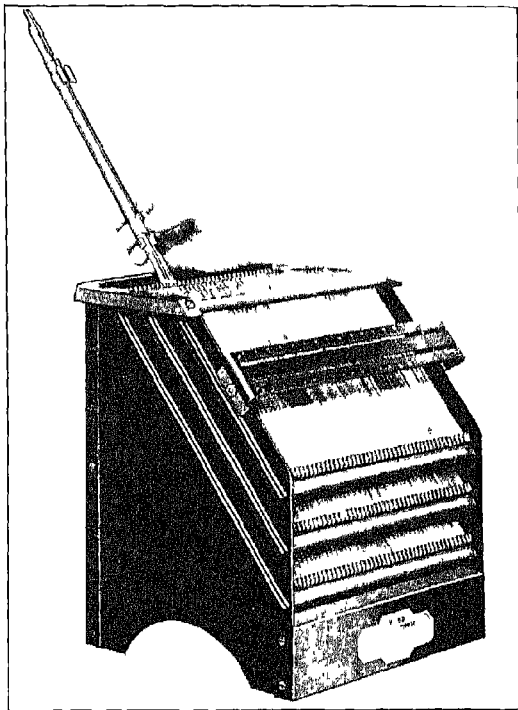


Illustration 55. Type for the Multigraph is distributed into the typesetter, by the use of the combination composing distributing fork after it has served its purpose

which the type may be inserted or to which the electrotpe plates may be fastened

Ribbons through which type impressions are made are designed to accomplish the following. (1) uniformly clear impressions from all parts of the printing area, (2) to permit replacement of ink to all parts of the ribbon immediately after the printing impression is made, and (3) to withstand severe usage

When ink is used instead of ribbons, the printing process takes

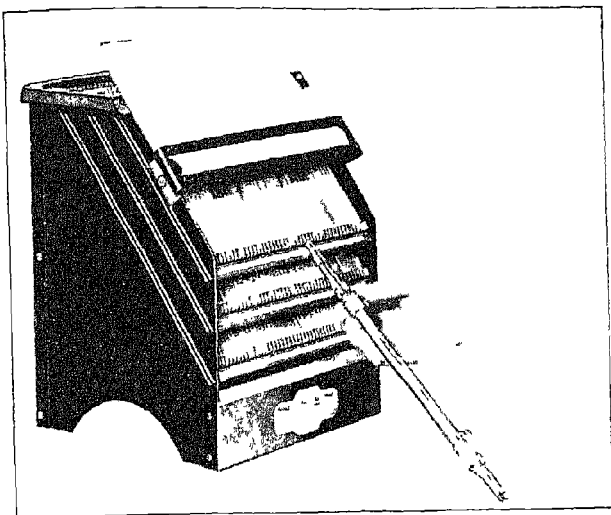


Illustration 56 Type is set by using a composing fork selecting the desired character from the rows of the various letters

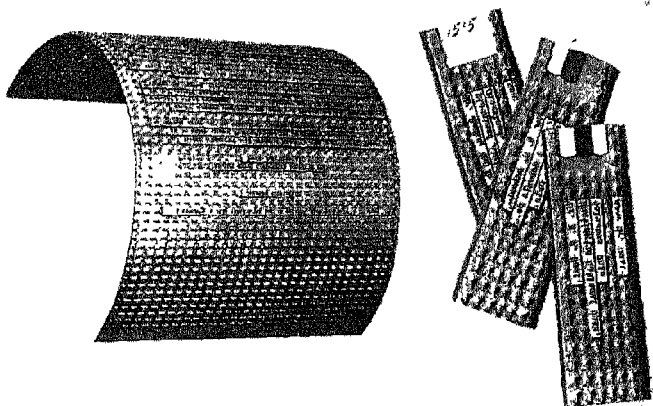


Illustration 57 Characters stamped into aluminum strips are automatically assembled onto blankets which are then mounted on the Multigraph drum or segment

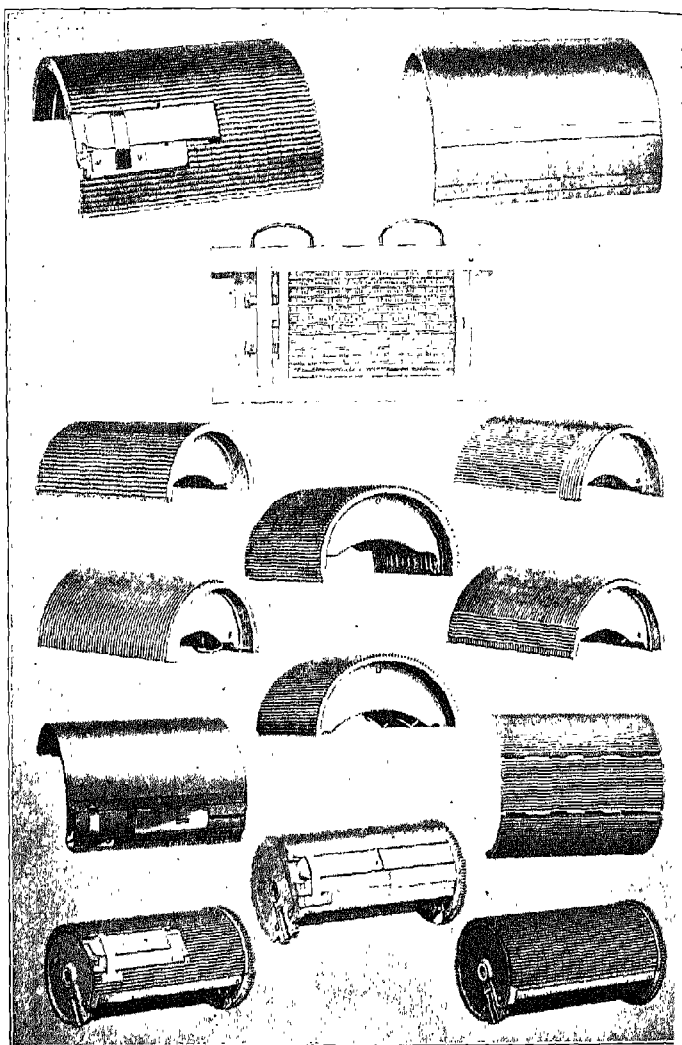


Illustration 58. A variety of drums and segments used for holding the different kinds printing elements—type, embossed aluminium strips, and printing plates.

place by inking rollers. One method is to ink the upper roller by hand, and this in turn inks the lower roller which distributes the ink over the type. Other inking mechanisms, more or less automatic in nature, utilize as many as eleven rollers.

Various Models of Printing Duplicators. There are various models of printing duplicators available. The hand-operated model, as shown in Illustration 59, is used when a limited quantity of copies are desired. The duplicating is in typewriter form only. Paper

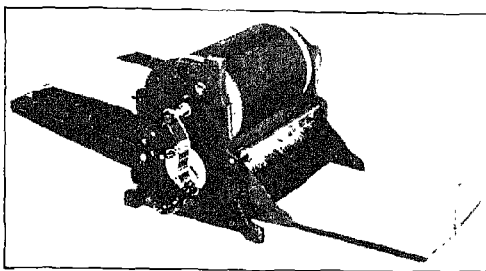


Illustration 59. Hand-operated Multigraph which prints typewriter characters, reproducing as many as 2,000 letters per hour.

is fed manually and the size of sheets may run as large as 9 x 15. The printing area is 7½ inches when a ribbon is used and 8 inches when the printing is done with ink. The length of the printing page is 13½ inches in either case.

The hand-operated model serves as a base to which other mechanical units and attachments may be added in order to obtain various models of the duplicator needed for different purposes. The Multigraph model, shown in Illustration 53, consists of the basic hand-operated model with a motor added to make it a power-driven machine. A friction paper feeder moves the sheets into printing position. A signature attachment signs the letters as they are duplicated, but in a different color of ink.

Specific applications of the Multigraph process of duplication may be found in almost all departments within an organization.

For example, the production department duplicates, by means of the process described, such forms as: specifications, time cards,

inspection slips, instructions to workers and foremen, material requisitions, and packing tickets.

Examples of its use in the sales department may be found in the preparation of typed bulletins or letters, announcements, price lists, price change sheets, house organs, and other promotional data.

The accounting department may find a need for this type of duplication in making up such forms as: stock sheets, order blanks, inventory sheets, vouchers, and ledger pages.

Included in the specific pieces of printed matter prepared by the Multigraph process are the following: letterheads, envelopes, booklets, folders, blotters, inserts, bags, wrappers, sample swatches, and novelties.

Examples of work done upon the Multigraph are shown in Illustration 60.

Stencil Duplicators. The mimeograph employs a stencil in the duplication process. The three printing elements necessary for this type of duplicating are: (1) a stencil sheet; (2) a base or drum to which the stencil is attached; and (3) an inked pad to provide the ink with which to make the impression.

The stencil is cut on the typewriter. This is done by throwing the stencil lever on the typewriter into position thus preventing the ribbon from making contact with the typewriter key. Consequently, when the key strikes the stencil a character is cut. Ink flowing through this cut portion makes an impression on the sheet.

The stencil is wrapped around the drum to which is attached a pad. Ink is fed through the pad from an ink chamber within the drum.

Illustration 61 pictures a mimeograph. This machine feeds the paper automatically, permits of various speeds (50 to 150 sheets per minute) and controls the number of copies to be duplicated by means of a control recorder. The latter is set for the desired number, and when this total is reached a bell rings and the machine feed stops.

Applications. Anything which can be written on the typewriter can be duplicated by means of a stencil and the machine. Or, by using a stylus to cut the stencil sheet, it is possible to make drawings thereon through which the ink will flow. The latter are frequently used in combination with typed material.



Illustration 60. Samples of work which may be done on the Multigraph.

Gelatin Duplicators. The elements of duplication by means of gelatin are two: (1) copy prepared by use of special inks, ribbons, or pencils which are indelible in character, and (2) a gelatin bed.

The master sheet is typed, written, printed, or drawn. It is then placed on the gelatin bed where the natural copies of this substance dissolve the special inks on the master copy and absorb it. The length of time required for this operation is short—one or two minutes. The

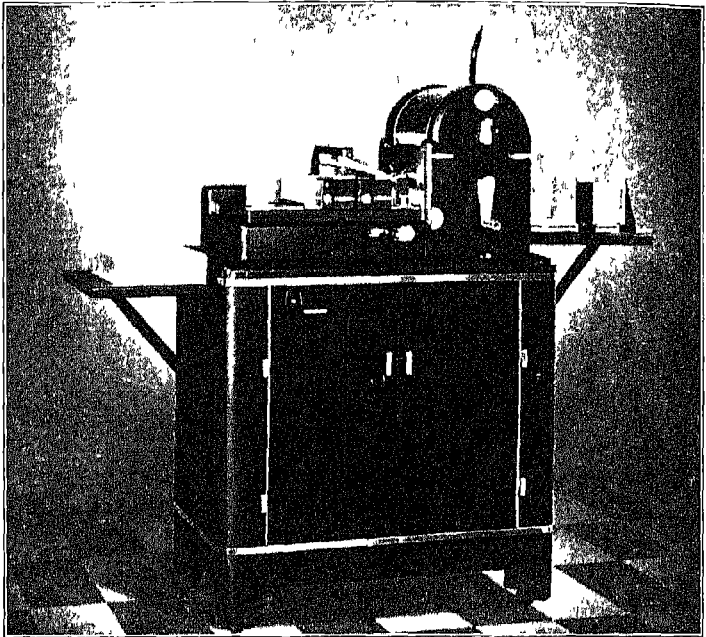


Illustration 61. A current model of the mimeograph. The machine is electrically operated. Note the tendency to streamlining even in the design of office equipment

more ink absorbed the heavier the impression will be on the duplicated copies and the greater the number which can be prepared.

Special duplicating inks in color are available, but blue or red are favorite colors. Black or dark colored inks are not satisfactory for making master copies.

Duplication by means of the gelatin method is often resorted to when a limited number of copies are needed without delay. The number of legible copies that may be made from the master copy

varies, but legibility is influenced by the heaviness of the impression taken by the gelatin, and the care with which the master copy is transferred to the gelatin bed.

One type of gelatin duplicator utilizes rolls made from a gelatin composition. A sliding carriage moves back and forth on the portion

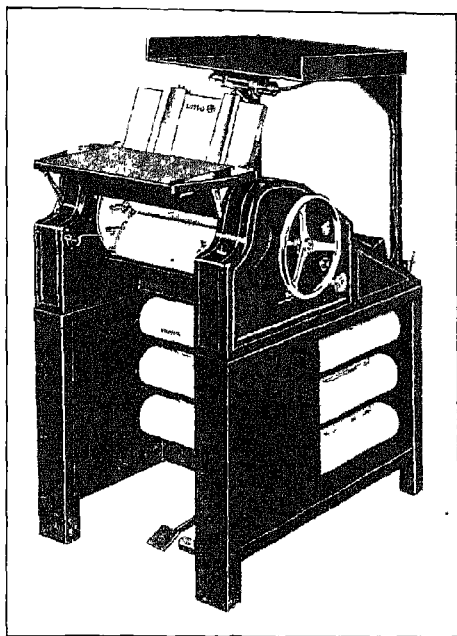


Illustration 62 Gelatin type duplicator called the Ditto. It utilizes gelatin rolls, and sheets of paper are fed automatically into the machine. The machine is power operated.

of the roll that is stretched across the bed of the stand. As it does so, it feeds a sheet of paper which contacts the impression on that portion of the roll which is flat. When the carriage is returned, the copy is pulled away from the impression made, and ready to be laid aside momentarily to dry.

An electric model of this same type of gelatin duplicator is shown in Illustration 62. Instead of pushing the carriage back and forth on this model, pressure on the pedal causes a cylinder to revolve, thus printing the sheet in contact with the master copy. After copies have been made, the roll is moved forward leaving a clean portion for

the next master copy. The ink remaining at the place of the old copy sinks into the gelatin and by the time this portion of the roll again comes up for use the surface is satisfactory for another inking from the master copy.

Duplication by means of the gelatin method and by the machines illustrated is not confined to any particular kind of record or report. The process has been used to illustrate salesmen's bulletins, to make extra copies of letters, to prepare maps and charts, price lists, ruled

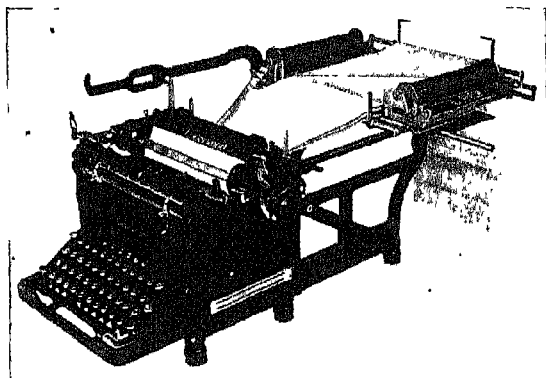


Illustration 63. The Fanfold is used to duplicate forms (especially customers' orders) by use of an ordinary typewriter to which a stand containing forms, interleaved with carbon paper, is attached.

forms, drawings and graphs, advertising layouts and many other kinds of copy. In instances where the copy required is not to be of a permanent nature, and does not have to be used to impress those who receive it, the gelatin method offers a low cost method of duplication.

Fanfold Duplicator. The Fanfold, Illustration 63, is used primarily to write duplicating invoices. Consequently, it may be classified as duplicating equipment. Continuous Fanfold forms in as many as 500 to 2,000 sets may be run continuously through this machine. Through the use of carbon paper, as many as 12 duplicate copies of the invoice may be made at one writing.

Forms run through the machine need not be of the same size. If desired, two forms may be carried in the machine at the same time.

Essentially the Fanfold duplicator is made up of a typewriter

unit with which to describe and price the items billed, along with other required data, and an attachment for holding the forms. In some instances, the attachment and typewriter are built as one single unit; in others, the two elements are separate and the machine may be reduced to its typewriter base merely by removing the attachment.

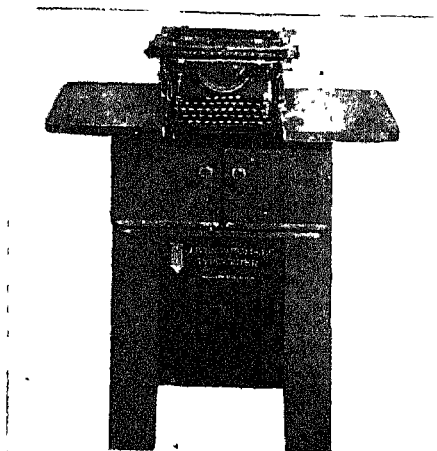


Illustration 64. The automatic typewriter duplicates letters in a form equivalent to the original copy by means of a cut roll similar to that used on a player piano.

Firms which require several copies of a purchase order frequently make use of the Fanfold. In the meat packing industry, orders are written up on the machine as soon as received, six copies being prepared. Two copies are sent immediately to the loading platform for the release of the merchandise, one copy goes to the customer, one to the department which sold the bill of goods, another to the accounting department; and if the sale was made through a branch house, one copy of the order is sent there.

As previously stated the duplicated forms going through the machine need not all be of the same size. Hence, it is possible, by reducing the size of the forms going through the machine, to type information on the first copy which is not recorded on the other forms. The purpose of this procedure is to provide the necessary information needed by the department or person who is to receive

the copy of the order but to eliminate it from forms where it is not needed or where it might disclose confidential information, such as cost price data.

Automatic Typewriters. The automatic typewriter, Illustration 64, is a type of printing duplicator. It duplicates letters on the typewriter at a high rate of speed from a master roll.

The elements necessary for its operation are: (1) a perforating machine; (2) a machine roll; and (3) a typing unit. The perforating machine, used to prepare the roll for the typing unit, has a standard typewriter keyboard. As a key is struck on the keyboard, a corresponding key is actuated which perforates the roll. By means of this method, an entire letter is transferred to the machine roll in the form of perforations.

The roll is then bound around a drum or cylinder in the typing unit. As it revolves, electrical impulses coming through the perforation actuate the corresponding key of the typing unit, thus printing the same characters as were originally transcribed.

Letters produced by this means are the same in appearance as the original. Headings are typed in by the machine operator who is usually able to do this work and at the same time look after a battery of three machines.

While the letters produced by this method are about three times as fast as can be written by a regular typist, the method is slow and costly in comparison to other methods of duplication.

ADDRESSING MACHINES

Addressing machines employ printing fundamentals, also, in duplicating, since the primary purpose of these machines is to imprint information previously recorded on various types of metal plates or stencils.

The elements necessary for the functioning of addressing machines employing metal plates are four, namely: (1) a metal plate into which the data to be reproduced is embossed; (2) a frame to hold the plate; (3) a ribbon for the impression; and (4) a machine to contact the plate with the paper.

Metal Plates. Addressing plates are made from either zinc, metal alloy, or aluminum alloy. The latter has the advantage of being durable and light. They are made in a variety of styles.

Frame. The metal frames used to hold the plates are designed to meet the needs of the user. In one group are found those which are made of a single piece of metal with a capacity of four to eight

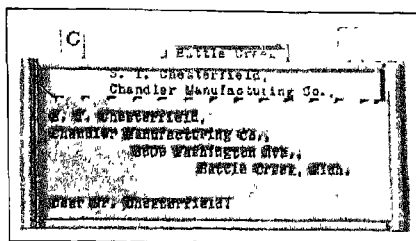


Illustration 65. A one-piece Addressograph plate with index card and tabs at the top

lines of matter embossed thereon. The plate and frame in this case are a single unit.

In the second group the frames are of the card index type.

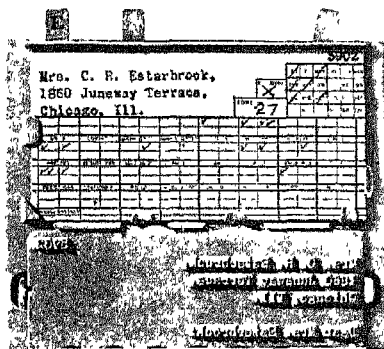


Illustration 66. Addressograph plate and record card. The latter is used to record current data concerning the status of the person whose name appears on the plate. Tabs at the top are used for filing and selecting. The one at the right indicates whether the account of a customer is active or inactive, depending on its position as it pivots

Metal plates, frames, and index cards are separate units. Frames in this group hold several sections of plates thus enabling changes in various lines to be made without disturbing the remaining lines of embossed material. Index cards printed from the embossed plate

are incorporated into this type of frame, thus giving legibility to typing units and facilitating file reference for changes and additions.

The third main group of frames include those used to hold record cards. This frame is similar to the one used in the index group, with the exception that it is larger. Consequently, it holds a

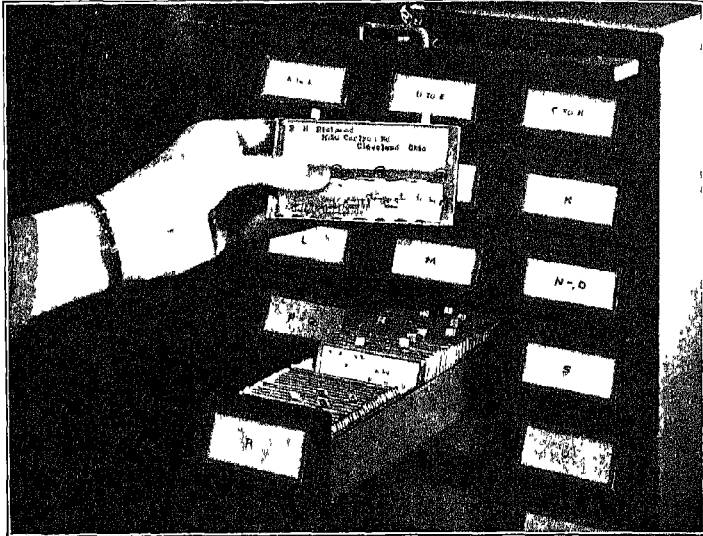


Illustration 67. Cabinet for addressing machine plates. Since these plates may be filed like correspondence, it is easy to remove the desired ones when wanted.

card upon which may be recorded information concerning the use of the plate, or the data embossed thereon.

Illustration 65 shows a one-piece plate; Illustration 66 shows a regular card index typing unit.

Filing. Addressing units (plate, index or record card, and frame) are kept available for use in files, similar to those shown in Illustration 67.

The units are classified for use by means of tabs which are locked into the frame at the top. These tabs come in numerical, alphabetic, colored, and plain styles. By combining the tabs it is possible to make multiple classifications of the units. These classifications are practically unlimited as to number.

Tabs not only enable the units to be classified, but they make for quick selection of desired units from the entire group, either by sight or by means of the addressing machine. Illustration 68 shows various kinds of tabs in use.

Embossing. Metal plates are embossed on machines having a typewriter keyboard, or those having an indicator wheel. The latter require that the die be brought into the desired position for

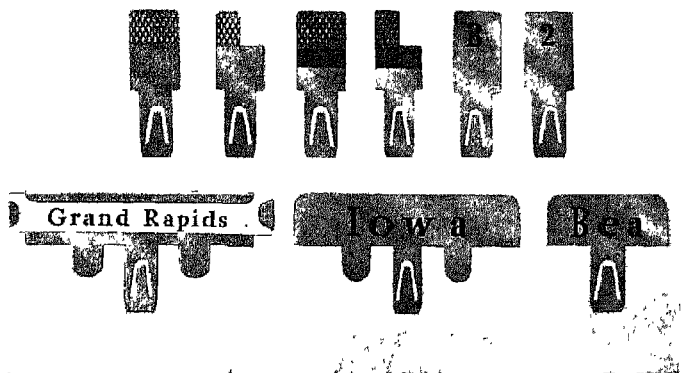


Illustration 68 The kinds of tabs illustrated are Bottom row removable label tab, state tab, and alphabetical tab. Top row plain tip tabs and color tip tabs, full-faced and notched, alphabetical and numerical tabs.

stamping the letter contained thereon. This operation is done manually. Machines with typewriter keyboards emboss automatically as the keys of the keyboard are struck. The embossing machine shown in Illustration 69 has the typewriter keyboard.

Machines. The machines used to bring the metal plate in contact with the ribbon and create an impression upon the form are of three basic types, namely: (1) hand models; (2) electric models; and (3) automatic models.

A hand-operated model is shown in Illustration 70. To operate this machine, the frame containing the plate is inserted beneath the ribbon in the space provided at the front of the machine. The form to be stamped is placed in the desired position on top of the ribbon. Next, the stamper arm is pulled forward contacting the plate with the ribbon and imprinting the data thereon on the form.

Electric model addressing machines incorporate the basic features of the hand-operated model. The printing capacity, however, consists of file drawers or frames, which are inserted and ejected mechanically, and the roller platen is operated by means of an electric motor. A machine of this type is shown in Illustration 71.

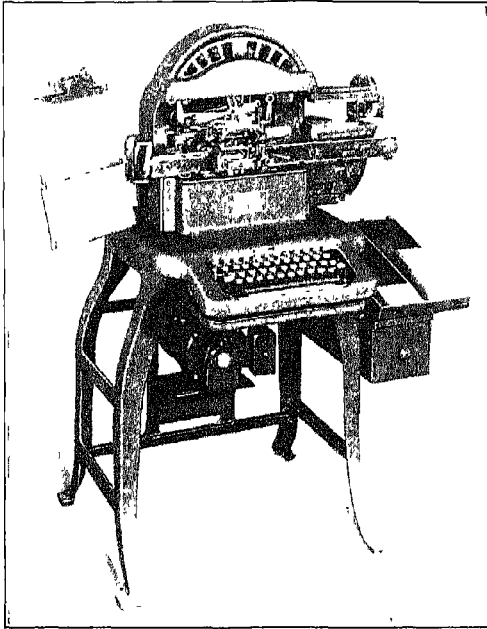


Illustration 69. Device called the Graphotype. It is on this machine that characters are embossed on the addressing machine plates. The latter may be embossed at the rate of 500 to 1,000 per day.

The automatic model addressing machine operates at high speeds without interruption. This means that there is no stopping to reload the magazine with the file drawers containing the frames. Forms are fed and ejected automatically.

Mechanical Devices. Various attachments are available for performing different operations on the addressing machine. Some of these are described below.

Cut-off Device. The cut-off device prevents a portion of the

plate from contacting the ribbon. Hence certain parts of the embossed data may be eliminated. For example, an Addressograph plate may contain in addition to the name and address of a person a salutation such as "Dear Mr. Smith." When form letters are being addressed, this plate provides the inside address and the salutation. However, when the envelope is addressed, the salutation is, obviously, unwanted. The cut-off device prevents the printing of the latter.

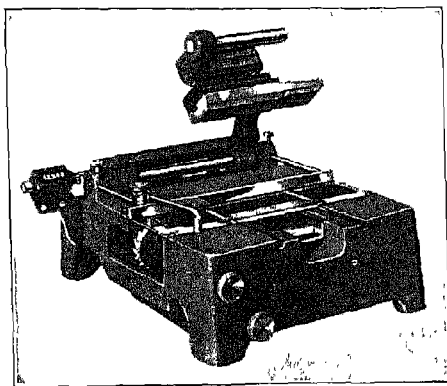


Illustration 70. Hand-operated Addressograph of simple design, with five figure counter attached. This unit is the base for many other models many of which are electrically operated.

Selective Devices. As previously stated frames may be selected from the file either manually or automatically. If automatic selection is desired, this may be accomplished by attaching a selector bar to the machine. When set to print tabs, every plate that carries a tab in a position corresponding to the one in which the pin has been inserted in the selector bar will print. When the selector bar is set to skip tabs, the mechanical effect is to throw off the printing arm and not print the impression.

Lister. The lister is an attachment which enables the operator to run off lists from the addressing plates rather than limiting the operation to the stamping of a single form. Listing may take place on ruled looseleaf forms, on cards, or on continuous strips or rolls of paper.

The lister is used to prepare lists of delinquent accounts from files containing the names of customers, especially when the merchandise was sold on the installment plan; to prepare lists of stockholders entitled to receive dividend checks; and to prepare lists of employees on the payroll, as well as for other similar applications

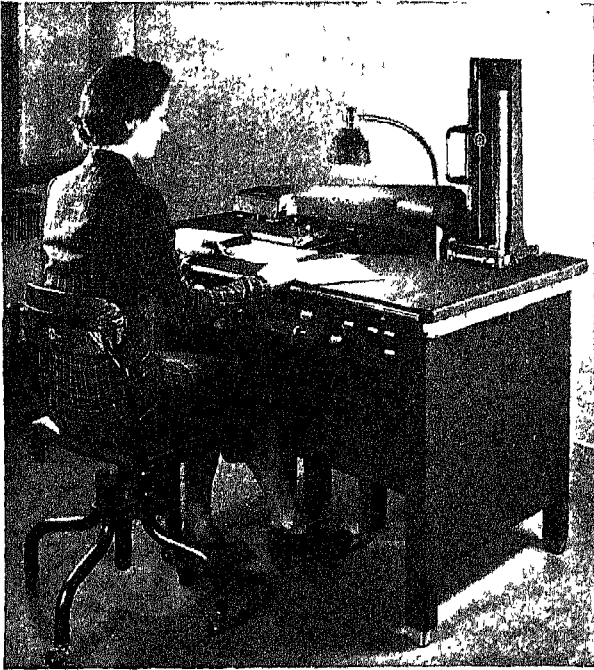


Illustration 71. A heavy-duty addressing machine (Addressograph) used for hand-feeding of forms of all descriptions. Note how a drawer of Addressograph plates may be inserted upright in the machine and thus fed automatically in accordance with the wishes of the operator.

Duplicators, and Repeaters. Duplicators hold the frame in printing position until the impression has been duplicated, whereas repeaters hold it in position until as many forms have been printed as are desired.

Other Attachments. Attachments which may be used on an addressing machine include the dater, numberer, counter, and locker.

The first of these attachments automatically prints the date as the impression is made from the plate; the second one numbers each form that passes through the machine; the third attachment counts the forms run through the machine; and the locker locks the stamper arm when the magazine is empty.

Applications. The addressing machine method may be applied to the work done in practically all departments of a business. In the *sales* department, it is used to fill in the name, address, and salutation of letters, to print the name and address on envelopes, and to print announcements, bulletins, and price lists.

In the *accounting* department, it may be used to head up statements, ledger pages, to imprint inventory cards or forms, and to make up time cards.

In the *personnel* department, it may be used to print the name, address, and other desired information about the worker upon the employment records.

The *shipping* department may employ addressing machines for printing names and addresses on bills of lading, route sheets, labels, shipping envelopes, tags, and other necessary forms.

The *collection* department frequently makes use of this equipment to head up bills, collection letters, follow-up letters, premium notices, and receipts.

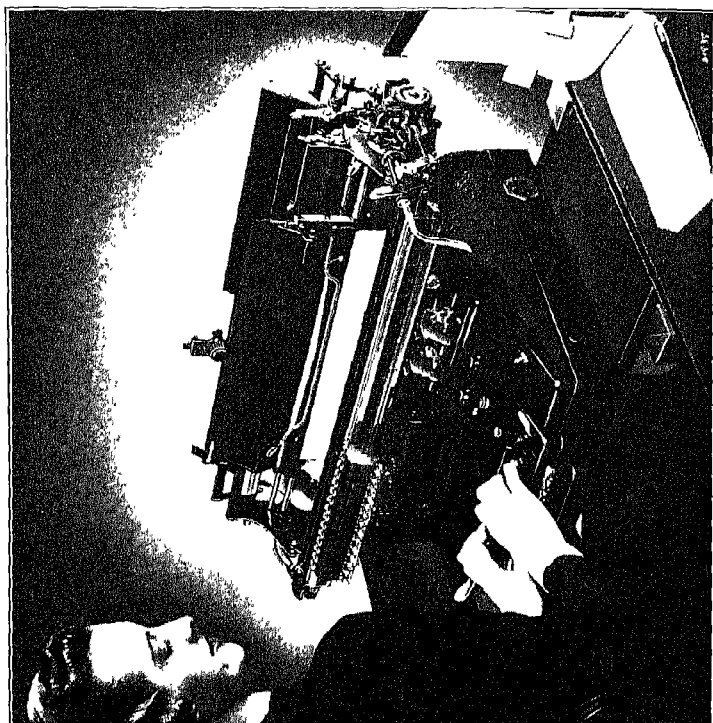
Advantages of the Method. Since the addressing machine imprints from embossed plates, impressions are always the same. Therefore, errors in names and addresses, as well as other necessary data on the plate, are impossible.

The plates are sufficiently durable to afford protection against loss of valuable data from wear, water, and in most instances fire.

The fact that the plates require a single stroke of the stamper arm to imprint all data thereon speeds up the preparation of all forms.

Correction or revision of embossed information may be made by inserting new sections when plates are of the multiple section type, or by embossing over old single section plates.

Summary. The addressing machine method of duplication results in economy in time in preparing forms requiring essentially the same identifying data. Given sufficient volume, the method lowers costs over hand-written methods.



PART V

MISCELLANEOUS TYPES OF OFFICE EQUIPMENT

ADDING MACHINES

Full-Keyboard. All the adding machines on the market (and there are many) are serviceable, and useful in the performance of accounting and clerical work.

The principal difference in the types of adding machines is in the keyboard, of which there are the full-keyboard and the ten-keyboard. The full-keyboard type uses a separate key in each column for the setting-up of a digit in the machine. The number of columns varies with the capacity of the machine but each column always has keys for digits 1 to 9, but an extra key for the cipher is unnecessary.

Other features of full-keyboard machines include the following:

1. Numerical order is determined by keyboard columns, hence it is immaterial which digits are set up in the machine first.
2. Ciphers and punctuation marks are printed automatically.
3. Keys depressed are visible until the adding operation releases them. Consequently, errors may be corrected before adding.
4. A number of keys may be depressed at one time. Thus it becomes possible to depress keys to add, say 124, in a single operation.
5. Repeat keys enable the operator to add consecutive numbers without having to reset the keyboard each time.

Ten-Keyboard. The ten-keyboard adding machine, Illustration 72, has ten keys containing digits from 1 to 9, and a separate key for the cipher. These keys are used over and over again in setting up the required numbers just as is done with the numerical and digit keys on a typewriter. Features of these machines include the following:

1. Columnar order and horizontal position of numbers are automatic.
2. A touch method of operation is possible, since all keys are so arranged that they may be covered with the spread of the hand.

CALCULATING MACHINES

While it is possible to add on calculating machines, this type of equipment is used primarily for subtraction, multiplication, and division.

Types of Calculating Machines. There are two major types of machines capable of performing the four fundamental arithmetical



Illustration 7 Ten-keyboard adding machine. Results are shown in the dial immediately above the keyboard. The machine is portable.

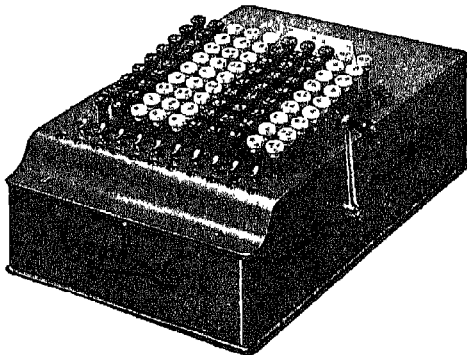


Illustration 73 Key-driven calculating machine. Depression of the keys automatically actuate the mechanism. The dials are cleared by pulling forward the hand lever at the right of the machine.

processes, namely: (1) the key driven, and (2) the motor operated. A key-driven model is shown in Illustration 73. To operate the machine, the keys are depressed. When this is done, the dials record the sum in addition, or the product in multiplication. To divide,

the keys are depressed in such a manner as to bring about repeated subtraction until the quotient is obtained in the dial

Since depressing the keys is all that is necessary to perform the fundamental arithmetical processes, this type of calculator when in the hands of skilled operators can be operated with high speed.

One of the types of the motor-operated calculating machines



Illustration 74. Portable rotary type calculating machine which is being operated by a secretary

may be seen in Illustration 74. These machines being of a rotary type are simple to operate, and they provide the handling of large figures, and proof of the correctness of the operation upon completion of the calculation. For example, if the operation is one involving multiplication, all three factors used in the process—multiplier, multiplicand, and the product appear on the machine at the end of the calculation. Verification of these gives absolute proof of accuracy.

Late model calculators have two sets of dials, as shown in Illustration 75. In these dials are set up the various figures necessary for the calculation, or the dials automatically record figures which are the result of the calculating operation. The large dial shows the sum if the calculation involves addition, the product if it is

multiplication, and the dividend or remainder if it is division, and the minuend if it is subtraction.

The small dial shows the multiplier in multiplication, or the quotient if the operation involves division.

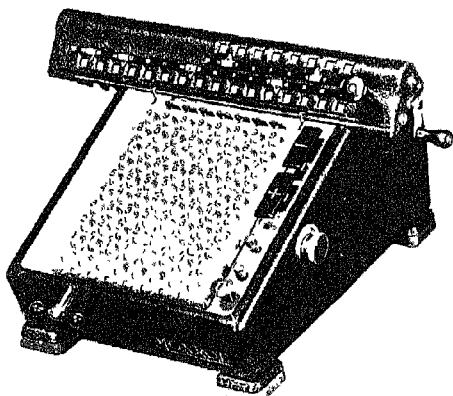


Illustration 75. Calculating machine with two visible dials. This machine adds, subtracts, divides, and multiplies. It is power-driven.

AUTOGRAPHIC REGISTERS

Autographic registers are used to record transactions where each of the parties involved is entitled to a copy relating to it. The machines are portable and easily moved to any location within the business or office.

Their use is varied but they work advantageously in situations where sales are recorded, or where money is being received on account. For example, garages often use this type of device for recording the sales of labor or parts in the service division. Installment houses find the registers convenient for recording receipts of cash on account, especially when the customer varies the amount of his payment from time to time.

Most of these registers produce three copies; the original which is retained by the firm for use in the accounting department, the duplicate which is kept in the department creating the media, and the triplicate which is given to the customer.

Types. There are three main types of autographic registers,

namely: (1) recorder type; (2) manifolding type; and (3) summary record type.

Recorder Type. The recorder type of register shown in Illustration 76 always locks one copy of the original record in the machine, and it can be obtained only by the person having the proper key. The purpose of this, of course, is to provide against destruction or alteration of the record. Forms used in this kind of register are either of the roll type or flat type. In the first type, copies retained in the

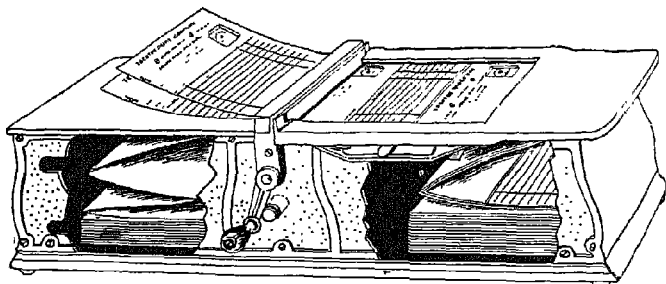


Illustration 76. The recorder type autographic register locks a duplicate copy of the form in the machine. Forms used are of the folding type.

register are wound around a spool or are cut off, filing each form in the latter case in numerical order. In the flat type the forms file themselves flat in numerical order.

Forms in the registers, regardless as to type, are fed across the writing surface into proper position for recording data relating to the transaction. In the recorder type, a motor or crank, however, is used to bring the complete form into position.

Manifolding Type. In the manifolding type, Illustration 77, forms are not retained in the machine. Hence the copies may be pulled into position by the ejection of those used for the previous transaction.

Summary Record Type. A summary record of all transactions written on the forms is retained in a locked compartment of this machine. As the forms move through the machine, a portion of the data recorded thereon is duplicated on the summary roll, as for example, the description of the transaction along with the amount. At the end of the day this summary roll gives a complete history of all

transactions performed—but it is in brief form which is easy to use in auditing the complete records.

Advantages of Autographic Registers. Autographic registers produce, by means of carbons, legible copies of business transactions. All data on the copies are aligned with that of the original form

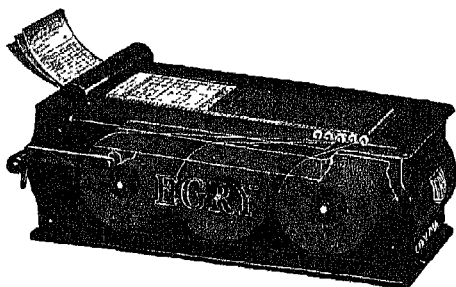


Illustration 77. The manifold type autographic register contains rolls from which the original and duplicate copies of invoices are prepared.

making comparison easy but alteration difficult. In the locked type of register, assurance against alteration or destruction is positive since no one but the properly authorized person has access to the locked-in forms. Forms used are inexpensive, standard in size, and may be altered from time to time to meet new conditions within the business without incurring very much expense. The cost of the equipment when compared to other types of recording devices is negligible.

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EDWARD J. STETTINIUS, JR.

Chief American delegate to the Security Council of the United Nations Organization, he stepped from a brilliant career in big business and industry into public service. At 38 he became chairman of the board of the U. S. Steel Corporation, resigned two years later to accept a government appointment, subsequently became Secretary of State before the formation of the U.N.O.

Courtesy of Acme Photo

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the numbers at the top refer only to the section.*

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